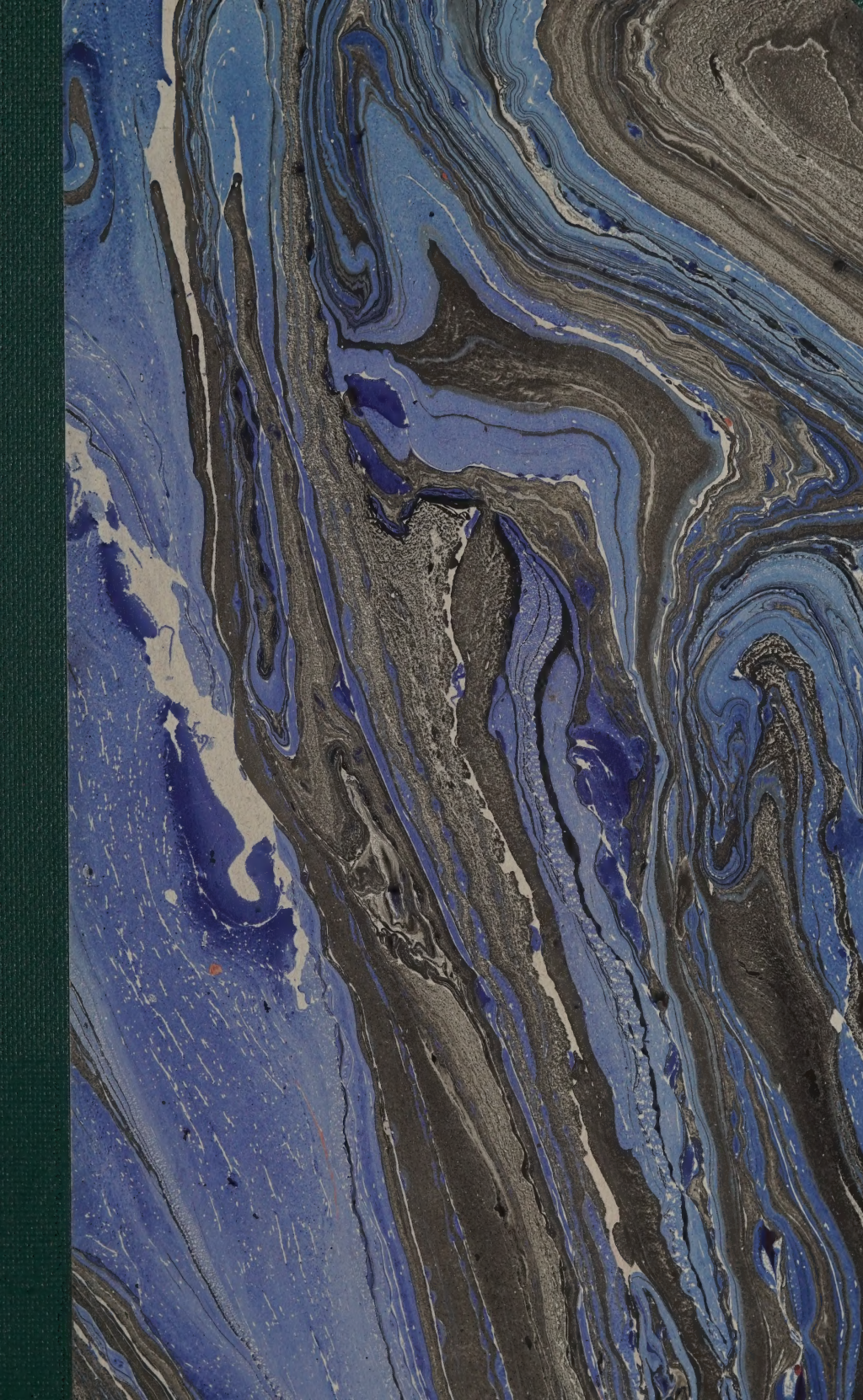

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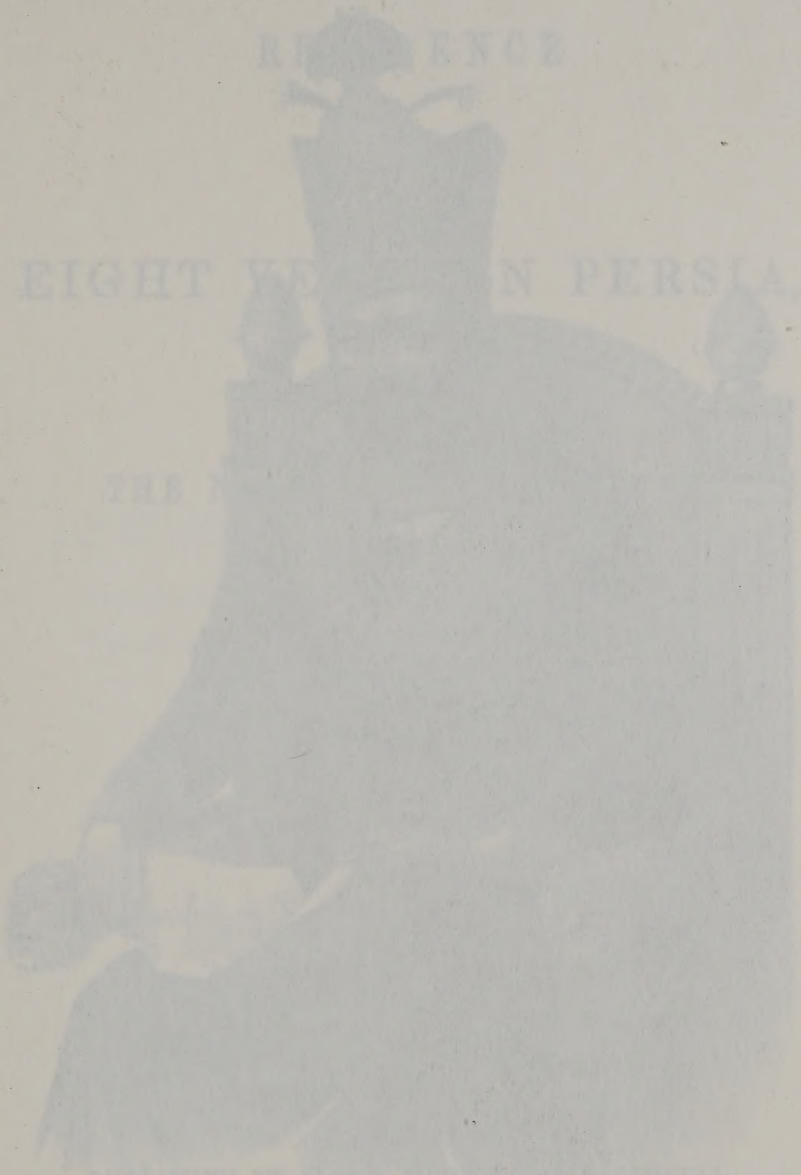

MUHAMMED SHAH, KING OF PERSIA.

Those learned men must be held in honor p. 397.

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A

RESIDENCE

OF

EIGHT YEARS IN PERSIA,

AMONG

THE NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS;

WITH NOTICES OF

THE MUHAMMEDANS.

BY REV. JUSTIN PERKINS.

With a Map and Plates.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY ALLEN, MORRILL & WARDWELL.
NEW YORK: M. W. DODD.
BOSTON: TAPPAN AND DENNET; CROCKER AND BREWSTER.—NEW HAVEN:
A. H. MALTBY.—PHILADELPHIA: PERKINS AND PURVES.
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TO A MOTHER,

WHO, IN WIDOWHOOD, AGE, INFIRMITY AND DEPENDENCE,

GAVE HER SON TO THE MISSIONARY WORK,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THAT SON.

PREFACE.

It never appeared to me a reality, that I might again tread the soil of my native country, greet kindred and acquaintances and worship with them in the great congregation, until we had embarked at Smyrna, on our return to the United States. While the prospect could not be otherwise than grateful, it was not wholly unattended with embarrassment. How should the missionary, so long immured in the deep darkness of benighted Persia, and accustomed to the use of strange languages, meet again the noon-day light of a christian land, and attempt to address the churches in his native tongue, so many years unused by him for such a purpose? Recollecting that primitive missionaries, whose footsteps I had imperfectly endeavored to follow, when, in one case, brought back by Providence to the place from whence they had been recommended to the work which they fulfilled, "rehearsed all that God had done with them and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles," I, too, hastily glanced, in reminiscence, over my missionary course; but my retrospect, instead of a few months, like theirs, embraced a period of between eight and nine years. And on referring to my notes to select a few incidents, I found the mass, which had been gradually accumulating on my hands, during my residence in Persia, so large and miscellaneous, that it was no easy matter to make such a selection. Thus engaged, the idea occurred to me, of copying out portions of those notes for future use; and the rather, as I had no particular employment laid out for the voyage. The result is this volume, which is made up of a simple record of facts

and observations, given, to a considerable extent, as they were originally recorded, amid the scenes whence they were drawn.

I copied about one-fourth of the volume, on our homeward passage. My circumstances, after reaching this country, could hardly have been more unfavorable for prosecuting the task, remaining, as I did, but a day or two in a place, with two exceptions of a week, during the first nine months, and being called upon, almost constantly, to attend public meetings, in company with the Nestorian bishop who came with me. I have sometimes written an hour at a public house, while waiting for a stage-coach; at other times, in the cabin of a steamer, among scores of passengers; and have often revised my manuscript, while travelling in rail-road cars. As the labor, however, has been mostly that of filling out notes previously on hand, I have, of course, felt the inconvenience of these circumstances, less than if my matter had been wholly unprepared.

While my work in Persia has been principally among the Nestorians, who, together with our mission to them, are the prominent subjects of this volume, my intercourse with the Mŭhammedans of that country, has been habitually familiar; and notices of that class are introduced almost as extensively as of the native Christians. And though my object and labors have been strictly missionary, my observations have been general, and such also to a considerable extent, are the contents of this volume. It would have been easy to fill it, from so rich a field as Persia, with matter suited to the taste of the mere scholar. Indeed, the American or Englishman, in that country, meets, in the Persian language, so many familiar acquaintances, that he can hardly avoid dwelling on its resemblance to his own, a prototype of which it so clearly is,—or more immediately of the German; and he is little less delighted with the similarity of their construction than the coincidence of common words. It would also have been easy to prepare the volume for the use of the civil historian; or, make it a collection of general statistics. But I have intended rather to combine miscellany and incident with accurate, missionary and general information, in the hope of thus rendering the work more acceptable to different classes of readers, and more useful to the cause which it primarily seeks to promote. From that vast and varied

forest, in which I have so long lived and ranged, I have desired to cull a few leaves, of all the different colors, descriptions and sizes, and so group them together, that the reader may see them in some measure as the author saw them, and be furnished with a correct miniature of that forest; while I would keep him constantly reminded, however, of the great object that carried me thither, and informed respecting the prosperity and progress of that object.

Some brief portions of the Journal, have appeared in the form of extracts, in the Missionary Herald; but not enough, it is believed, to impair the interest of their perusal, as here introduced in a connected, modified and fuller form. The narrative style is mostly adopted for reasons that will appear in the perusal. The fact that no American was ever a resident in that ancient and celebrated country before me, and the position which the Nestorian church now occupies in the sympathies of Christendom, and its relation to the prospective extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, are circumstances which will, perhaps, tend to impart a somewhat special interest to this volume.

Every writer on Eastern countries feels the difficulty of being accurate, where there is so little intellectual discipline and still less moral principle. This volume is, however, so much the result of personal observation, as to be little affected by those difficulties, except that a growing conviction, that the statements of orientals are not in general to be trusted, has made me the more careful to become personally acquainted with the facts, in all cases. Mar Yohannan, moreover, having been with me, in this country, during my preparation of the matter for the press, I have referred to him, on any points respecting which I had doubt. I do not, after all, claim for the work entire freedom from errors.

The accompanying map is constructed, to a considerable extent, from personal observations; but much assistance has been derived from the map of Smith and Dwight and from that of Mr. Southgate. For its successful execution, I am indebted to Mrs. Alonzo Gray of Andover. A difficulty is often felt by readers, in using maps of detached interior regions, with only the aid of degrees of latitude and longitude, in the absence of prominent and familiar objects, to fix the relative situation. To meet this difficulty, I have placed the corners of the map upon the well known waters of the

Mediterranean, Black and Caspian Seas, and the Persian Gulf; points that naturally embrace the countries in which I have travelled and the scenes of our missionary operations.—The colored plates were originally drawn by a Persian artist, under my supervision. They will impart a very good idea of the varieties of costume and the general appearance of the respective classes. The portrait of the Shâh of Persia is copied from one engraved in England, and that of Mar Yohannan, from one taken in this country. —The eastern view of Mt. Ararat was sketched by Mrs. Perkins, and the western, by myself.—The device, on the back of the volume, is the emblem of the Trinity, as mentioned on page 384, and the name, *trinity* (Tlîtayóotha,) in the Nestorian character of the Syriac language.—A table of contents is prefixed, and a glossary of foreign words is added at the close of the volume.—A list of the engravings, and tables of marks of accent and pronunciation, the measures of distance and the names and value of Persian coin, are supplied, after the table of contents.—The meaning of foreign words and phrases is given in the text, where they occur in the first instance, and in some cases, repeatedly.—The marks of accent and pronunciation of foreign words are generally supplied, though not in all cases, throughout the volume; and if there be any doubt, where they are omitted, such words will be found properly marked, as well as defined, by reference to the glossary.

I am happy to acknowledge my obligation to the Rev. R. Anderson, D. D., one of the respected secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., and to my esteemed friend and former instructor, the Rev. Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst College, for valuable advice, in relation to the preparation of this work. But if it shall prove acceptable to the reader, it will be especially owing to the unwearied aid of another esteemed college teacher and friend, the Rev. Prof. B. B. Edwards, of the Theological Seminary at Andover, who has kindly taken the trouble to revise my copy and assist me in correcting the proofs, and whose familiar acquaintance with oriental countries and subjects, and experience as an author and an editor, are of course a sufficient warrant, that no work of the kind could pass under his supervision, without material benefit.

The preparation of the volume, with all the circumstances of inconvenience attending it, has been to me, a pleasant task,—living

over, as it has led me to do, several of my past years, fraught with reminiscences at once painfully interesting and delightful. And carrying it through the press has been particularly agreeable, on this favored hill of Zion, amid the hallowed recollections of theological study and endeared companions of by-gone years, and often greeted by the familiar countenances of venerated instructors. Nor should I omit to mention my intercourse with the gentlemanly and obliging publishers, as a circumstance that has contributed not a little to render my task agreeable. How they have performed their part of the work, it will bear testimony for itself.

The volume is submitted to the public with diffidence, but with the prayer and hope, that it may subserve the interests of that cause which has given it existence, and to which the life of the author is devoted. My task being finished, I now turn my thoughts, and hope soon again to turn my face, toward the distant clime and people of my adoption.

Andover, Jan. 1843.

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MARKS OF ACCENT AND PRONUNCIATION.

' = Accent.

ˆ over *a*, = both accent,* when that is not over another syllable, and the sound of the vowel *a*, in *dawn*, only a little shorter.

ˆ over *u*, = sound of *oo* in *moon*.

ˆ over *i*, = sound of *i* in *machine*.

¨ over *u*, = French sound of *u* in *vu*.

˘ over a vowel, = very short *o*, or *u* in *tub*.

¨ over *o* = sound of *eu* in the French word *fleur*.

MEASURES OF DISTANCE.

Fŭrsâkh, the *Parasang* of Xenophon, which has usually been reckoned as equal to four miles, but is probably four and a half or two-thirds.

Aghâj, *tree*, [Turkish], is another term employed to indicate the same distance.

Menzil, *stopping-place;* used also to express the distance between two stopping-places; i. e. stage, or day's journey.

PERSIAN COIN.

Shâhée, a copper coin equal to one and one fourth cents.

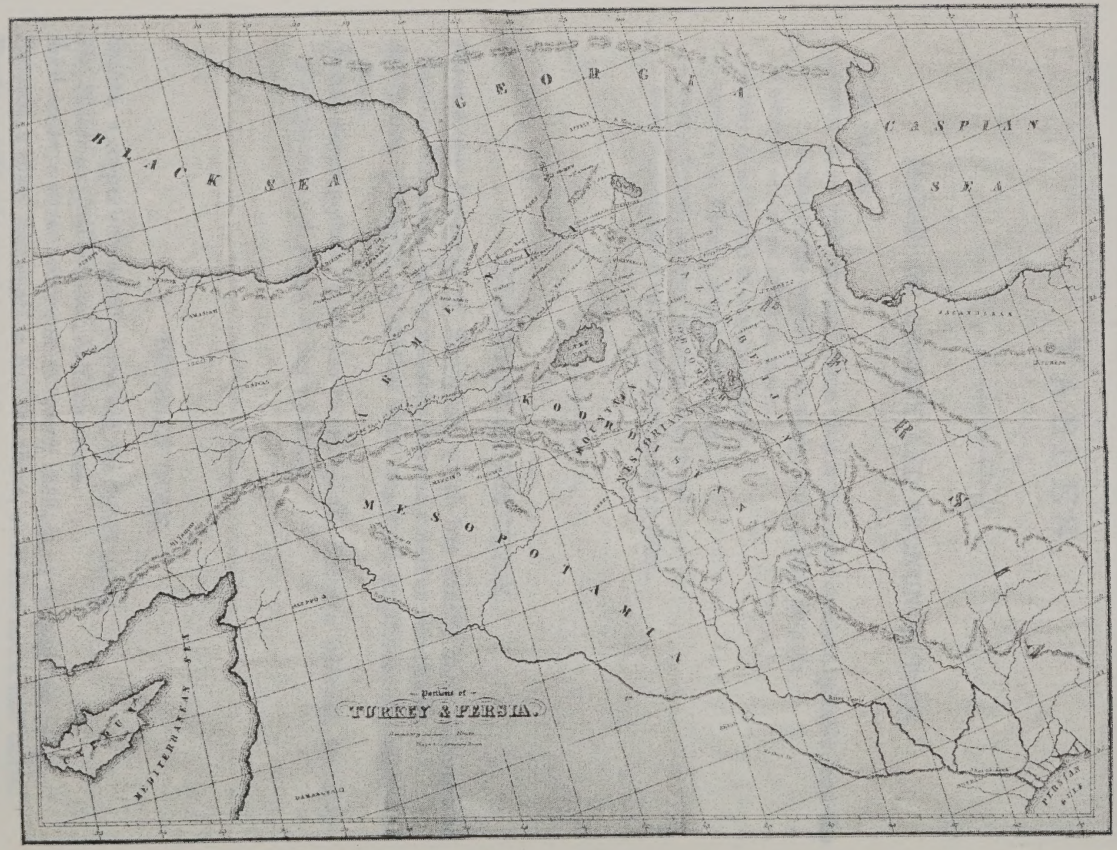
Nim Shâhée = [half shâhée], half the above.

Sahib-korân, a silver coin equal to twenty shâhées, or twenty-five cents.

Penabâd, a silver coin equal to half the above, or twelve and a half cents.

Tomân, a gold coin equal to ten sahib-korâns, or two dollars and fifty cents.

* When this mark occurs over two letters in the same word, the accent, if not otherwise indicated, falls upon the *last* of those two syllables.


BLACK SEA
GEORGIA
CASPIAN SEA
ARMENIA
KURDISTAN
MESOPOTAMIA
ARABIA
SYRIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PERSIAN GULF
Portions of
TURKEY & PERSIA.

RESIDENCE IN PERSIA.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.

The interest with which we contemplate a nation or people, is often in great disproportion to its numbers. The little States of Greece stand unrivalled on the pages of history, as the early instructors and civilizers of the race. The small community of the Waldenses, pent up in the narrow valleys of Piedmont, was the repository of that inestimable treasure—the vitality of our holy religion—during the long night while the rest of Europe lay torpid under the darkness of spiritual death. The few thousands of Moravians occupy a place on the records of the church, in the vigor of their zeal and the energy of their efforts to extend the triumphs of the gospel, which great christian nations might worthily covet. And the small island of Britain is, at this hour, exerting an influence on the condition and destinies of the whole world, which the vast extent and the unnumbered myriads of China have not only never known, but would hardly be able to rival, were her broad territory and countless inhabitants, illumined by the light of science and controlled by the spirit of Christianity.

The obscure people who are the particular subject of this volume, possess a humble claim to illustrate the principle I have suggested. The Nestorian Christians are the small, but venerable, remnant of a once great and influential christian church. They are the oldest of christian sects; and, in their better days, were numerous through all the vast regions from Palestine to China; and they carried the gospel into China itself. Their history is a checkered one. Sometimes, as under the tolerant policy of the mighty Jhengis Khân, they were raised to high places in the camp and at the court; while at other times, as by the crushing arm of the bloody Timourlâne, they were cut down and swept away, till scarce a vestige remained, save in the fastnesses of inaccessible mountains. But in both prosperity and adversity, during more than a thousand years of their history, are furnished the brightest examples of persevering toil and self-de-

nial, and often, of heroic martyrdom, cheerfully encountered in the profession and zealous promulgation of the gospel, that are to be found on the records of Christianity since the days of the apostles.*

The *lineal origin* of the Nestorians, like that of most Eastern nations, is hidden in the mists of uncertainty. Common, and perhaps universal, tradition among them, claims the *Jews* as their ancestors. As evidence of this descent, they urge the resemblance which exists between the Hebrew and their own language. They also adduce their deep abhorrence of the use of images and pictures as another proof of their Jewish origin. 'While,' say they, 'all other Eastern Christians having descended from heathen ancestors, still retain their strong attachment to idolatry, the plain, unadorned walls of our churches proclaim a different ancestry.' The curious inquirer might adduce many other more or less plausible evidences that the Nestorians are descendants of the Jews. Nor is there any absurdity in the supposition, that their remote ancestors may have been some portion of the *Israelites*, who were carried away captive, by the kings of Assyria, as mentioned in 1 Chron. 5: 26, and 2 Kings, 15: 5, 29, into places probably not distant from regions now occupied by the Nestorians. But to attempt *to demonstrate as certain, the Jewish origin* of this people, must, from the nature of the case, in the absence of all written records on the subject, be a very difficult, if not an unsatisfactory undertaking; and yet more difficult still to demonstrate their identity with the lost tribes of Israel, unmixed with other Jews or other nations.

Since the above paragraph was originally written, Dr. Asahel Grant, one of my respected fellow-laborers, has published a work in which he endeavors to prove that the Nestorians are descendants of the lost ten tribes. His theory has been examined by Dr. Robinson and rejected, many of the arguments being found to prove too much, by adducing, as peculiar to the Ancient Israelites and the Modern Nestorians, customs and practices which, from time immemorial, have been *oriental*, rather than *national*. But however that theory may be regarded, the narrative part of Dr. Grant's book will be found deeply interesting to all, particularly as it details the incidents of his adventurous journey into the most inaccessible regions of the Koordish mountains, to the residence of the Nestorian Patriarch and other places, seldom, if ever, before visited by European travellers.

Their *conversion to Christianity*, the Nestorians refer to Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, with whom Adai, (Thaddeus,) and Mari, of the number of the Seventy, are said to have been associated. Oral tradition and the ancient writings of the Nestorians are united in support of this opinion. And as several of the christian Fathers inform us, that Thomas travelled eastward, even to India, preach-

* See an interesting Account of the "Missions of the Nestorian Christians in Central and Eastern Asia," published in the Missionary Herald for August, 1838.

ing the gospel, as he advanced, through the countries intervening, we may regard the claims of the Nestorians, on this subject, as at least probable. This opinion is also confirmed by the fact, that their ritual, composed by ancient ecclesiastics, contains commemorations of Thomas, in the form of thanksgivings to God, for his zealous labors among their ancestors and other eastern nations. And an additional confirmation is the fact, that at this day, the Nestorians are particularly fond of naming their churches in honor of that apostle, Mar Thoma, i. e. Saint Thomas.

The origin of the Nestorians, as a *christian sect*, is matter of authentic church history.* Nestorius, from whom the sect derives its name, born and educated in Syria, was a presbyter at Antioch and was made bishop of Constantinople A. D. 428. The conspicuousness of his station—that city being the seat of empire—his boldness in attempting to correct some popular superstitions—and perhaps his rashness in theological speculation, drew upon him the envy and hostility of contemporary bishops, particularly of the ambitious Cyril, then bishop of Alexandria. Arraigned for alleged heresy, Nestorius was excommunicated, at Ephesus, by the third general council, in A. D. 431,—only about three years after his elevation to the see of the renowned capital. First banished for a time to Arabia Petraea, and subsequently transported to one of the Oases of Lybia, he finally died in Upper Egypt. One charge on which the august council decreed his excommunication, by ex parte management, was, that he refused to apply to the Virgin Mary the epithet *Mother of God*, (Θεοτόκος). This charge he evaded, though Protestant Christians would certainly have thought never the worse of him, had he frankly pleaded guilty. Another principal charge, in his excommunication, was, that in his theological belief, he invested Christ with *two persons* as well as with two natures. This charge he perseveringly denied. His motives in attempting to check the prevalent superstition of paying idolatrous homage to a departed mortal, by applying to Mary the blasphemous epithet, *mother of God*, were undoubtedly honest; and whatever novelties his speculating genius may have led him to broach, on the mysterious subject of the incarnation, his views, for aught that appears, were orthodox in the main. Indeed, it is worthy of inquiry, whether Nestorius may not have been far more evangelical than his opponents, and whether his comparative purity, in the general corruption of the church which prevailed at that period, may not have been the principal cause of the rigor with which he was treated. Those

* See Mosheim's Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, by James Murdock, D. D. Vol. I. page 395 and 428, et passim.

A full account of the origin and progress of Nestorianism may also be found in Asseman's "Bibliotheca orientalis Clementino Vaticana," Vol. IV, in general very correct, except that it savors strongly of Papal prejudice.

A brief but very accurate account of the Nestorians is also given in the Researches of Smith and Dwight, commencing on page 201, Vol. II.

who insist on the infallibility of the early councils are of course led to a different conclusion.

The cause of Nestorius, being by many regarded as the cause of an injured, persecuted man, created extensive sympathy and found numerous and efficient advocates. It was warmly espoused by his countrymen in the East, particularly in a celebrated Syrian school in Edessa, (modern Orfa,) in Mesopotamia, in which great numbers of christian youth were at that time educated. This first christian sect, thus severed from the general church, by prejudice and oppression, taking firm root in that central position, spread rapidly in all directions. It soon became powerful, especially in Persia; and in all its vicissitudes, it has remained permanent from that day to this, in some of the regions now occupied by the Nestorian Christians.

With the *Nestorians*, should not be confounded two other sects, with whom they are sometimes associated,—viz. the *Jacobites* and the *Chaldeans*. The former are *Monophysite Syrians*, i. e. Syrian Christians, who hold to but *one nature* in Christ. They are quite numerous in Mesopotamia, and were related to the Nestorians, originally, as fellow countrymen, speaking the same language, the *Ancient Syriac*.

But the two sects are divided by the bitterest hostilities of sectarian rancor; and most of the Jacobites now speak the *Arabic* language, instead of the modern Syriac, and are thus cut off from the last tie of sympathy with their kindred the Nestorians.

The *Chaldeans* are that portion of the Nestorian Christians that have been converted to the Romish faith, principally within the last century, by the indefatigable efforts of Jesuit missionaries.* Most of these Catholics are found in and about the valley of Mesopotamia. Indeed, very few of the Nestorians now remain, on the western side of the Koordish mountains, who have not yielded to the intrigues and usurpations of Papal domination.† The title, *Chaldeans*, was given to these Papists by the Pope, on their embracing the Catholic system,—an epithet which the Nestorians deny them the right thus exclusively to appropriate, alleging that they themselves have at least an equal relationship to the inhabitants of the ancient "Ur of the Chaldees." The Papists have also made converts from the Jacobites, and arrogated for them the title of *Syrian Christians*, with about the same degree of modesty and propriety with which they assume the title *Chaldeans*, for the converts they have made from the Nestorian Christians. Many of those converted from the Nestorians continue to speak the language of that people, as well as the Arabic; and some of them speak only the former; but as *family quarrels* are usually the most violent, so the Nestorians are sepa-

* See Researches of Smith and Dwight, Vol. II. p. 186.

† Southgate's Tour through Armenia, Persia and Mesopotamia, Vol. II. p. 229.

A KOORDISH WARRIOR.

rated from those "Chaldeans," by a hostility even more rancorous than that which divides them from the Jacobite Christians.

It is to the Nestorians, as distinct from both Jacobites and Chaldeans, that our missionary labors have hitherto been directed, and that this volume has particular reference.

The existing remnant of the Nestorian Christians are found principally among the mountains of Koordistân and in Oróomiah,* an adjacent district in the western part of Persia. Geographically, the Nestorians are situated between 36° and 39° of north latitude, and between 43° and 46° of east longitude.

Koordistân is the ancient Assyria, embracing also a part of Armenia and ancient Media. It consists mainly of wild ranges of mountains, which divide the Turkish and the Persian empires. Its western sections are nominally subject to Turkey, and its eastern to Persia. The inhabitants, however, pay but a limited allegiance to either of these nations; and some of them—the Hakkáry tribe in particular, in Central Koordistân—are nearly or quite independent.

The *Koords*, the *Καρδοῦχοι*, *Carduchai*, of Zenophon,† who gave him so much trouble on his retreat with the Ten Thousand, consist of a great number of tribes, speaking different dialects of a language strongly resembling the Persian, who, from time immemorial have been keepers of flocks—wild, fierce barbarians, much given to plunder. Their religion is Mŭhammedism of the *Soonee* faith, save the small sect of *Yezeedees*, who are the *reputed worshippers of the Devil*. Much of their country is exceedingly rough and would admit little cultivation. This roughness of the country, added to the ferocity of the people, renders portions of it well nigh inaccessible, and, consequently, little known to civilized nations. The accompanying drawing very well represents the common appearance of a Koordish warrior.

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* Says the Rev. J. L. Merrick of Tabrēez, Persia, in a note to the author, "My attention has of late been turned more than once to the orthography of the name of your city. In Syriac, it seems the orthography is perfectly analogous to the Persian. I have heard vague traditions that the name is derived from a colony that settled there from *Room*, the *Greek empire*. If so, the name is patronymic, and should take the adjective form. I use *ee*, as in *Frangee*, and according to a little system of orthography which I have formed, I should write, *Oroomee* or *Aroomee*, i. e. *of Room*." Surprising developments will doubtless yet be made, on the ethnology of the people of this and other parts of Asia. This subject has already advanced sufficiently, as a *science*, to rebuke hasty conclusions and sweeping generalizations. I may add, in connexion with the above extract, that one of the most ancient churches in Oróomiah—an arched stone fabric, evidently very old and claiming an origin long antecedent to the time of Mŭhammed, is said by the Nestorians to have been built by *Franks*, i. e. by *western Christians*. For the present, however, we will not change *our orthography* of Oróomiah, as it very well expresses the native pronunciation of the name, and has become somewhat established by our usage,—save that we will omit one *o* in the first syllable.

† Xenophon, Anab. III. fin.

The *Nestorians of Koordistân* inhabit the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the Koordish mountains. Some of the districts occupied by them are so rough, that no beast of burden can travel over them, and even men find it difficult to climb about from cliff to cliff. The least populous districts of these Nestorians, as Garvár, Somái, Chará, Mamoodîah, and some others, are subject to the Koordish tribes who dwell in the same districts, and by whom (being by far the most numerous) the Nestorians are severely oppressed and often plundered. Other districts, as Diz, Jéeloo, Bass, Tehóob and Tîâree, have a larger Nestorian population, and are more independent of their Koordish neighbors. Such is particularly the case of Tîâree, situated in the narrow, rugged valley of the river *Zab*,* (ancient Zabus or Zabis, which runs into the Tigris,) which is the most populous of all the Nestorian districts of the mountains. It is governed by Méliks (literally kings) or chiefs, chosen from its own people by the popular voice irregularly expressed. The office of these chiefs is usually, though not always, hereditary in the same family. This district of Tîâree is not only quite independent of the Koords, but its inhabitants have such a character for bravery and even ferocity, towards their Koordish neighbors,that the latter seldom hazard the adventure of entering that country, and such as do enter it are said often to atone for their temerity by being murdered and thrown into the river. The local situation of Tîâree,† hemmed in, as it is, by steep, lofty mountains, save where the river, by narrow defiles, enters and leaves the district, serves, no less than its populousness, to defend its inhabitants from invasion. The Turkish government is now making vigorous efforts, through the agency of the Koords, which have been attended with a measure of success, to reduce all those independent Nestorians to a state of vassalage.

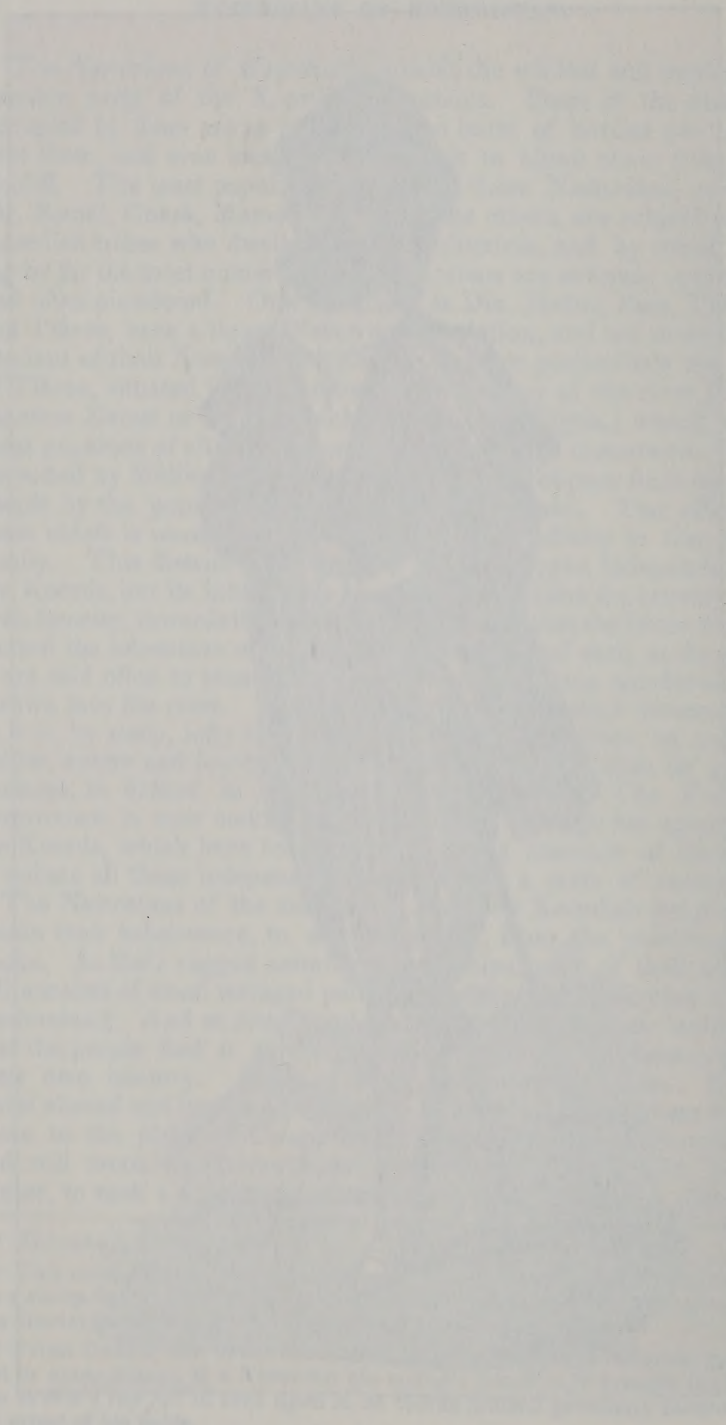
The Nestorians of the mountains, like their Koordish neighbors, obtain their subsistence, to a great extent, from the pasturage of flocks. In their rugged country, the principal part of their arable soil consists of small terraced patches, on the steep declivities of the mountains.‡ And so rough and barren is much of their territory, that the people find it almost impossible to obtain a subsistence in their own country. Many of them are miserably poor. Some travel abroad and beg as a profession. Considerable numbers come down to the plain of Oróomiah, in summer, to find employment; and still more are driven down there, by hunger and cold, in the winter, to seek a subsistence on charity. In some of the districts

* Xenophon, Anab. II. Sec. 5.

† This name, Tîâree, is a Syriac word, which means, *fold*, or enclosure, (as a sheep-fold in John 10: 16 and elsewhere), and was obviously given to this district on account of its striking local peculiarities.

‡ Priest Dunka, one of our translators, who is from the mountains, states, that in many places, if a Nestorian has a *single patch* large enough to allow him to sow a *cap full* of seed upon it, he thinks himself peculiarly favored in the *extent* of his fields.

A NESTORIAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



which are more susceptible of cultivation and less liable to the ravages of the Koords, the inhabitants obtain a comfortable living; though their fare is coarse, consisting chiefly of the products of their flocks, with rice, and bread made of a species of millet. Wheat is scarcely cultivated in the Koordish mountains.

The Nestorians of the mountains resemble their Koordish masters and neighbors, not only in their modes of living, but also in the exceeding rudeness, wildness and boldness of their character. The inhabitants of different districts often fall into mutual quarrels and plunder each other; and if remonstrance is offered, the pillagers sometimes justify themselves by replying, that they plunder their christian brethren, to save the spoil from the Koords!

The district of *Oróomiah* is in the western part of Azerbijân, (ancient Atropatene,* northern portion of Media,) the north-western province of Persia. It consists of a magnificent plain, situated at the eastern base of the Koordish mountains, and extending from them to the beautiful lake of the same name. The *lake* of Oróomiah is about eighty miles in length and thirty in breadth, lying in direction a little to the west of north and east of south. Its waters are very salt, perhaps as much so as the waters of the Dead Sea. No fish are found in it: but fowl, particularly the duck and flamingo,† frequent it in great numbers. The *plain* of Oróomiah is about forty miles in length, lying upon the central section of the lake, and in its broadest part, is about twenty miles wide. Imposing branches of the Koordish mountains sweep down quite to the waters of the lake, at the extremities of the plain, enclosing it like a vast amphitheatre. This great plain, with the adjacent declivities of the mountains, comprising an area of about six hundred square miles, contains at least three hundred and thirty villages. It is amply watered by three considerable rivers, (i. e. considerable, for *Persia*, each being from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide,) besides many smaller streams. Its soil is extremely fertile, and is all under high cultivation. Its staple productions are wheat, rice, cotton, tobacco and the vine. It also abounds in a great variety of fruits. Besides its ten or twelve species of the grape, it yields cherries, apricots, apples, pears, quinces, peaches, plums, melons, nuts, etc. in most ample abundance. And such is the

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* Strabo XI. p. 363. ed. Casaub. 1587. Pliny VI. p. 13. ed. Lugd. 1669.

† The flamingo frequents this lake in such numbers, that I have seen *miles* of the shore whitened by a continuous flock of them. This bird is a great natural curiosity. Its body, as it is found here, is about the size of a goose; but its slender legs and small flexile neck are of such enormous length, that one full grown measures six feet, from the bill to the toes, and it stretches its wings to even a greater length. Its color is white, save the wings, the front half of which is covered with inimitably delicate and beautiful red feathers, and the back half with black quills. It is taken by placing snares made of hair, in the shallow parts of the lake, where this fowl walks about in search of decayed vegetables carried into the lake by the streams.

number of orchards and trees, planted along "the water courses," on all parts of the plain, as to give much of it the appearance of American forests.

About twelve miles back from the lake and about two miles from the mountains, is the *city* of Oróomiah. It is the ancient Thebarma,* the birth-place, as tradition says, of Zoroäster, the founder of the ancient sect of fire-worshippers; a tradition which is rendered, perhaps, the more credible, from the fact, that there are, on different parts of the plain, several artificial mounds, each covering an area of an acre or more, and rising to a height of fifty or seventy feet, which seem to be vast piles of ashes, that accumulated during the lapse of centuries, under the "perpetual fires," before which they paid their adoration. This is the explanation which the native inhabitants give of these monuments; and I see no particular reason to question its accuracy. The city contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It is nearly four miles in circumference. Like other cities of Persia, it is surrounded by a mud-wall and a ditch; and most of its houses are built of unburnt brick. Its markets are good, for this country; its streets are wider than are common, in Eastern cities; and it has a very agreeable air of comfort, from the great number of shade-trees, interspersed among the houses.

From elevations back of the city, the beholder, as he looks down upon the gardens directly below him,—and then, upon the city, half buried in shrubbery,—and next, over the vast plain, studded with its hundreds of villages, verdant with thousands of orchards and hedges of poplars, willows and sycamores, upon the streams, and gleaming with almost illimitable fields, waving a golden harvest,—and farther still, upon the azure bosom of the placid lake, beaming and sparkling like an immense mirror, under the brilliancy of the pure Persian sky,—and finally, upon the blue mountains, far in the distance beyond the lake,—one of the loveliest and grandest specimens of natural scenery is spread out before him, that was ever presented to the eye of man.

The climate of Oróomiah is *naturally* one of the finest in the world. It resembles, in its temperature, the climate of our Middle States. Unhappily, however, *artificial* causes are at work which render it decidedly unhealthy,—particularly to foreigners. A country so charming,—so bright under the effulgence of its clear heavens and grateful with the thrifty growth of its abundant crops, presents to the *eye* so much of the aspect of an *Eden*, as almost to forbid the idea of the approach of sickness and pain. But the foreigner, who resides there, is soon forced to feel that its brilliant skies and balmy breezes, beautiful and grateful as they are, are still surcharged with the elements of disease and death. The causes of its unhealthi-

* St. Martin Mém. sur l'Armén. II. p. 423, Abulfedae Geog. Tab. XVIII. Ritter's Erdkunde IX. p. 943.

ness are the constant irrigation,* in summer, of the almost numberless fields and gardens, on the plain, with the consequent great amount of evaporation,—the rapid and almost boundless growth and decay of its annual vegetation,—and a more prolific cause still, the numerous *pools of stagnant water*, that remain much or all of the time, in different places, particularly in the fosse which surrounds the city, and cannot fail to generate a vast amount of miasma.† The reforming hand of a good government, controlled by the redeeming spirit of Christianity, is all that is needed, to drain and dry up those stagnant pools, and remove many other nuisances, and soon restore this climate, in a great measure, to its native salubrity.

The Nestorians of Oróomiah have a general tradition, that their immediate ancestors came down from the mountains, to live on the plain, at a period not definitely known, but about five or six hundred years ago. It is quite probable that the Nestorians were entirely swept away from this province, for a season, during the devastations of Timourlâne. There are, however, some monuments of their earlier residence here. The largest and oldest mosk in this city, for instance, was once a christian church. In repairing it, a few years ago, a vault was found under it, containing some ancient relics, and among them, a Ms., in a state of tolerable preservation, purporting to have been written in that church about eight hundred years ago.

Not more than six hundred Nestorians reside in the *city* of Oróomiah. They are principally in a compact position, adjacent to which the premises of our mission are situated. There are about two thousand Jews in the city, and the remaining part of the population are Mŭhammedans.

The Nestorians are numerous in the *villages*, on the plain of Oróomiah, in some cases occupying a village exclusively, and in others, living in the same villages with Mŭhammedans. Most of them are employed in the cultivation of the soil, of which they are sometimes, though rarely, the proprietors. A few are mechanics, as masons, and joiners. Their common relation to the Mŭhammedan nobility in the tenure of the soil, is that of serfs and lords. The *Mŭhammedan peasantry* sustain *nominally* the same relation to the higher classes, though their rights are better respected than those of the Christians. The Nestorians often suffer lawless extortion and oppression from their Mŭhammedan masters. Their circumstances are, however, quite tolerable for a people in bondage. And their

* Showers are very rare in Persia during the warm part of the year. The gardens and fields are therefore necessarily irrigated by means of small canals which conduct the water from the streams.

† Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst College, has analysed specimens of the water of the lake, and while the principal ingredient is muriate of soda, or common salt, he finds it capable of discharging large quantities of sulphurreted hydrogen; and suggests that this may also be a fruitful cause of the unhealthiness of the climate of that province.

fertile country yields such an overflowing abundance, that, so far from being pinched with a want of the means and many of the comforts of life, the industrious among them are always surrounded with liberal plenty.

The Nestorians of Oróomiah partake much, in their manners, of the suavity and urbanity of the Persian character. By the side of their rude countrymen from the mountains, though originally from the same stock, they appear like antipodes. They themselves denominate the Nestorian mountaineers, *wild men.*

This difference in the appearance and character of the two classes is owing entirely to their respective local circumstances. And we may regard it as a felicity, that the mountaineers are impelled, by interest or necessity, frequently to visit the *plain* in such numbers, where they cannot help feeling and imbibing a softening, humanizing influence. And as, in the progress of our work, the people of this province shall become yet more enlightened and elevated, by the revival of the spirit of Christianity among them, their intercourse will tell still more powerfully and beneficially, on their less civilized brethren, and through them, on all classes of the rude inhabitants of Koordistân, and especially in connection with the missionary operations that are contemplated in those wild mountains.

It is very difficult to arrive at even tolerable accuracy, in estimating the *number* of the Nestorians. The methods of obtaining statistics, on this subject, among orientals generally, are very indefinite and unsatisfactory. The population of a town, village, or district, is usually estimated by the number of families, a given number of individuals being assumed as the average in each family. But in the primitive, patriarchal style of living which obtains in these countries, where three, four, or even five, generations, as the case may be, dwell together in the same household, the number of persons in a family varying from five up to fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and even more, it is impossible to fix accurately on an *average* number. *Ten* is the number often assumed for this purpose. In the Koordish mountains, the population is often estimated by the number of *soldiers*, that can be rallied on an emergency, every male adult being reckoned as a soldier. But this method is even more indefinite than the other; for, in those wild, inaccessible regions, there is the additional difficulty, that the number of either houses or soldiers is very imperfectly known.

The probable number of the Nestorian Christians, as nearly as I can ascertain it, with such difficulties encumbering the subject, is about one hundred and forty thousand. In Tîâree, by far the largest and most populous district of the Nestorians among the mountains, there may be about fifty thousand inhabitants. This district is inhabited exclusively by Nestorians, and, as already stated, has hitherto been quite independent of the Koords. In all the other districts of the mountains, there may be sixty thousand Nestorians. And in the province of Oróomiah, there are between thirty and for-

ty thousand. One hundred and forty thousand is a small number to comprise a nation, or an ancient sect of Christians. But the history of the Nestorians, as well as their present circumstances and character, as was suggested at the commencement of this chapter, invest this little remnant with an interest, in a measure, independent of numbers.

The position and character of the Nestorians of *Oróomiah* give to them an importance far superior to their relative proportion of the whole population. This is especially true, in view of the fact, that its population is at present fast increasing, by the permanent immigration into this province, of considerable numbers of the Nestorians from many of the mountain districts. Oppressed and overrun, by the superior power of their *rapidly increasing* Koordish masters, the poor refugees fly to Oróomiah, as a generous asylum. And the time may not be distant, when the humble christian population of this province, augmented in their numbers and elevated in their character,—their Mŭhammedan masters at the same time being weakened and diminished by their growing corruption and depressed by political revolution—shall quietly inherit this goodly land. The *meek shall* inherit the earth.

To the christian scholar, the *language* and *literature* of the Nestorian Christians are objects of much interest. Their ancient language is the *Syriac*,—by some supposed to have been the common language in Palestine in the days of Christ and the same in which the Saviour himself conversed and preached, and probably not differing much from it.* This language is still the *literary language* of the Nestorians. Their books are nearly all written in it. They conduct their epistolary correspondence in it; and though a *dead language*, the best educated of their clergy become able to converse in it with fluency. Their *written character* differs considerably from that of the western, or Jacobite, Syrians, which is the character best known to European scholars. The former was never, to my knowledge, in type, until A. D. 1829, when an edition of the Gospels was printed in it by the British and Foreign Bible Society. It much resembles the Estrangelo,† but has a more round and easy

* See an able and interesting article in relation to this language, in the Biblical Repository for April, 1831; Vol. I. p. 358.

† "Estrangelo is the most ancient among the kinds of writing which are found in Syriac books. To this name, indeed, Asseman gives the signification of *round*, deriving it from the Greek στρογγύλος. But since this form of the letter is by no means *round* (a point correctly observed by J. D. Michaelis and Adlerus,) we conclude, along with these men, that the name is of Arabic origin. The Syrians first employed it *Carschunice*, i. e. in writing Syriac letters; then adopted it, being derived from سطر, *scriptura*, and انجيل, *evangelium*; so that it may signify, scriptura evangelii. This is the large hand which they employed, in writing copies of the Gospel, opposed to the smaller and more rapidly written letters which Adlerus informs us were used for common purposes at that time."—*Hoffmann's Syr. Gram.* p. 67. See also notes following on the same page.

form. The Nestorians have some old books written in the Estrangelo, and they still use that ancient character for *capital letters*. The common Nestorian character is a very clear and beautiful one, so agreeable to the eye, that members of our mission, when incapacitated by ophthalmy, to read English, without pain, are able to read the Syriac, in this character with little inconvenience.

There are twenty-two consonants in the language of the Nestorians, the same as in the ancient Syriac, with a modification of *Gimel* (g), by a scratch of the pen underneath to express j, ch or gh; and of Pe (p) by a half Vav placed under it, to express ph. B, G, D, K, P, and Th, are also subject to aspiration, which is indicated by a point below them and the reverse by a point above, the same as in the ancient language. There are seven vowels, corresponding to long *a*, short *a*, long *e*, short *e*, long and short *i*, long *o* and double *o*, or *u*. The vowels used by the Nestorians are *points*, and not the Greek vowels inverted, as used by the Western Syrians; and where the latter use *omicron* (short ŏ), as in *Alóho*, God, the Nestorians use the open sound of *a*, as *Aláha*, God.

The *vernacular* language of the Nestorians, is a modern dialect of the ancient Syriac, much barbarized by inversions, contractions and abbreviations, and by the introduction of a great number of Persian, Koordish and Turkish words, each class prevailing respectively, in a particular district, in proportion as it is situated near to the people using either of those languages. Though thus corrupted, however, as now spoken by the Nestorians, the body of the language comes directly from the venerable ancient Syriac, as clearly as the modern Greek comes from the ancient. It is a softer language than the ancient Syriac, its guttural words being fewer, and its nouns even more extensively ending in open vowel sounds. The accent is almost invariably upon the penult syllable. The noun is declined by means of a preposition, having properly no *construct* state, though the first of two nouns has an affix pronoun, indicating possession,—thus, *Bróonee*, (*his son*, instead of Bróona, *son*,) *d'Oráham*, son of Abraham. The objective case, after an active verb, is indicated by the particle, *l*, prefixed; the dative is expressed by the same particle, meaning *to*, or *for*; and the ablative is governed by prepositions. The passive voice is formed by a distinct auxiliary verb, and not by a syllable prefixed, as in the ancient language. The Nestorians of the Koordish mountains speak dialects more nearly resembling the ancient Syriac, both in words and in sound, than the inhabitants of Oróomiah, alike from their limited intercourse with foreign nations and their more rude and hardy character.

Some critics have questioned this opinion, and supposed that the language of the Nestorians is a modern dialect of the ancient *Chaldaic*, instead of the Syriac, notwithstanding all their literature being in the Syriac, and their written correspondence being still conducted in that language. It is incumbent on such as sustain this view, to

point out the difference between the Chaldaic and the Syriac, and to show that the spoken language of the Nestorians is more allied to the former than to the latter. I will insert in this connection a brief extract from a letter which I received from Prof. Edward Robinson D. D., whose learned researches on this and kindred subjects entitle his opinion to the highest deference. The extract is as follows, viz.: "Professor Rödiger* proposes to go on and publish a fuller account of the Syriac language, as now spoken among the Nestorians. The views contained in your letter leave no room to doubt of the character of the language, nor that the *Chaldean*, so called, of Mesopotamia, is the same. I have myself had no doubt of this before; although, on inquiry of R — and of Mr. S — in Constantinople, I could get no satisfactory information from either. The prevailing view among scholars at present is, that the ancient Chaldee and the Syriac are, at the bottom, the same dialect; the former having developed itself in a more *Jewish form* and adopted a Hebrew alphabet, and the latter having been diffused among Christians, with a different alphabet,—i. e. one being a Hebraizing Aramaean, and the other, a christian Aramaean. A similar fact exists now in relation to the Servian and Illyrian languages. They are the same, or nearly so, as spoken; but the Servians are Greek Christians and use a peculiar alphabet; while the Illyrians are Catholics and write with the Latin letters."

I may add, that one of my respected associates, the Rev. Mr. Holladay, and myself, have taken some pains to compare the language of the Nestorians with the Chaldaic, as exhibited in the books of Daniel and Ezra,† and at the same time, with the ancient Syriac of those portions of Scripture, and the result has been a decided preponderance, in the difference that obtains between those two ancient dialects, in favor of deriving this modern language directly from the Syriac.

Very little attempt had been made to reduce the vernacular language of the Nestorians to *writing*, until we commenced our missionary operations. The ancient Syriac being a *dead* language, and entirely unintelligible to the people until studied as a *learned tongue*, it seemed to us, at the outset, quite indispensable to the due accomplishment of our object, to make their *modern dialect* the medium of *written*, as well as of *oral*, instruction. Some theoretic philologists question the propriety of reducing to writing any of the spoken languages of the oriental Christians, and, perhaps, some other Asiatic vernacular languages, advising, that the people should be carried back to the reädoption of their *ancient tongues*. Such

* Of Halle.

† Says Dr. Robinson, "The Chaldaic of Daniel and Ezra is hardly a fair standard of comparison, since it approaches much nearer to the Hebrew than does the ordinary Chaldee dialect. The comparison should rather have been made with some portion of the Chaldee translations exhibited in the Targums." Am. Bib. Repos. Oct. 1841, p. 459, note.

philologists should remember, that *popular language* is not that *tractable* thing, which will come and go at one's bidding,—and especially, march far in a *retrograde* direction; that it is rather an *absolute sovereign*, whom we may, indeed, approach and conciliate, but whom we try in vain to coërce. I may here quote one or two brief remarks from Prof. Robinson's letter, from which the paragraph above quoted is taken. He says, "There can be no doubt, I think, as to the propriety and necessity of cultivating the modern Syriac, in the manner you mention, any more than there is in the case of the modern Greek. It is the language and the only language of *the people*, and must remain so, though it should be purified and refined, by a reference to the ancient language, so far as possible." We have, from the first, been fully impressed, in attempting to reduce this spoken dialect to writing, with the high importance of shaping it, so far as practicable, to the very perfect model of the ancient Syriac; and we strenuously urge on the Nestorians the continued study of the latter, as a *learned language*. It is visionary, however, to suppose, that they could ever be brought to adopt this as their vernacular tongue. By the blessing of God, on our labors, we have succeeded, in putting considerable portions of the Scriptures, and some other matter, into this new, and, to the Nestorians, attractive costume.

Of the venerable ancient Syriac, once so highly and extensively cultivated and so rich in its literary treasures, we now find, as of the unfortunate people who use it, little more than its ashes. The number of works, at present extant among the Nestorians, is very limited, and copies of these are extremely rare. The library of the patriarch, which had often been represented to us as absolutely prodigious, and might appear so to these simple-hearted people who were acquainted with no method of making books, except the slow motion of the pen, was found by Dr. Grant to consist of not more than *sixty volumes*, and a part of these are *duplicates*. And no other collection, to be compared with this, exists among the Nestorians. Three, five, or ten, books, have been regarded as a liberal supply for a large village or district even.

The *few* books which the Nestorians possess, however, are objects of deep interest. Among them are found the *whole of the Holy Scriptures*, with the following exceptions, viz., the epistle of Jude, the second and third epistles of John, the second of Peter, and the Revelation; also, the account of the woman taken in adultery in John VIII, and the much discussed passage in 1 John 5: 7, none of which are found in any of their Ms. copies, or seem to have been known to them until introduced by us, in the printed editions of the British and Foreign Bible Society; i. e. the *Peschito** is the only version of the New Testament with which they seem ever to have been acquainted. They make no objection to these portions of the Scriptures, as in-

* *Peschito* is a Syriac word, meaning, pure, simple, or literal. This version of the New Testament is supposed to have been early made from the Greek.

troduced by us, but readily recognize and acknowledge them as canonical. Their Scriptures are not found in *one volume*, but are usually in six, the division being as follows, viz., 1. The Pentateuch, (Ovráta,) copies of which are not so rare as of some other portions. 2. The remaining books of the Old Testament as far as the Psalms, with the exception of the two books of Chronicles, (Bitmétwee,) copies, few. 3. The two books of Chronicles, (Bherémin,) copies of which are very rare. 4. The Psalms, (Dâvid, or Mismóree,) copies comparatively numerous. 5. The Prophets, (Nobhîee,) copies rare. 6. The New Testament, (Khedétta,) copies more numerous than of any other portions except the Psalms.

In the *second book*, in this list, occurs the apochryphal work, *Ecclesiasticus*, or the *Wisdom of Sirach*, (Khahúmptha d'bae Sírah,) and most of the other books of the apochraphy, as known to Europeans, are mentioned as existing in the mountains. The Nestorians have also, in a separate volume, a work purporting to be the *Revelation of Paul*, (Gileeánee d'Paulus), which is said to consist of communications of the "unutterable words, which," he tells us, "it is not lawful for man to utter," that he heard, when he was "caught up to the third heavens."

The principal books, containing the *church service* of the Nestorians, are the following, viz. 1. Alternate prayers for each day in two weeks, (K'dem, and Kharái, Dooátha). 2. Prayers for every day in the year except the sabbath and festivals, (Késhkool). 3. Prayers for the Lord's day and festivals, (Hódra). 4. Prayers forFestivals not in Lent, (Gézza). 5. Services for communion, ordination, baptism and consecration of churches, (Táksa). 6. Legends of Saints read in the churches during some of their fasts, (Wérda). 7. Marriage services, (Barúkta). 8. Funeral services, (Onéeda). A small Romish Legend is also found among them, claiming to be an epistle that descended from heaven, at Rome, about the A. D. 777, being engraved by the finger of God on a table of ice! After detailing a pompous array of signs and wonders that attended its descent, it proceeds to enjoin the observance of the laws of God and of the church, and denounces fearful threatenings on the disobedient. It is entitled, *the epistle of the Sabbath*, (Agértha d'Khoshéeba), i. e. it descended on the *Sabbath*, and demands a reading *every Sabbath*. It is but little used by the Nestorians.

Reciting the *Psalms* comprises a very considerable part of the daily church service of the Nestorians. The gospels are also read, particularly on the Sabbath and on festival occasions. And the Epistles and the Old Testament, though less, are still frequently used, in their churches.

The Nestorians have a book containing the laws and canons of their church, (Sünhádos).* They have also some of the writings of

* When the Syriac literature was in its greatest prosperity, the *Greek* language and literature were much cultivated by the Syrians, who introduced

the Fathers, (Abhahátha); and traditions, (Teshaiátha); Books of Martyrs, (Sádee); and commentaries, (Nooháree,) on all portions of the Scriptures, some of which are very interesting and instructive, but other parts are equally fanciful and puerile. They have books of wise and moral sayings, (Akuldáree, Sháper Doobháree); and books of philosophy, (Peelasoópa,) but "falsely so called;" and they have rare copies of ponderous dictionaries, (Lexícon,) and grammers, (Grammatíka).

Among the books of the Nestorians are some very *ancient* manuscripts. There are copies of the New Testament, for instance, written, some on parchment and some on paper, which date back about six hundred years. Some of these are written in the Estrangelo, and some in the common Nestorian character. The very ancient copies of the Scriptures are regarded by the Nestorians with much veneration and are used with great care. They are kept wrapped in successive envelopes, and when taken into the hands, are reverently kissed, as very hallowed treasures. In the village of Kówsee, is a copy of the New Testament, which purports to be fifteen hundred years old. A few of the first parchment leaves are gone and their place is supplied by paper, on which that early date is recorded, with how much authority is uncertain. The *rubrics*, in most ancient copies, moreover, betray a later origin than tradition or their dates would claim for them. I tried to borrow the revered copy here mentioned, to bring with me to America, as an object of interest; but the Mŭhammedan master of the village interposed and forbade its being taken away, apprehending that some dire calamity would befal the inhabitants, should so sacred a deposit be removed from among them. And such is the reputation of its antiquity and sanctity, that Mŭhammedans, as well as Nestorians, are sometimes sworn upon that New Testament.

I find it interesting, in translating the Scriptures, to compare the printed Syriac version, as also our own, with these ancient Syriac manuscripts. Slight diversities sometimes occur, not such as at all to invalidate either as a standard; but, by the different location of a single *dot*, new light and vividness are often thrown upon a passage of Scripture. A case of this kind, for example, occurred in Luke 24: 32, in relation to the conversation between Christ and the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, "Did not our hearts *burn* within us," etc. In the printed version, it is *yakéed*, *burn*, the same as in English. But my translator, a Nestorian priest, questioned the correctness of this reading, and on referring to a Ms. copy of the New Testament, about six hundred years old, instead of *yakéed*, *burn*, we found, *yakéer*, *heavy*, or *dull;* the difference being simply the location of a *point*, which, in the one case, being

almost innumerable *terms*, on religious, moral and philosophic subjects, from the *Greek*, into their own language. This word, *Sŭnhádos*, synod, and several of the others which follow, are instances.

placed *below* the final letter of the word, made it Dâled, (*d*,) and in the other case, placed *above* it, made it Raish, (*r*). According to the ancient Ms., the verse in question would read, "And they said one to another, were not our hearts *heavy*, (or *dull*, reproaching themselves of being slow of understanding,) while he talked to us by the way and while he opened to us the Scriptures,"—a reading which certainly loses nothing of beauty or force, when compared with our own version.

Few as are *books* among the Nestorians, their *readers* are scarcely more numerous. Not more than one in two hundred of the people —in general only the *clergy*—could read, when we commenced our labors among them. And such as read at all—their highest and most influential ecclesiastics even—are very imperfectly educated. A majority of the priesthood can merely *chant* their devotions in the *ancient Syriac*, without knowing the meaning. Even some of the *bishops*, among the mountains, are in this predicament.

We have now about five hundred children and youth in our Seminary and schools, who possess as good native talents as an equal number in any country, and are successfully studying both their ancient and modern tongues; and we hope, in the progress of our work, to have many more thus employed. We have freely circulated the printed Scriptures, in the ancient Syriac, among such as can read, and have multiplied with the pen copies of those portions of the Bible which we have translated into the spoken dialect; and the aid of our printer and press, that have happily commenced operations, will enable us to contribute far more rapidly and efficiently than we have hitherto done, to revive the dying embers of *literature*, as well as of pure religion, among this ancient people.

The Nestorians, like their Mŭhammedan masters and neighbors, are very fine looking people. Their stature is nearly the same as our own. Their features are regular, manly, intelligent and often handsome. And their complexion, were their habits cleanly—particularly that of the Nestorians on the high mountains—would be nearly as light* and fair as that common among Americans. In their character, they are bold, generous, kind, very artless for Asiatics, and extremely hospitable. Oppression, from their Persian masters, has never been able to reduce the Nestorians of *Oróomiah*, to the spiritless servility of the Armenian Christians. They are still brave, restless under oppression, and so far as a subject people can be, remarkably *independent* in their feelings. And on the other hand, the Nestorians of the mountains, with all their extreme wildness, rudeness, bold independence and even ferocity, still possess the same kindness and generosity of character, which are such prom-

* Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop who visited the United States, is considerably *darker* than most of the Nestorians of Oróomiah. His family are noticed by the natives, as being of dark complexion.

inent traits in the people in the province of Oróomiah. There, the hungry man will divide his last piece of bread with a stranger, or an enemy.

In the district of Oróomiah, where the Nestorians are so plentifully supplied with the means and comforts of living, they, as matter of calculation, lay in liberal stores for their poor countrymen of Koordistân, who, pinched with want among their own barren mountains, come down to the plain in large numbers, particularly in winter, to seek temporary subsistence on charity. This characteristic kindness and hospitality of the Nestorians, which they ever manifest to *us*, to the utmost of their power, contribute much to render our residence among them agreeable and comfortable.

Attractive as are their native traits of character, it is as *nominal Christians*, that the Nestorians are invested with the deepest interest.

The ecclesiastical head of the Nestorian church is a *Patriarch*, whose residence is at present at Diz, a village about twenty miles from Jûlamérk, in the Hakkâry district, one of the most inaccessible parts of the Koordish mountains. Until a few years ago, he resided at Kōchánnes, a village still nearer to the town of Jûlamérk. The patriarchal residence in any part of the Koordish mountains is comparatively recent—only from about A. D. 1590. It first resulted from the quarrels of rival candidates and the Papal defection, among the Nestorians on the western side of the mountains. Previously, the patriarch had resided at Elkoosh. Earlier still, from A. D. 752, at Bagdád;* and originally at Seleucia.†

There are properly *nine* ecclesiastical orders among the Nestorian clergy, though two or three of them are at present little more than nominal. Beginning with the lowest, they are as follows, viz. 1. Hûpo Deeácōn, (sub-deacon,) who properly sweeps and lights the church, as well as takes some part in their devotions. 2. Kâróoya, (reader,) a kind of novice, who regularly joins with the higher ecclesiastics in reciting the liturgy, and sometimes assists in the menial services of the church. 3. Shamásha, or Deeácōn, (deacon). 4. Kásha, Kashséesha, or Kána, (Priest). 5. Arka Deeácōn, (Archdeacon). 6. Abóona, Episcopa, or Khalaphá, (Bishop). 7. Metrán, or Metrōpoléeta, (Metropolitan). 8. Katoléeka, (Catholokos,) not a distinct individual, but an order united with that of the Patriarch, and one through which he must first pass, in ordination. 9. The Patriarch. All the orders of the clergy are ordained by the imposition of hands, from the deacon upward to the metropolitan inclusive. The Patriarch does not receive the imposition of hands, at his consecration, as it cannot properly be performed by inferiors. And the sub-deacon and reader are not thus set apart, unless they are expected to rise to higher orders. No ecclesiastic of a grade below bishops has power to ordain. A can-

* Asseman, Vol. V. p. 625. † Ibid. p. 67.

didate for any clerical office, must pass through all the inferior orders successively, beginning with the lowest, though this may be done in a single day, as well as at intervals. The titles for *Bishop* do not occur in the Syriac Scriptures, Kashéesha, priest, (elder, presbyter,) being always used where the term Bishop occurs in the English New Testament. *Episcópa*, transferred from the Greek, is the proper official title. *Abóona, our father*, is a more familiar epithet, which can of course have no primary application to the episcopal office. The Nestorians have sometimes applied it to me, as well as to their own bishops. *Khalaphá* is the Arabic *Caliph*, and is used by the Mŭhammedans in Persia when speaking of christian bishops. It is also applied there to an order of Moollâhs who act as public criers on state occasions. The term Mar is literally *lord*, (dominus,) the same as is used in the gospels and the epistles; *Máran átha*, our Lord cometh, for instance, which occurs in 1 Cor. 16: 22. It is applied to the episcopal orders of the Nestorian ecclesiastics in much the same way as our Dutch friends apply *Domine*, to their pastors. The office of bishop, though usually confined to the same family, is not hereditary. As very few learn to read, a nephew is often the only candidate in a given diocese; and he happens to be instructed by his proximity to the bishop, who naturally makes some provision for a successor. The wish of the people is generally understood and consulted; but episcopal consecration still depends on the will of the Patriarch. The Patriarch is clothed properly with only *spiritual* power; though his influence is, in fact, far more general. Among the mountaineers, his word is usually law, in both temporal and spiritual matters. Among the Nestorians of Oróomiah, his control is much more limited. He does not venture down among them, probably from the apprehension that he might meet with embarrassment from their Persian rulers. And being thus beyond the reach of the full exercise of his authority, the people in this province have become rather lax in their regard, even for his spiritual prerogatives. They, however, look up to him with respect and veneration, and requite the visits of his brothers among them, which are usually annual, with liberal pecuniary contributions. Under the Nestorian Patriarch, are eighteen bishops, four of whom reside in the province of Oróomiah. They have dioceses, varying in size from a single village up to ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty villages. They ordain the inferior clergy, make annual visits to their villages and exercise a general superintendence.

The canons of the Nestorian church require *celibacy* in all the *episcopal* orders of the clergy; i. e. in all from the bishops upward. They also require, that from childhood, they abstain from the use of all *animal food*, except fish, eggs, and the productions of the dairy, the latter requisition probably resulting from the former. They go a step farther back, in the latter requisition; the *mother* of the candidate for the episcopal office must observe the same abstinence while she nurses the infant, and, as is asserted, if he is to become a

Patriarch, she must practise the same regimen during the period of gestation! All who are thus nurtured do not become bishops and patriarchs, but a selection is made from such candidates.

This requisition of abstinence from animal food is, however, like many of their ceremonials, in some cases softened down. Two of the bishops of Oróomiah, were never candidates for episcopacy, until they were about forty years old, having eaten *animal*, as well as vegetable food, until that period. One of them was then made bishop as a special token of the Patriarch's favor, for important services which he had rendered, when a deacon, in opposing the influence of Papal emissaries; and the other obtained ordination by means of interest exerted by his friends. Since becoming bishops, both have practised the required abstinence, though they are far less acceptable, among their people, than those who have entered the office by a strictly canonical initiation.

I have sometimes questioned Nestorian bishops, in relation to the reasons for their practising celibacy and restriction to vegetable diet. They never attempt to base these requirements of their church on precepts of *Scripture;* but reply, that in consideration of the episcopal office, these observances are enjoined, as matter of *propriety*, on those entrusted with it,—they being thus set apart to their high and holy work, as a consecrated class of *Nazarites*. Neither celibacy nor abstinence from animal food, are required of the inferior clergy; nor do monasteries or convents exist among the Nestorians.

The Nestorian clergy, like the laity, are usually poor; and with the exception of the episcopal orders, they are obliged to labor with their hands, or teach a few scholars, to obtain a subsistence. The *priests* realize a small pittance, in the form of a trifling annual contribution from their flocks, and a scanty fee for marriages and some other occasional services. The *bishops* are entitled to an annual tax of about two and a quarter cents, on an individual, each from his respective diocese; and this, in their simple style of living and with no families to support, may suffice for their subsistence. The Patriarch receives an annual contribution, collected for him by the bishops, which usually amounts to two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars.

The *religious belief* and *practices* of the Nestorians are much more simple and scriptural than those of other oriental Christians. They have the deepest abhorrence of all image worship, auricular confession, the doctrine of purgatory, and many other corrupt dogmas and practices of the Papal, Greek and Armenian churches; while they cherish the highest reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and, in theory at least, exalt them far above all human traditions. Their doctrinal tenets, so far as I have learned them, are, in general, quite clearly expressed and correct. On the momentous subject of the divinity of Christ, in relation to which the charge of heresy is so violently thrown upon them by the Papal and other oriental sects, their belief is orthodox and scriptural.

The Nestorians are very charitable towards other sects of nominal Christians—liberal in their views and feelings, and strongly desirous of improvement. The Patriarch has repeatedly written to us, expressing his joy and satisfaction at our being among his people, his gratitude for our efforts for their benefit, and his earnest prayers for our prosperity. And such has been the language and, apparently, the feelings of all classes of his people. The four bishops of Oróomiah and several of the most intelligent priests are in our employ as assistants in our missionary labors. They are engaged in the instruction and superintendence of schools and sabbath schools; they preach the gospel, engage in translation, and render other important assistance. And the Patriarch and his brothers have often pledged to us the same coöperation, whenever we should be enabled to extend our labors into the mountains. Indeed, the Nestorians may, with great propriety, be denominated, the *Protestants of Asia.*

Such being their religious character, it should cease to be a matter of wonder, that they have welcomed us so cordially to our missionary labors, and that we have hitherto experienced not a breath of the violent opposition which has so long hedged up the way of our missionary brethren who are sent to the other Eastern churches. We arrogate to ourselves no superior wisdom, prudence or fidelity. The difference in our case, as I suppose, consists simply in the character of the people among whom we labor. With the *Nestorians,* we have a *broad field* of *common ground,* in their acknowledged supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures and other peculiarities to which I have alluded, that exists among no other oriental Christians. Upon this *common ground,* the clergy of this people rejoice to take their stand and lend us their hearty and efficient coöperation. And the most influential part of them being brought thus under our immediate influence—ten or twelve of them are connected with our families—they advance in intelligence and evangelical views and feelings, and keep pace with our missionary operations. And with their ecclesiastics, the people will, of course, move forward. Both ecclesiastics and people extend fellowship to us as brethren, engaged in a common cause, regarding our object to be what in truth it is, not to *pull them down, but to build them up.* And difficult indeed would it be for us not to reciprocate, in a measure, at least, the fraternal estimation, in which we are held, by these Nestorian Christians. Too much, however, should not be inferred from these statements. The Nestorians are still, to a painful extent, under the influence of human, and many childish, traditions. They attach great importance to their periodical *fasts,* which are about as numerous as in the other Eastern churches, often to the neglect of integrity and purity of heart, and even of external morality. As a people, they are deeply degraded in morals. The vice of lying is almost universal, among both ecclesiastics and people. Intemperance is very prevalent. The Sabbath is, to a great extent, regarded

as a holiday. And profaneness and some other vices are very common. Indeed, the mass of this people seem literally to have a *name to live, while they are dead.*

We may and should, however, in the spirit of charity, make exceptions to this dark picture. There are ecclesiastics in our employ and probably other individuals, both among the clergy and the laity, who are correct in their external conduct and habitually serious in their deportment; who sigh and pray over the degradation of their people, and seem to be "waiting for the consolation of Israel." And as the word of the Lord, in the progress of our labors, shall "have free course and be glorified" among them, the number of these Simeons and Annas will, we trust, be rapidly increased, until, as a church, their people shall become enlightened, elevated and resuscitated, by the spirit and life of the gospel.

Such is the venerable remnant of the Nestorian Christians, situated in the midst of the followers of the False Prophet, beset, on all sides, by artful Romish emissaries, and stretching forth their hands to Protestant Christendom, with the imploring cry, "come over and help us."

The *position* of the Nestorians, in relation to the enemies of Christianity, is alike trying and interesting. Over the broad chasm that divides Christianity and Mŭhammedanism, they would doubtless continue, as a mass, extremely reluctant to leap, under almost any temptation or coërcion. To the honor of the Persians, too, they are not, for Mŭhammedans, very overbearing, in their efforts to proselyte their christian subjects. Some hardened Nestorian culprits are found ready, for the sake of evading merited punishment, even to change their religion; and such the Persians readily pardon on that condition. Nestorian girls, too, are occasionally kidnapped or decoyed away by enamored Mussulmân, and cajoled into a profession of their faith preparatory to their becoming their wives.

But from the *Papists*, with the name and some of the forms of Christianity, to conceal the deformities of their system, the Nestorians are in far greater danger. Had we not come to their rescue, we have reason to apprehend, that the incessant working of the artful machinations of the Jesuit emissaries—their endless intrigues—their promises of large sums of money, of favors procured, through their instrumentality, from Government, as rewards of conversion, —their threats to bring the arm of Mussulmân displeasure against such as refuse to yield, and their actual oppression, wherever they can bring power to their aid, would, in time, have gradually obliterated the Nestorians and transferred the last man of them to the Romish standard. We are here just in time to avert such a calamity. But every inch of the ground is still to be contested. Papists know the importance of this field, and Jesuit emissaries are coming into it like a flood. Here, as in almost every part of the world, the Protestant missionary must experience his greatest difficulties and

trials from the opposing efforts of the agents of the "Man of Sin." No measure will be left untried by them, for leading away the Nestorians from the religion of their fathers and subjecting them to Papal control. A few years ago, a Jesuit offered to the Nestorian Patriarch $10,000, on condition that he would acknowledge allegiance to the Pope; to whom the patriarch replied, in the emphatic language of Peter to Simon Magus, "Thy money perish with thee." And of late, emissaries from Rome have tendered to him the assurance, that if he will so far become a Papist as to recognise the supremacy of their master, he shall not only continue to be Patriarch of the Nestorians, but *all* the *Christians of the East shall be added to his jurisdiction?* One of the "newest measures" that has been reported to us, is an order purporting to be fresh from the Pope to his agents in this region, to *canonize Nestorius*, whose name and memory every papist has been required, so many centuries, to *curse*, —and to *anathematize* the *Lutherans*—i. e. the Protestant missionaries, with whom they propose also to class such of the Nestorians as shall not go over to the ranks of the Papists! Strange, that we, obscure men, away in this distant part of the world, should be honored with such special attention from "His Holiness!" And it may perhaps be doubtful, whether such an order was actually issued from Rome, or merely fabricated by her emissaries here, who have doubtless, in matters of policy, much discretionary power. Its object and effect would in either case be the same. The Nestorians, however, fully understand this suprising change, in the Papal estimation of *Nestorius*, as designed merely to decoy them; and they spurn the high honor thus proffered. And as to being classed with the *Lutherans*, (Protestants,) a brother of the Nestorian Patriarch and his designated successor, (who was with us at the time this new canonization was reported,) told the Papists, that he regarded it as an honorable and enviable distinction.

As already remarked, papal efforts have succeeded, during the last century and a half, in accomplishing their object on the western side of the Koordish mountains,—sometimes drawing individuals, or families; and sometimes bishops, and in one or two instances, a *Patriarch*, with the major part of their flocks, over to the Romish standard. But in the province of Oróomiah, and among the Koordish mountains, Papal influence has hitherto been very limited. The Nestorians of these regions have nobly resisted, and our prayer and hope is, that they may thus continue to resist, the intrigues and assaults of the 'enemies of all righteousness.' Destitute of vital religion and subjected to strong temptation, their condition is perilous. Our confidence is in the Lord to keep them. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Is not the almost miraculous preservation of the Nestorian church, from being crushed by the heavy arm of Mŭhammedan oppression on the one hand, and decoyed and annihilated by the wiles of papal emissaries on the other, an animating pledge that the Lord

of the church will continue to preserve this venerable remnant? That He will even revive and build it up, for the glory of his name and the advancement of his kingdom! May he not have important purposes for this church to accomplish—a conspicuous part for it to act—in ushering in the millennial glory of Zion? What *position* could be more important and advantageous, in its bearing on the conversion of the world, for a christian church to hold, than that occupied by the Nestorians, situated as they are, in the centre of Mŭhammedan dominion, and far toward the centre of benighted Asia! And is it too much to believe, that this ancient church, once so renowned for its *missionary efforts*, and still possessing such native capabilities, as well as such felicity of location, for the renewal of like missionary labors, will again awake from the slumber of ages, and become clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners, to achieve victories for Zion! That it will again diffuse such floods of the light of truth as shall put forever to shame the corrupt abominations of Mŭhammedism, roll back the tide of Papal influence that is now threatening to overwhelm it, and send forth faithful missionaries of the cross, in such numbers and with such holy zeal, as shall bear the tidings of salvation to every corner of benighted Asia!

I confidently look for such results, and that at no very distant period, from the humble efforts which the American churches are now putting forth, for the revival of religion among their Nestorian brethren. These efforts should be vigorously prosecuted; for a great preparatory work remains to be done, in this fallen church, and a momentous crisis is approaching. The signs of the times, in this eastern world, betoken the speedy approach of mighty political revolutions. Mŭhammedan powers are crumbling to ruins. Christian nations are soon to rule over all the followers of the False Prophet. Turkey and Persia are tottering to their centres, and would fall at once of their own weight, were they not held up by rival European governments. The universal catastrophe of Mŭhammedan *dominion* cannot, in all human probability be, in this way, much longer postponed. And as the *Religion* of the False Prophet was propagated and is sustained by the sword, so its overthrow, there can be little doubt, will quickly ensue, when the *sword* shall be taken from its hands.

The Nestorians, therefore, as well as the other oriental churches, should be quickly enlightened and prepared to take advantage of the approaching changes,—ready to plant the standard of the cross on the ruins of the crescent, whenever the trembling fabric of Islamism shall fall, and push the conquest of the gospel still onward, as fast as so mighty a revolution in the circumstances and prospects of this continent shall open the way. This done, and how soon would the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ!

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN AND COMMENCEMENT OF THE MISSION TO THE NESTORIANS.

The mission to the Nestorians was undertaken, in consequence of the favorable representations given of the field, by the Rev. Eli Smith and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight who visited their country, in accordance with Instructions from the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in the Spring of 1830, while on the missionary tour which they made through Armenia and into Persia, the results of which are published in their valuable "Researches." "Another company of wandering shepherds," say the Prudential Committee, in their Instructions to those missionaries, "will present themselves to your attention, in *Koordistân*, southward of Armenia. A hundred thousand of the Koords are said to be Nestorians, subject to hereditary patriarchs. So large a body of nominal Christians deserve a visit to the residence of at least one of their spiritual heads."* This paragraph, in the Instructions to Messrs. S. and D. may properly be said to have given rise to our mission. They did not visit the Nestorian Patriarch, for reasons stated in their report, from which I extract the following, viz., "We were extremely anxious to extend our journey into the heart of the Koordish mountains, and visit in person Mar Shimon and the independent Nestorians. But all our English friends at Tabréez united in declaring that region entirely inaccessible. Not that among the Nestorians themselves we should not be well received and be perfectly safe, but the Koords who surround them are treacherous and blood-thirsty robbers, entirely beyond the control of the Persian government. Dr. Shultz, a learned German, travelling under the auspices of the king of France, had lately succeeded in reaching Kochánnes; and the Patriarch and his people treated him well; but on his return he was murdered, by the very guard which had been given him by a Koordish beg for his protection."† The visit of Messrs. Smith and Dwight to the Nestorians of Oróomiah was short,—of only a few days' duration; but it was most interesting in its character. I can also best give an idea of their impressions of the people and of the field by inserting a paragraph or two from their report to the American Board.

"To the Nestorians of Oróomiah we would especially direct your attention. That Abbas Meerza would, without doubt, patronize

* Missionary Herald, Vol. 26, page 75.

† Researches in Armenia, Vol. II. page 253.

missionary efforts for their improvement, and in fact for the improvement of all his christian subjects, we received the unanimous testimony of all the members of the English Embassy. Equally decided assurance was given us that missionary families in Oróomiah would be secure from any oppression; for besides being favorably regarded by the prince, the ambassador also would protect them. Among others who accorded with these sentiments, were two gentlemen who had resided some time in that province; and one of them added that the climate is very fine. Our impression, respecting the climate, from the location of the district and the dampness and fertility of the soil, is, that it must, at certain seasons of the year, be hot and productive of febrile affections.* To the hostile incursions of the predatory Koords, too, it seems to us evident that Oróomiah must be exposed, whenever the government of Persia is disturbed, by either internal or foreign causes. But we must not calculate too closely the chances of life. Missionaries to any part of the great field, the world, should ever go forth with a martyr's spirit—'hazarding their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"That religious instruction is needed by the Nestorians, this and the preceding letter will have sufficiently convinced you. How it would be received by them, experiment alone can determine. We cannot but refer you, however, to their extreme liberality toward other sects—their ideas of open communion, and their entire rejection of auricular confession, (that efficient police system of the other old churches,) as considerations which have produced in our minds a firm conviction, that a mission to the Nestorians would meet with far fewer obstacles, than among any other of the old churches. The week that we passed among them was among the most intensely interesting of our lives—for myself, I felt a stronger desire to settle among them at once as a missionary, than among any people I have ever seen. Self-denying indeed and laborious would be the lot of a missionary in Oróomiah. But let him enter the field with the self-devotion which reconciled Brainerd to a wigwam, and inspired Martyn with that noble sentiment—'Even if I never should see a native converted, God may design, by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries,'—and contentment will also be the portion of his cup. And as he plants one truth after another, in the mind of an ignorant Nestorian, and sees it take root and bear fruit, thus restoring to the oldest of christian sects, 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' and beginning the conquests of Christianity where it has never triumphed, a joy which the world knows not of will likewise be his. He will feel also the advantage of his position; that he has found a prop, upon which to rest the lever that will overturn the whole system of Mŭhammedan

* These impressions, our experience has proved to be very correct. The climate is trying to foreigners, producing fevers, and fever and ague, to an almost unequalled extent.

delusion, in the centre of which he has fixed himself; that he is lighting a fire which will shine out upon the corruptions of the Persian on the one side, and upon the barbarities of the Koord on the other, until all shall come to be enlightened by its brightness, and the triumph of faith will crown his labor of love."* How correct and judicious were these views of Messrs. Smith and Dwight—short as their stay was among the people—will abundantly appear, in the course of this volume, as tested by our nine years' experiment.

The American Board justly regarded it of the first importance to commence a mission in so promising a field, with the least practicable delay,—particularly, as the simple-hearted Nestorians were in such immediate and imminent danger of being led astray, by the ever-watchful, wily and active emissaries of Papal Rome.

It was in January 1833, soon after the report of Messrs. Smith and Dwight was presented to the Prudential Committee and before it was published, that I received my appointment to commence the mission.

I was, at that time, a tutor in Amherst college, and had cherished the expectation of returning to the Theological Seminary at Andover, at a subsequent period, and spending a third year there, having been previously but two years connected with that favored institution. In view of the urgency of the case, however, I regarded it as clearly my duty to forego that privilege—a decision that was urged by the secretaries of the Board, and sanctioned by the venerable professors of the Seminary. Accepting the appointment, I immediately commenced preparation for my mission, though I continued my labors at Amherst college, until nearly the time contemplated for my embarkation.

So little was then known of that distant and untried field—the name of the people being hardly known out of Asia, save to the student of church history—and so short the period allowed me to prepare for it, that it was deemed highly important I should take a passage in the same vessel with Mr. Smith, as far as Malta, on his return from a visit to the United States to his own field in Syria, that, by the opportunity of familiar conversations, thus afforded, on the way, I might gain possession of the facts which he had collected and the suggestions which his previous missionary experience might enable him to make, relative to our future operations among the Nestorians. This arrangement was highly prized by myself; for hardly could one enter upon an enterprise, with a deeper consciousness of weakness and incompetence for so great and responsible a work, than I felt at that time.

We received our Instructions together, in the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Andover, Sabbath evening, Sept. 8, 1833, ar-

* Researches, Vol. II. p. 264. I may here remark in general of those "Researches," that having had the best opportunity to test the value and accuracy of the work, I can pronounce it one of very rare merit, on the countries and subjects of which it treats.

rangements having been made for our embarkation, in the course of the same week. These Instructions have never been published. Their reference to the Nestorian Mission, containing, as they do, the principles on which our operations were commenced and have hitherto been conducted, as well as their intrinsic excellence and general interest, induce me to give to the reader, in this connexion, that portion of them which pertained to our field. They were prepared and delivered by Rev. Rufus Anderson, one of the secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. That part addressed to Mr. Smith in particular, is omitted as having no direct reference to our mission.

"In the Instructions given to a company of missionaries, that recently embarked for Ceylon, various objects were stated as coming properly within the range of duties incumbent upon the Board. It was described as an *educating society*, *a translating society*, *a society for printing and distributing books*, and, preëminently, *a society for preaching the gospel.* It is appropriate to your mission, to mention and illustrate another prominent object of our institution.

"The Committee would state, then, that the Board is, emphatically, *a society for observation.* The condition of the world must be ascertained, before it can be improved; and it is surprising how little information, suited to our purpose, is obtainable from the whole body of those travellers whose investigations have been prompted by mere secular motives. How often has Western Asia, for instance, been traversed by such persons. Yet, missionary societies find it almost as necessary to investigate those countries, as if those men had never travelled. The politician, the soldier, the geographer, the antiquarian, the man of mere taste, and the man of mere insatiable curiosity, are all of use to us, as travellers; but we are obliged to send after them our own messenger, with special instructions, before we can safely venture upon an extensive system of missionary operations. So that our investigations, as you perceive, will necessarily be *coëxtensive with the ground which we would occupy.*

"And the *exploration* and the *actual occupation* of the ground, are parts of our great work which are, in some respects, distinct. We may send out missions merely for the purpose of investigating. We may explore on a far more extensive scale than we can occupy. We may lay open the condition of the world, long before we can make it fully acquainted with the gospel. Indeed, we *must* search out different countries, before we can determine which of them affords the most eligible fields of labor. * * * *

"How much further it will be advisable for the Board to extend its posts of observation, must be referred to that Providence, which is so rapidly multiplying facilities and inducements to hasten the publication of the gospel among all nations. A joint and solemn responsibility does certainly rest upon the several missionary societies of Christendom, to lose no time in making a full report to the

churches, of the condition of the heathen world, and of all that is necessary for its spiritual regeneration. The object demands the greatest talents, the highest attainments, and the most exalted spirit of devotedness to Christ. And the number requisite for this object is comparatively small. A few self-denying men, of sound judgment, comprehensive views, and cultivated intellect, might explore a nation. Twenty or thirty such men would suffice for all central Asia, south of the Russian empire. Planting themselves upon the route pursued by Alexander, when he advanced upon the Indus, and also in Cābûl, Cashmîre and Būkharâ, they might pour certainty over a vast region, which has long been given up to doubtful conjecture.

"And how desirable that this part of our work be speedily accomplished—that the *whole world* be laid open to the view of the church—that all its abominations and miseries be seen, and all its cries of distress be heard; which indicate a world diseased and perishing for lack of the gospel. Then will the church find it no longer possible to sleep, and no longer possible to forbear acting on a scale commensurate with the work to be done.

> "The groans of nature, in this nether world,
> Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end,
> Foretold by Prophets, and by poets sung
> Whose fire was kindled at the Prophet's lamp,
> The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes.
> Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
> Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
> Over a sinful world; and what remains
> Of this tempestuous state of human things,
> Is merely the working of a sea
> Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
> For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds,
> The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
> When sin hath moved him and his wrath is hot,
> Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
> Propitious in his chariot paved with love,
> And what his storms have blasted and defaced
> For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair."

"Your particular field of inquiry and labor is to be the *Syrian church*, and especially that part of it, denominated *Nestorian;* and your residence, for the present, will be in Oróomiah, just within the western borders of Persia. The position you are to occupy, is not only interesting, in relation to the Nestorians, but it is in the very centre of Mŭhammedism, and on the dividing line between the two great sects of that false religion. On the east of you will be the Shîite, who receive only the Koran as of divine authority: and on the west, will be the Soonee, who hold not only to the Koran, but also to the traditions of their elders. You go also where least is known concerning the oriental churches; but where, possibly, their rites and ceremonies are less perverted, than in the parts of Asia more accessible to the power and influence of Rome.

You will remember the antiquity of this branch of the church of Antioch, and how extensively its doctrines were once diffused, and with what zeal and success it once supported christian missions, among the tribes and nations of Central and Eastern Asia.

The Committee are anxious to associate a physician with you in this enterprise, and will procure one as soon as possible.* It is not thought best, however, that you should wait in this country for a colleague. You will proceed immediately to Constantinople, and there, for a number of months, will avail yourself of the best facilities afforded by that city, for acquiring the language spoken by the Nestorians of Oróomiah. Your best route from Constantinople to the field of your mission, will probably be by water to some port on the eastern shore of the Black Sea; thence to Tabréez, in Persia, by way of Tiflis,† the capital of Georgia, a distance by land of perhaps 600 miles. From Tabréez to Oróomiah is not far from 100 miles.‡ The shorter route to Tabréez, through Erzróom, will probably be found too rough and hazardous to be attempted by your missionary companion.

"Your first duty among the Nestorians, will be to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with their religious opinions and sentiments. You are aware that, excepting the information collected by Messrs. Smith and Dwight, during the few days they were among the Nestorians, almost all we know, concerning that sect, in modern times, is derived from Papal writers. The learned investigations of some of these entitle them to high honor, and may be of great use to you, in the way of furnishing topics for inquiry: but the committee wish the information which you communicate, concerning the present state of the Nestorian church, to be the result of your own careful, personal investigations; at least, to be thus corroborated. The churches of this country ought to be accurately informed as to the number of the Nestorians, their places of residence, their doctrines, rites, morals, education, etc. Whether you will be able, at present, with a due regard for personal safety, to penetrate the Koordish mountains, and visit the Nestorian Patriarch, at his residence near Jûlamérk, is very doubtful. But the journey should be performed as soon as may be, lest interested and perverse men should prejudice his mind against you. Your tours, however, should be few and short, until you are familiar with the language spoken by the people. Interpreters in those countries, are never to be trusted with less confidence, than in those delicate and critical cases, in which it is of the utmost importance for you to understand the meaning of

* The committee found it so difficult to procure a physician, that none reached us, as will be seen, until more than two years after our own embarkation.

† Better acquaintance with the subject led us to choose the route by Erzróom.

‡ About 140 miles, the route being circuitous around the end of the lake.

language addressed to you, and to make your own language perfectly understood by others.

"A primary object which you will have in view, will be to convince the people, that you come among them with no design to take away their religious privileges, nor to subject them to any foreign ecclesiastical power. The only acknowledged head of the church to which you belong, is Jesus Christ, and your only authoritative standard in ecclesiastical matters, is the New Testament. The Syrian church acknowledges the same head, and also the same standard, though it may be, with some additions. You will have, therefore, a broad common ground on which to stand; besides the invaluable privilege of never being compelled in argument, to draw your proofs from any other source than the Holy Scriptures, nor to defend anything else as the rule of your faith and practice. In this view, you will rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free. Yet would the Committee caution you against saying too much on these points. You will not gain the confidence of the people by mere declarations; for in no part of the world do assertions, however positive, go for less than in Western Asia. You must not expect, even to be believed, until the people have studied your character and your life, and have thus learned to esteem you as a man and to confide in you as a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

"But your main object will be, *to enable the Nestorian church, through the grace of God, to exert a commanding influence in the spiritual regeneration of Asia.* The idea of supplying the world fully with preachers of the gospel from lands now called Christian, is chimerical. It never will be done. Even our great western valley is learning, that the main body of its future preachers must be trained upon its own soil. The same is true of the world. Its main stated supply of religious instructors must be indigenous, and not exotic—trained in the midst of the people whom they are to instruct, and belonging to the people. This is a fundamental principle in the operations of the Board under whose direction you are to labor; which you see developed in the Ceylon mission and beginning to show itself in the Sandwich Islands. With the blessing of heaven, the church of Antioch will be reëdified chiefly by means of her own sons. A blow must be aimed at the cause of spiritual ignorance among the people, by imbuing the clergy with a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; and this grand result must be secured throughout the Syrian church, through the vast region from the shores of the Mediterranean to the mountains of southern India. At the same time, the Scriptures, which happily exist entire in the Syriac language, should be freely circulated, and schools established for the education of children. The mission of the English church missionary society, among the Syrian Christians of Malabar, will be, in some respects, a model for your own. Our object is the same with theirs, and the people are supposed not to be essentially different.

"It is not the design of the Committee to embarrass you with minute instructions, in reference to a field concerning which they know so little. They can, indeed, do scarcely more than point to the object you should have in view, and then leave you to the guidance of that wisdom which cometh from above and is equally attainable, in all parts of the world. You will need it at every step of your progress, and especially at the outset of your mission. For you commence your mission in circumstances, which are in many respects peculiar, and by no means fully ascertained. The mistakes to which you will be constantly liable, will be unaccompanied with the data by which to calculate their consequences. You will need to be wise in speech, and wise in action; and every day, and every hour of the day, and always, to be kind, frank, patient, condescending, gentle. The people will be most inclined to converse with you on subjects, upon which you ought to say the least. Let the cross of Christ be your standing theme. To the Jews it is a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness: but still, it is a subject always safe to converse upon in the spirit of love, and it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

"It is proper to caution you to beware, in your personal intercourse with the people, of whatever may be construed as having a political bearing. In their present state of civil depression and discontent, this will often be difficult; but the necessity is imperative and the duty unquestionable.

"While prosecuting your main object, you will inquire for records, that will throw light upon the history of ancient missions in Central and Eastern Asia. These are properly sought in the Syrian chronicles, as there is strong reason to believe that the Syrian church, at an early age, carried the gospel into the very heart of China. It is possible, too, that *convents** among the fastnesses of the Koordish mountains contain valuable manuscripts of the New Testament in the Syriac language.

"With respect to the Mŭhammedans, and the adherents of the Papal church, you will do them good as you have opportunity. Ascertain how far the sect of Papists called Chaldeans, differs from the Nestorians. Neglected as they are by the mother church at Rome, they may have lost her peculiar antipathy to the word of God, if they ever possessed it, and be willing to receive the holy Scriptures at your hands. Their origin, language and proximity will give them a strong claim upon your attention; nor is it probable that you can make much impression upon Mussulmân, until they see more of the fruits of the gospel among its professed believers around them.

"But, in the clamor of distress arising from the thousand pitiable objects around you, let not the lessons of experience be forgot-

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* No convents, as already stated, now exist among the Nestorians.

ten. Concentrated effort is effective effort.* There is such a thing as attempting too much. Many a missionary has attempted such great things, and so many, on entering a new field, that he has accomplished little, and perhaps done nothing as he ought to have done. Your *surveys* may extend over a great surface; but a richer and speedier harvest will crown your labors, if your *cultivation* is applied to a single field.

"May you, and your beloved partner, be long spared for the work on which you are about to enter. It is a self-denying, but delightful and glorious work. Be faithful unto death; then will you never regret your self-consecration to the missionary service, nor the solemn designation of this evening, nor the parting scenes of the approaching embarkation, nor the residence for life in countries remote from home and native land. Nor will you be forgotten. Some of these brethren will follow you, to share in your privations and your toils; and all of them, wherever dispersed as ministers of the Lord Jesus, will remember you in their prayers, and procure for you the prayers of others. You will be remembered in these halls of sacred science, and in yonder hallowed walks, so dear to you, and to so many of our brethren now far off in heathen lands. Yes, and the *fathers* here will remember you, who have fanned the missionary flame on this holy hill of Zion, ever since it was kindled by Mills and others now in glory; and so will their respected associates; and *they* will pray for you, and see that the prayers of the saints ascend for you here, at the daily sacrifice. And the *church* will remember you; for the church has awoke, and is putting on the beautiful garments of her priesthood unto God, and never more will she cease to pray, for the spiritual renovation of the world. Long has she lain in the dust; but she will lie there no longer, for the set time to favor Zion is come, the time of her redemption and of the world's illumination. No, the devoted servant of Jesus Christ, who from love to his Master and to the souls of men, ventures his life upon the high places of the field, need fear no more that he shall be forgotten by the church; and to him especially appertains the blessedness of that sublime promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that during the nine years of my missionary labors, I have found little occasion to depart, or dissent, from principles so scriptural and sound, and views so intelligent and clear, as those contained in the foregoing Instructions.

The excitement and pressure of our hasty preparation had so prostrated my system, that at the close of the impressive services of this public designation I found myself scarcely able to walk to my

* This precept has not only become a standing motto, with me, but as my experience and observation have increased, it has acquired in my estimation almost the force of an oracle.

lodgings,* and was reluctantly compelled, for the first time in my life, to yield to the strong arm of a violent fever. Hopes were, at first, entertained that my disease might be early arrested, and our vessel accordingly lingered, a few days, for my recovery. My fever, however, baffled all the means used to check it, and the result of it being at length regarded as doubtful, it was concluded that Mr. Smith must proceed without me. But the day after my disease finally left me, intelligence reaching us that the vessel in which we had expected to sail was still detained in the harbor by adverse winds, I requested my physician to place me in a wagon and carry me to Boston, in the hope of still being able to secure the important advantage of performing the voyage in company with Mr. Smith. To my proposition to this effect, the physician readily yielded, as he was himself of the opinion and had already assured me, that could I, without too much exhaustion, be placed on board the vessel, my recovery would be rapidly advanced by the effects of sailing. The first day on which I was raised from my pillow and dressed, I was therefore put upon a bed, and I rode thus twenty miles to Boston; and the next day, Sept. 21, 1833, was carried on board the Brig George, (of Boston, Capt. Grosier,) and laid in my berth, and we immediately sailed. Never did my heart swell with livelier emotions of thankfulness to God, than when my feet were placed upon the deck and I took my last look, as I supposed *forever*, of my native land. So unexpected was the privilege of doing this according to our original arrangement, that the dreaded pangs of the last parting with friends were all swallowed up and forgotten in the overflowings of my gratitude and joy. Our embarkation in those circumstances was naturally trying to Mrs. Perkins, who was apprehensive for the consequences on me. But her fortitude, which was destined to encounter still severer tests, was adequate to the trial.

The captain of our vessel, as he afterwards told me, remarked to his mate, when I was lifted on board, "we shall very soon be obliged to throw that man overboard." But so rapid was my recovery, that the tender assiduities of the first evening, lavished upon me by Mrs. Perkins and the very estimable and now departed Mrs. Smith, helpless almost as an infant as I then lay in my berth, were in a day or two reciprocated by me towards them,—they being prostrated by sea-sickness under the fury of the equinoctial storm which met us at the mouth of the harbor; and I, as soon and by the same influence, under the blessing of God, being raised to a degree of strength that enabled me immediately to walk about, and in a few days to a far better state of health than I had long before enjoyed, and which alone could have sustained me under my subsequent hardships and labors. Had I contemplated my adventurous embarkation in the strength and soberness of health, I should probably

* At the house of the Rev. H. Bardwell, for whose kindness and that of his lady during my sickness, I was laid under great obligations.

have been deterred from the undertaking. But I have often in the retrospect gratefully recognized the providential arrangement, by which my system was thus prepared by sickness and medical treatment, and I was led as by the hand of God, almost unconsciously on my part, to commence that voyage at just the moment most favorable for deriving from it the highest practicable benefit.

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO MALTA.

A greater transition can scarcely be conceived than that which the missionary experiences in passing suddenly from the hurry and bustle of preparation, parting with friends and the excitement of his embarkation, to the long and close confinement of a sea voyage in a merchant vessel. If the *romance* of the missionary enterprise have not already been dissipated, by the reality and nearness in which the matter is presented, by his designation to a particular field, and other attending incidents before his embarkation, it will at least not long survive on his passage. Thrown at once from a scene of active labors and extensive and cheerful intercourse with friends and the churches, into a *cabin* of a few feet dimensions, which is to be his prison for weeks or months—not indeed in *solitary* confinement, but crowded together with several companions, each of whom must have his quota of the straitened accommodations—soon tossed by the fury of winds and storms—prostrated by sea-sickness—saddened by his changed and depressed condition—and still more, by the sombre visages of his fellow sufferers around him—and with the dreary prospect of the same state of things during his whole voyage, the last vestige of *romance* will soon be expelled. This severe ordeal of the passage, however, is by no means without important advantages to the missionary. Indeed, it is just the kind of sober, sifting discipline which he most needs. It is an excellent school of patience. He cannot fly to his field more swiftly than the *calms* as well as the winds will permit him to go; nor command, on the way, a wider sphere for the exercise of his glowing zeal, than the vessel affords. He may, and should, do all that he can *judiciously* attempt, by occasional conversations, and the distribution of tracts, as well as by preaching the gospel on the Sabbath, for the benefit of the crew. But his tardy progress and contracted sphere will serve much

to prepare him patiently and cheerfully to spend lingering months over dictionaries and grammars, before he can speak the language of the people, in his field; and to *despise not the day of small things*, when prepared to engage in more active labors there. Daily, too, he encounters nameless and numberless inconveniences and annoyances, from his confined situation, which he had never elsewhere experienced, but which will contribute much to qualify him to bear quietly the far more numerous and trying vexations, that will constantly assail him and severely tax his patience, in the course of his missionary life.

His voyage will also afford him an excellent opportunity for self-examination. However much he may have been before occupied with other concerns, and tempted to neglect the scrutinizing of his own religious condition, he now has time and retirement carefully to canvass his feelings—particularly the motives that have led him to desire and undertake so great a work; and if his missionary zeal be in any measure spurious, it may be corrected in this 'middle passage;' and whatever be its character, he will thus be much chastened and strengthened and prepared the better to meet and sustain his future cares, trials and toils.

His voyage is also an important prelude to the *seclusion* of missionary life. Taken from the social and religious enjoyments and privileges of country and home, and set down suddenly a *solitary* pilgrim, amid the wide spread moral desolations of his distant field, the loneliness of his situation would be intolerable and he would quickly sink under it. It is a wise provision of Providence, that he has a *gradual* initiation to his future solitude, while on the way to the scene of his labors.

His voyage is also a good school for the cultivation of the graces of forbearance and christian politeness. In the confined limits of a small cabin, with several fellow passengers, and, (*missionaries* though they be,) each having at least some ideas of his *private rights* and convenience, these personal prerogatives are very liable, especially under the assaults of the common foe—sea-sickness—to be more or less infringed. Mutual forbearance must be put in requisition to excuse and forget such infringements; and *christian politeness* will come in to its aid, in the spirit of the scripture, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's good," as well as by laboring, habitually, to diffuse cheerfulness and good nature through the community, instead of giving way to the sullen churlishness and peevishness to which the circumstances of the case may strongly tempt one to yield; and which are often considered as affording such feelings a strong apology, if not fully to authorize them. It is surprising what an amount of happiness and improvement may be secured or sacrificed, in a small company of passengers, in the course of a single voyage, by attention, or non-attention, to matters of this kind.

One's time, on the voyage, may also be more or less improved if

a measure of system be practised; especially, if he be but little troubled with sea-sickness. I happen to be one of the favored few, who suffer little from that unwelcome guest of the passengers' cabin. On my way to Persia, I suffered none at all from it, probably in consequence of my previous severe course of fever, from which I was recovering; and I enjoyed a degree of vigor and buoyancy, both bodily and mental, during that time, which I have seldom known in more favorable circumstances. In addition to prosecuting a large amount of reading and inquiry on subjects pertaining to my missionary work, I read a considerable part of the text-books of the third year's course at Andover, having been deprived, in hastening to my field, of that year's study. And so happy were our missionary community, in our circumscribed situation, that I look back on few portions of my life with more satisfaction, than on our voyage to Malta and thence to Constantinople. And as suggested in the preface, the arrangement and copying for the press, and the preparation of some of the matter, of a considerable part of this volume, are the fruits of my voyage on my return to America.

We embarked, as already stated, Sept. 21, 1833, in the 'George,' of Boston, Capt. Grozier. Our vessel was a fine brig, of 270 tons; and as there was a house (cabin) on deck, for the use of the officers, the passengers—our missionary company of four—had the cabin below entirely to themselves. This, together with two state rooms, furnished accommodations superior to what is common in merchant vessels. Our captain, too, was a very gentlemanly man, and spared no pains to render our passage pleasant and comfortable. The circumstances of our embarkation, I mentioned in the preceding chapter; I give them here as they were hastily noted down, when I became able to use my pen.

Sept. 21. Saw Mr. Smith early in the morning. He told us that he was about as much surprised to hear of my arrival from Andover the evening before, as though it had been announced that I had dropped down from the clouds in the thunder shower that overtook us just as we arrived. He proposed to prepare my effects, as soon as possible, as the captain would like to sail in the afternoon. He accordingly attended to my affairs in the forenoon. I rested till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then took a seat in a coach with Mrs. Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard,* and rode to the wharf—was lifted on board the vessel and laid in my berth. No company was allowed to approach me, except two or three beloved friends, whose parting benedictions were precious cordials at that hour. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Jenks, and the appropriate hymn, commencing, "Roll on, thou mighty ocean," was sung on deck; and about 4 o'clock a fine breeze filled our canvass and wafted us away from our native shores. I felt not the least misgiving, but was almost overcome with emo-

* Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoddard, to whose kindness and hospitality we were much indebted during our short stay in Boston.

tions of gratitude to God, that I was permitted to embark at that time. Only the day previous, I was so weak as to be unable, save with much difficulty, to stand. Now, I lay quiet and happy in my berth on my way to *Persia*. Bless the Lord, my heart reiterated, for his signal mercy, in thus providentially detaining our vessel and raising me so speedily from a bed of illness, to prosecute my contemplated mission. Our effects were scarcely arranged, before Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Smith became exceedingly sea-sick.

The monotony of a sea-voyage furnishes very little incident. The missionary's journal on the ocean is apt to be much like the log-book of the vessel,—made up of calms—storms—head-winds—squalls and *occasional* fair-winds. If the log-book is more regularly kept and promises utility to future mariners, the Journal as a counterpart, will have more *sea-sick entries*. The following pages from mine may furnish a comment on these remarks, as also show the manner in which we employed our time, and the general tenor of things on our voyage.

Sept. 22. The wind was high and the sea rough. The ladies kept their berths. It was rather a gloomy Sabbath. I was not sea-sick at all; but my weak state obliged me to keep still. I sat wrapped in my cloak in the cabin, while my companions were confined to their state rooms and their berths.

Sept. 23. The equinoctial storm prevailed with great violence. Neither of the ladies left her berth during the day. Mr. Smith was also ill, but employed himself in taking care of the rest.

Sept. 24. The storm raged terribly during the last night. Seldom is the sea more rough and dangerous. The ladies suffered almost intolerably from sea-sickness. But about eight o'clock this morning the sun came out; the wind shifted round to the north-west; and the aspect of things was entirely changed. The ladies left their *berths* for the *first time* since the evening we embarked, and went on deck, where they spent several hours and were greatly relieved and refreshed. I was very comfortable, but still weak.

Sept. 26. From conversation with the captain, I found that the storm of the night of the 23rd was far more terrible than we had realized. Both the captain and mate remarked, that they had never encountered such a storm before. The main top-sail, which was perfectly new, was split from top to bottom. We lay quietly in our berths almost unconscious of the perils around us; at least, we felt happy in the confidence that *God* was our Protector. I regretted that I had not been well enough to visit the deck and see the sublimity of the warring elements, in such a storm on the ocean.

Sept. 27. For the first time, I took a seat at the captain's table. We were all early on deck. I was much regaled by the fresh breeze and delighted with the appearance of the ocean. We struck a shoal of porpoises. Hundreds, perhaps, were sporting together. The captain threw his harpoon at one and hit him, but did not retain him. The wounded one gave the alarm and all in a twinkling fled.

Sept. 28. Rose a little after four o'clock and had a most delightful walk on deck. In the course of the night, there had been a heavy shower and high gales of wind in which the fore top-sail was split its whole length. The wind was very boisterous, during the day, and the waves ran almost literally "mountain high." The sublimity of the scene was altogether indescribable. Fortunately, the wind was in the right direction and hurried us on at the rapid rate of nine miles an hour.

Our cabin was in such commotion, that we were obliged to tie our books upon the table. I was engaged half the afternoon in making tape loops for the purpose. At our dinner, too, we found it impossible to retain our plates before us, notwithstanding the small rack, attached to the table, to keep them in their places. A sudden lurch of the vessel would often disloge them and hurl both plates and their contents against the sides of the cabin.

Sept. 29. The bustle occasioned by the high winds and seas forbade our hallowing the Sabbath by any public exercises. In the afternoon, the wind subsiding a little, we went on deck and sung several beautiful hymns.

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,"

was a particular favorite with Mrs. Smith,—a land of which she is now doubtless a happy inhabitant. Our singing arrested the attention of the captain and mates, who drew around us and seemed charmed with the music and the hymns.

Sept. 30. In looking back upon the previous three or four weeks, I seemed to myself like one awaking from a dream. My recollection was quite indistinct of all that had passed during that period. The two weeks I lay ill at Andover, and the mode of my being carried to Boston, appeared like a *blank*. I had afterward rapidly recovered, but could scarcely realize what had transpired,—that I had actually left America and was in the midst of the Atlantic ocean. I felt also deeply concerned for my friends who must be long tortured with solicitude respecting me, embarking as I did in feeble health.

Oct. 1. Mrs. Perkins, for the first time, after the evening we embarked, took a seat at the captain's table. She was much better than at any previous time since her illness commenced. After tea, we walked a while on deck. The western skies were like sheets of burnished gold. The sun, after setting, sent back his splendors half way up to the zenith, almost as bright as noon-day. We all remained on deck, enjoying the brilliant scene, until quite dark, and then reluctantly retired to our cabin.

As an evening exercise, Mr. Smith read a section from the "Listener," a late entertaining English work,—and a chapter from his "Researches." The latter I found to be particularly interesting, as I was to pass over a part of the same ground which he had trav-

elled, and wished to ask questions and comment on the chapters as we read them; and it was equally an object with him to read it in this social manner, that he might make any corrections that should occur to us, in order to prepare it for a second edition.* After our evening devotions, I enjoyed a delightful walk on deck, by moon light. Such an evening is, if possible, more delightful on the ocean than on land. The whole surface had a silvery lustre as if sprinkled with gems; and a broad belt directly under the moon sparkled and glittered like the galaxy in the skies.

Oct. 4. The captain remarked, that foreign lads are usually sought by American captains as cabin boys, and assigned as a reason, that *native* boys are not sufficiently *submissive*. *Americans* scorn to be *slaves*. The almost instinctive principle of vassalage which qualifies the European child for a *cabin boy*, is unfelt and unknown in our free states. May the sacred spark of freedom which glows so early in American bosoms, in the low as well as the high, never be smothered, but blaze forth and spread itself throughout the world. We had a young Sardinian cabin boy. I cannot conceive in what his enjoyment could consist. He was constantly on the alert, watching the eye and the nod of his master,—trembling like an aspen leaf and apparently almost afraid to breathe.

To-day, we made an arrangement in the cabin to economise our time. We proposed to spend three hours, each day, in intellectual employment together, viz., two in reading, and one in conversation. These three hours are from nine to ten o'clock, A. M.; from three to four P. M.; and from seven to eight in the evening. The rest of our time we spend in private reading and study, or otherwise, according to the state of the weather and personal convenience. Our subject for conversation, to-day, was "little things," as affecting our happiness and usefulness.

Oct. 5. The morning was calm,—so much so that there was not a ripple on the face of the water except those made by the vessel; a very agreeable time, to be sure, if we could divest ourselves of the consciousness, that in a calm we make no progress. Dull as it was, however, the sameness was pleasingly interrupted by some incidents. We had a sight of the black fish. Two appeared, some distance ahead, sporting nimbly in the water. They were about twenty feet long and well proportioned. They are valuable only for oil. One will furnish perhaps two barrels. A beautiful land bird also sought a resting place for the sole of its foot on our vessel. It kept with us most of the day, and once came even into our cabin window. Like the dove after the flood, so this little adventurer seemed to point us to a resting place after the tossing of weeks on the billows of the mighty deep. It probably came from the Western Islands, then five or six hundred miles to the eastward of us. Next in or-

* We much regret that this second edition has not yet appeared. We hope it will be issued ere long, as the book has been some years out of print.

der, a large turtle made his appearance. The captain ordered the *jolly boat* to be let down for pursuit. As the men were hastening to disencumber the boat of its fastenings, their confusion, before getting it down, waked up the turtle, which generally *sleeps* when he floats upon the surface, and he suddenly made off. Soon, however, his head again appeared at a distance to the watchful eye of the captain; the boat was instantly let down; two men rowed off with the captain for the booty; they soon came up with him and the captain was so successful as to seize him with his hands as he lay sleeping and floating in the water. He was a fine large fellow, weighing probably about seventy pounds. The cook soon commenced despatching him, with all the formality of a slaughter-house; and well he might; for, a few moments after the first blow, the deck was covered with currents that would almost have led one to suppose that an ox, instead of a turtle, had been the victim. The turtle is very tenacious of life. This one showed all his native disposition to bite long after the entrails had been removed, and even after the head was severed from the body. Last in the train of the visitors that relieved the monotony of the calm, that day, was a shoal of dolphins. The appearance of this beautiful fish fully realizes the ideas which I had formed of it. Those we saw were as large as the shad of Connecticut river. They are often found larger—sometimes three, and even five feet in length. The captain sent his harpoon into the shoal, struck one and killed it. The beautiful creature sunk to the bottom as if to deprive us of the entertainment we had anticipated of inspecting it on deck.* The shoal of course took the alarm at the disaster of a comrade and fled instantly away.

Our calm also enabled us to take hold of divers things, in business-style, or, as the sailors say, *ship-shape*. For the first time, we all jumped the rope on deck—the ladies not excepted—for exercise; and were all seen *writing* together, in the cabin. The latter scene, I had supposed before embarking, would be one of the earliest and most common on board. But illness prevented. Mrs. Perkins had not taken her pen till that day; and Mrs. Smith plied hers for the first time, the day previous.

Oct. 6. The holy Sabbath. The weather was still pleasant, and Mr. Smith conducted religious worship, for the first time, on deck. The officers and sailors were very attentive. To me, the scene was new and deeply impressive. In the evening, we were entertained by a remarkably vivid appearance of phosphoric gems in the water. It almost seemed that the ocean was on fire. The captain told me that this appearance is occasioned by the collection of a substance in the water, somewhat resembling jelly. I have heard no other explanation of it, though this hardly satisfied me.

* The back of this fish is sometimes purple—sometimes bright green—and in other cases a slaty color. Below it is light, which changes to a golden hue when the fish is dying.

Oct. 7. A dull head wind. I commenced reading Mosheim's Church History. In the evening we attended monthly concert. It was delightful to approach the same mercy seat, at the same hour, with our friends, though so widely separated from them.

Oct. 8. A pleasant morning held out the prospect of a fair wind. This was very grateful to us all; and it was interesting to observe what an air of good nature and glee was spread over the whole vessel by it, after our long, strong head wind.

Oct. 9. Commenced reading Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, continued Mosheim, and commenced teaching the ladies Greek. With these exercises, and with our two hours' reading the "Researches;" half an hour, poetry; and one hour engaged in conversation; I find myself very well occupied: but I feel so vigorous, in my returning health, that I am out of my element if unemployed a moment.

Oct. 14. I observed the *pilot-fish*—a small fish six or eight inches in length—of a purple back, silvery sides, and beautifully crossed with lateral stripes of a light reddish hue. It is the practice of this little fish to follow vessels and act as a *pilot* to sharks and other monsters of the deep, and from this circumstance it derives its name.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Perkins continued successfully their lessons in Greek, without having ever looked into a grammar. I suspect that this may be the correct method of studying a language. They soon became able to prepare a lesson, in the New Testament, for construing and parsing, merely from my oral instruction. We dispensed with the use of grammars, not from choice, but because our books were in boxes in the hold of the vessel and not accessible. The privation proved to be no disadvantage.

Oct. 16. Rose at five o'clock. Flores, one of the Azores was a little ahead. As the light increased, it revealed to us the outlines of vineyards and grain fields, which presented a charming view. To one shut out from the sight of land three and a half weeks only, its first reappearance is truly welcome. As the sun rose, it cast a brilliant hue over hill, and dale, and naked mountain cliffs, presenting us, as we were then but a few miles distant, a very grand and beautiful landscape. We all admired it, and Mrs. Smith applied her pencil to the lovely scene. Flores is the most western of the Azores, and the most northern except Corvo, which we observed, a sublime pile of indistinguishable blue, away in the distant horizon. This whole group belongs to the Portuguese. Flores is about thirty miles long and nine or ten broad. It takes its name from the abundance of *flowers* which grow wild in all parts of the island. It is extremely fertile, wherever cultivated, and produces great quantities of grapes, from which the inhabitants make wine as their staple commodity in commerce. Corvo is about four leagues in circumference. It is said to have derived its name from the vast number of *crows* that were found there on its first discovery.

Oct. 20. We had a visit from another neighbor of the grampus species. He was more vain of his personal appearance than his predecessors, and instead of lifting himself but half out of the water, he leaped repeatedly, with his whole length, at least ten feet above the surface. He was but a few rods from us, and the captain supposed him to be twenty-five feet long.

To-day I finished reading Abercrombie for the first time—the *first* time, for I hope to have another interview with this author. While the mass of books that now flood the world, are hardly worth turning over, this work may be placed almost on the same shelf with Butler's Analogy and some rare et ceteras, to be read and re-read, from time to time.

During my walk, in the morning, I was amused to hear a reproof administered by the captain to the cabin boy. The boy had uttered a fearful oath in the hearing of the cook. The cook had informed the mate, and the mate reported the case to the captain. The boy was called up and questioned, but flatly denied the charge. The cook was called in to give testimony against him; the mate stood, hearing the trial, and the captain was administering his salutary admonitions. How flagrantly inconsistent, I could not help feeling, that men the most notoriously profane of any on board the vessel, should join so earnestly in their lip-castigations of the boy, whose offence was sanctioned by their own habitual example. How true that example is more powerful than precept; and how affecting the fact, that men will practise themselves what they so fully disapprove and pointedly condemn in others.

The profaneness of the crew was the only circumstance which we had occasion to regret, on board the 'George,' so far as our comfort was concerned. And how fearfully prevalent is this sin among American seamen! I am happy to bear testimony to at least one exception to its general prevalence. On board the Magoun, of Philadelphia, Capt. Haven, in which we returned, I heard not an oath uttered, during our long and boisterous passage of almost four months, though neither the captain, nor any individual of the crew was a professedly pious man. The captain very properly and commendably made it a standing rule, that there should be no grog-drinking nor swearing on board his vessel. May many other captains follow his worthy example. What inestimable advantages would be the result to merchants and ship owners, to the morals and welfare of seamen, and to common humanity.

Oct. 22. We had squalls and high winds and seas, during the night. But while we felt some inconvenience from the great amount of motion thus produced, we had the satisfactton of knowing that we were *flying* on our course *upon the wings of the wind*, at the rate of nine miles an hour. I arose and went on deck about four o'clock, and never before had I seen so sublime a spectacle as was then presented. The ocean was lashed into rolling mountians by

gales which were almost hurricanes; and the vessel leaped from summit to summit, half covered with the raging foam, almost with the velocity of a bird, lying down, by its rockings, at one moment nearly upon its beams-ends toward the wind, and the next moment, even lower on the opposite side.

Oct. 23. Our cabin boy and cook were devoted Roman Catholics. The former wore a charm about his neck, and the latter had a large crucifix upon his arm. Poor Benny, the boy, very promptly produced his charm—a scrap of paper with the picture of the virgin upon it—as proof of his *piety*, when I attempted to impress him with the importance of becoming reconciled to God. On being asked the use of the charm, he soberly answered, "It keeps the vessel from being cast away." The cook, too, on one occasion, endeavored to impress me with his sanctity. He declared 'that he daily read his Bible and prayed,' but before I was out of hearing, he uttered several terrible oaths, because the fire in the galley did not burn to his liking. Papal ignorance is the mother of such devotion. "Mother Cary's chickens," a small ocean bird, resembling somewhat the swallow, darting and twittering around us, seemed in their element. They are always most lively during gales and storms. It was pleasant to us to be favored with even such visitors; but not so to the sailors, who regard these birds as almost the *authors* as well as the harbingers and companions of *storms*.

Oct. 24. Rose at three o'clock and went on deck, found the sails nearly all reefed, the rain pouring down in torrents, and the wind and seas terribly high. Only three sails remained unfurled; but the vessel still plodded her way over the high ridges and through the deep valleys of water, three or four miles an hour. In the course of the morning, a heavy shower fell, the wind in a measure subsided, the clouds broke away, and the sun appeared. The sailors all seemed transported with the change. Their gleeful songs, while unreefing the sails, were merry and loud; and our cabin, dark and dreary as it was, with its dead lights closed and most of its inmates sea-sick, soon caught a ray of the general joy.

Oct. 25. Rose at two o'clock and went on deck. I had slept very little during the night, in lively anticipation of soon gazing upon the *Old World*. The watch had just discovered land when I arose, which was not more than five or six miles distant. Being in some uncertainty of our latitude, the captain was in doubt whether the coast was cape Trafalgar, on the European, or cape Spartel, on the African side of the Straits. So he *wore ship*, heading to the west, and let the vessel ride at ease, waiting for the day. So strong, however, was the south wind, that we were borne onward—or rather, back *homeward*, at the rate of three or four miles an hour, though our sails were nearly all furled. A little after five A. M., the captain *wore ship again*, and drove on with all speed towards the land. The morning soon revealed to us the African coast, and we gazed with

unutterable emotions, for the first time, upon the Old World. It was an unfortunate part of it,—poor Africa, robbed of her children and crushed under accumulated wrongs!

The sight of Africa, which, in all my associations, was a land far away, forcibly impressed me with our distance from country and home. Till then, I had thought of them as only a little back, and had hoped that I might retain the same feeling even to the place of my distant destination. But a glance at the land of the Moors, broke the spell and it vanished forever.

We passed round cape Spartel about a mile from the African shore, which there presents a bold, rocky appearance, the rocks rising in symmetrical layers. Cape Trafalgar appeared at the north, off which Nelson achieved his renowned victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, and fell himself "covered with glory." Entering the Straits, we passed Tangier, the first town on the African side. Viewed from the water, it has a regular, imposing appearance; but within, it is said to exhibit the most disgusting wretchedness. Its inhabitants subsist principally by supplying the fortress of Gibraltar with cattle and vegetables. We were so near as to be able to see its ancient walls and monuments quite distinctly; and from their venerable appearance, we judged that, in the days of its piratic celebrity, it must have been far more flourishing than at present. A few miles to the east, a lofty tower, white as marble, lifts its head in solitude.

We were borne rapidly along, having a fair wind, in addition to the current, which, in the straits, is always three miles an hour. On the Spanish coast, we passed the ancient tower of Tarifa, situated on a bay to which it gives its name. It is fortified with old walls and towers, and has a castle. In front of the town, on a small island of the same name, is a *light-house*, then the only one in the Straits; another has since been erected at Gibraltar. On the African side, we next passed Abyla, vulgarly called, *Ape's hill*, which is one of the pillars of Hercules. It is truly a magnificent pile. From this mountain, a lofty ridge runs off to the south, apparently of primary formation. A lower secondary ridge shut its base from our view. Beyond Abyla, is the strongly fortified town of Ceuta, which belongs to Spain, and contains about 8,000 inhabitants. And opposite to Ceuta, on the European shore, is the famous rock, Gibraltar, the other pillar of Hercules, peering in sublime majesty, with a fortress the strongest of the strong. These lofty out-posts of nature, said by the ancients to have been erected by Hercules as the limits of the western world, present an appearance that readily accounts for the fable.

The new scenes, presented to us that day, greatly enlivened the tedium of our voyage. But we were deeply impressed with the feeling, that the lands which we saw are lands of darkness, where the Pope on the one hand, and the False Prophet on the other, sway

their bloody and corrupting sceptres. And our feelings were best relieved, as we mused on the dreary scenes, by singing the beautiful hymn,

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding,
On the face of all these lands."

Our feeling of *security* was increased, as well as our *ennui* broken, by entering the Mediterranean. Our passage of the Atlantic had been a rough one, and a frightful disaster that had befallen our captain, a little before our embarkation, made him, as well as ourselves, rather timorous. Three days out from Boston, a sudden gust of wind, about four o'clock in the morning, capsized his vessel. He had only time to spring from his berth, and himself, his second mate and one sailor jump into a boat, before the vessel with the rest of the crew went down. The survivors floated three days and nights, on the rough ocean, with nothing to eat nor drink, and with no oars to work their boat, and the captain, with no clothing but shirt and pantaloons, when they were picked up. No wonder that the fresh recollection of such a disaster should make even a hardy son of Neptune a little timorous on the ocean.

Oct. 30. A small island rose in sight, Cabrera by name, (in Latin, Cabraria). It is about three miles long and half a mile wide, rocky and uninhabited except a port, the entrance of which is opposite Majorca, and is defended by a castle. This island is used as a place of banishment for criminals. To-day, for the first time, we felt the enervating effects of the Sirocco.

Nov. 1. A head wind. In twenty-four hours we had made *five miles*, and in doing this, had sailed more than a hundred miles *by tacking*. The small island of Cabrera again appeared, and in just about the same direction and nearly the same distance from us as on the day previous.

Nov. 2. The wind was weak and the weather delightful. Just before sunset, the captain invited us to take a seat with him in the jolly boat and ride out. We gladly accepted the invitation, were let down by the tackles, and in a moment found ourselves floating in a small bark, which under the lee of the stately George, seemed hardly larger than a porridge bowl. We rowed off a few rods from the brig and were amused to watch the majestic stateliness of her motion. The ladies were much relieved and entertained by the excursion. Such trifling adventures, are of important use to those who have become wearied with the sameness of a voyage.

Nov. 3. The Sabbath. It was a delightful morning. Mrs. P. and myself went on deck to walk at five o'clock. The dawn was just lighting up the eastern skies, and the full moon retiring in the west. There was a perfect calm; the sea was as smooth as a mir-

ror; and a delicate softness, peculiar to the Mediterranean, was spread over the whole heavens. The captain at length came out and invited us to ascend upon the *house*, (the deck-cabin). We did so, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith soon joined us. Then came the king of day rejoicing in the east. Mrs. Smith now beheld a *sunrise* at sea for the *first time*. "O that is sublime," she exclaimed; and it was so indeed to those who had often witnessed the same scene before. It was this sunrise, which is so graphically sketched by her gifted pen in her published Memoirs. We sung a hymn in our elevated position, and gazed awhile upon the African coast near which we had been drifted during the night, and which was now smiling under the brilliant rays of the sun. It was the coast of Algiers. Our charm was at length broken by a summons from Benny to go to breakfast. In the afternoon, Mr. Smith preached on deck from the parable of the fig-tree. The sailors were very attentive. The stillness of the day and of the scene was very peculiar and impressive. The weather was the warmest which we had on our voyage.

Nov. 6. Galata, a small, barren, rocky island, near the coast of Tunis, was in full view to the leeward, and Sardinia was in sight from mast head, to the windward. In the afternoon, we passed the site of ancient Carthage, the once powerful rival of Rome. Ten thousand classic and sacred associations thronged our minds, as we found ourselves so near the ashes of the devoted city. Cape Blanco, the most northern point of Africa, was also in sight.

Nov. 7. In the morning, we were north of the small island of Zembla, another rocky bluff of almost the same shape and size as Galata. Cape Bon, on the African coast was in view. And while confined in my berth with a slight illness, we passed the island of Pantalaria. It is situated about sixty miles south of Massala, a town on the western point of Sicily, and about the same distance from cape Bon on the African coast. It is about thirty miles in circumference. Its productions are olives, figs, raisins, capers and cotton; its cattle are numerous. It is under the government of the two Sicilies, and used by that government as a place of banishment for its *nobility*, who are guilty of treasonable designs. The language is a mixture of African and Italian.

Nov. 8. The wind was brisk, during the previous night, and in the morning, the island of Gozo which is near to Malta and belongs to it was in full view, and Malta itself soon appeared. We passed along about a mile distant from Gozo. Its southern termination is almost as bold as Gibraltar rock. We had a good view of its villages and churches and could even perceive a windmill in the act of going. The cultivated terraces looked like garden beds, green as in the month of June, in New England. Almost all the soil on the island is artificial, in the form of terraces built out among the cliffs of the rocks. These are of course under high cultivation.

As Malta hove in sight, round the north end of Gozo, not "*dis-*

tance," but *nearness* lent "enchantment to the scene." Mrs. P. soon fancied that she saw *fruit-trees,*—Mrs. Smith applying the spy-glass saw a *man,* and queried whether he were not an *Anakim.* We read St. Paul's account of approaching Malta, in the 27th of Acts, as we advanced towards the island. All was glee and good nature on deck; the mates and sailors were painting and brushing up the *brig,* and appeared as solicitous that *she* should make a fair appearance, as good matrons and young misses are for their parlors before a party.

Cumino is a small island in the channel, between Gozo and Malta. At half past one, P. M., we were off "St. Paul's Bay," where the apostle is supposed to have been shipwrecked. As we advanced toward La Valletta, the capital of Malta, its lofty walls, forts, towers, spires and fine edifices impressed us with the strength and beauty of the city. A pilot boat came out a mile and a half to meet us. "What do you charge for piloting us in?" inquired the captain. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply. The captain refused to give that sum, but the boatmen kept along side some time, and at length offered to pilot us in for ten dollars, and their offer was accepted.

Just before we entered the harbor, about twenty small boats, finely painted and manned by natives, met us, requesting *to tow* us in. They surrounded the vessel and importuned the captain like so many harpies for the job, but the pilot's dexterity superseded the necessity of their aid. We rode majestically into the harbor and threw out our anchor at two o'clock, P. M. We were heartily glad to cease from our rolling and tossing, which had been almost incessant for forty-eight days. We were still unable to enter the city, being compelled to lie a week in quarantine.

In the course of the afternoon the captain went near the shore, and took directions from the first officer of the port respecting our quarantine. A watch—*Guardiano,* as he is called—came on board, to see that none of us should go into the city and contaminate its inhabitants, who, together with the pilot must stay on board, lest they also should become vehicles of contagion. The din of the busy city around us reminded us forcibly of *home.* But its lofty walls and towers impressed us with the fact, that we were no longer in the *New,* but in the *Old World;* and the incessant chiming of almost innumerable bells, soon sickened our hearts with the painful certainty, that we were also in the heart of the dominions of the "man of sin."

Nov. 9. We anchored yesterday in the main harbor, because the wind was too strong from the quarantine harbor to allow us to enter it. This morning, soon after light, the pilot boats again swarmed around us, clamorous for the opportunity of towing us from one harbor into the other. The captain rejected their offers as extravagant, and they at length disappeared. But seeing him make preparations to sail out without them, they returned more clamorous than ever for employment. A few were finally engaged for

three dollars—half their first offer, at which others still demurred. The captain added *two* dollars, which seemed to satisfy all, and the arrangement was accepted. We weighed anchor at eight o'clock, the wind still blowing strong as ever from the quarantine harbor. Just as we began to enter it, the Maltese boatmen importuned the captain to throw out his anchor, declaring that they could pull us no farther. But the captain refused to release them, and kept them almost the whole forenoon, tacking back and forth across the harbor, to gain one fourth of a mile. The boats were filed in two lines, and attached by ropes to the bows of our vessel and to each other. Their appearance was truly amusing, as they were thus strung out in two parallel teams, some fifteen or twenty rods long. They soon relaxed their efforts and lay leisurely on their oars; but what they saved in strength they lost in time; for the captain kept them wheeling back and forth across the harbor, until by the exertions of his sailors in the jolly boat, rather than by any aid from the towmen, he reached his place of anchorage. How depressed must be the condition of a people, where *eighty* men, as in this case,—there being twenty boats with *four* men in each boat,—gladly labor a whole half day for the scanty sum of five dollars!

We threw out our anchor along side of a Turkish vessel. It was amusing to observe its motley crew and passengers. On board were Greeks, Arabs, Moors, negroes and Turks. They stared at us with eager curiosity, and we as eagerly at them.

The captain went on shore and returned laden with dainties,—fresh beef, vegetables and fruits. Among the latter were pomegranates, Maltese chestnuts, winter melons, cauliflowers and tomatoes. This melon resembles our musk-melon. We left home in the season of melons and found them fresh at Malta, which reminded us of our difference of climate. The grass and flower bushes, on the shore around the harbor, were also green as in midsummer in New England.

Mr. Temple and the other missionaries* residing in Malta came along side and afforded us opportunity of delightful conversation. They also brought us many comforts to cheer our confinement in quarantine. And seldom are persons in circumstances more fully to appreciate kind attentions, or keenly to feel any apparent want of them, on the part of their friends, than while, after the fatigues and exposures of a long voyage or journey, they lie as prisoners in quarantine. In company with the missionaries, Mr. Carabet, an Armenian bishop, in their employ, came to visit us. He is a venerable looking man. Under the influence of the mission he has got so much the better of his canonical scruples on the virtue of episcopal celibacy, that he has married a young wife, and is rearing a family. His fine little girl who came with him, brought us some

* Soon after this time, Messrs. Temple and Hallock removed with the press to Smyrna, and there have since been no American missionaries in Malta.

beautiful nosegays. They were the first flowers which we saw in the Old World, and after being so long excluded from everything of the kind, we highly prized the attention. They were thrown into our cabin window, and within five minutes completely perfumed our little dwelling.

The urbanity of bishop Carabet and of other foreigners, soon impressed me with the stiffness and roughness of the American character,—a point of which I have been more and more reminded, during my entire residence in foreign lands. Even the tawny, degraded Maltese are incomparably more respectful and polite than the mass in New England. It may, indeed, be in them a servile politeness, or the garb of secret intrigue. And nobody, and least of all a *yankee*, doubts the general superiority of the sons of brother Jonathan to all other nations, unless it be their English cousins who *may be* nearly their equals. With all their excellence, however, they might be yet more excellent, had they, with the plentitude of their *fortiter in re*, a mediocrity of the *suaviter in modo*, especially in their intercourse with foreigners.

We remained on board the George, during the week of our quarantine, instead of going into the Lazaretto. The accommodations in the Lazaretto are said to be superior. The apartments are spacious, airy and delightfully situated on the sea. A good hotel furnishes all needed comforts and conveniences to the inmates, which is very different from the dreary encampments which we subsequently encountered under our tent, among the mud-shantees of the Cossacks in the Russian provinces.

Nov. 13. Our period of purgation, in quarantine, being completed, we took *pratique*, and were cordially welcomed at the houses of our missionary brethren. We felt a kind of painful reluctance, at last, on leaving our quiet cabin in the George, which had so long been our home, and the captain and crew seemed heartily to regret our departure. The next day, we went on board, for the last time, and presented *Bibles* to them all—a nice quarto Bible to the captain—which were very gratefully received. In their increasingly serious deportment, toward the close of the voyage, we had some reason to hope that our conversations, our preaching and our prayers had not been in vain.

The island of Malta is composed of white limestone, so soft, that much of its surface is beaten up and pulverized, and formed into cultivated terraces. The soil thus obtained is extremely fertile and produces excellent crops—particularly fruits. The climate is very mild, there being little or no winter on the island. Oranges and lemons were in their prime on the trees when we were there in the middle of November. Its inhabitants are about as dark as the American Indians. They are a mixed race, said to have descended from Arabs and Carthaginians; and they speak a corrupt dialect of the Arabic, containing many words from the old Punic language. La Valetta, the capital of the island, is a fine city. It is cleanly and

well-paved; and its houses are well-built of stone. They are very high and airy, and form delightful residences. House-rent is low, and its ample and well stocked markets furnish provisions and clothing remarkably cheap. In the prospect of being beyond the reach of European tailors in Persia, I procured two suits of clothes there, one of broadcloth for winter, and the other of a thin material for summer, for both of which when made up, I paid a little short of twenty-nine dollars; and almost everything else seemed to be cheap in proportion.

Some of the churches in Malta are very large and splendid edifices. St. John's, which we visited, is the most celebrated. Its vaults are filled with the ashes of saints—its walls covered with gaudy paintings—its floors are of a superior order—its dome is mounted with several large bells which are almost constantly chiming as the signal of some religious festivity,—and it is altogether a most imposing monument of the idolatrous worship of Rome. Many other churches on the island are of the same general description.

The greatest nuisances of Malta are its hosts of beggars and priests. The former are in some measure the agents, as well as the offspring, of the latter. The beggars are so numerous and importunate in the streets, as seriously to impede one's passing. They would even seize hold upon us like ravenous animals, stun our ears with their entreaties, sometimes *pathetically appealing to us for the* SOULS *of their friends in Purgatory*,—an artifice far more successful with Papists than with us incredulous Protestants, to the use of which the miserable mendicants had doubtless been instructed by the wily priesthood. The capital which contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, is said to be scourged by at least 1,100 priests of various orders, including, to be sure, the inmates of the convents, but all of whom must feed upon the famished population. These priests thronged the streets in all directions and at all hours of the day, like swarms of locusts, eager to devour the land. Some of them were mere boys, twelve or fourteen years old, whose broad brimmed hats and other grotesque canonicals, gave to them a truly ludicrous appearance. In few places in the world, and perhaps nowhere, does the Pope reign with more tyrannical sway, than in Malta. Nowhere have I seen a more squalid, miserable, priest-ridden populace.

La Valetta is a strongly fortified city. This, rendered well nigh impregnable by art, and Gibraltar rock at the straits, which is fully so by nature, give to the English the perfect command of the Mediterranean. The town is also kept strongly garrisoned. There were, I think, five regiments in it when we were there, who were under the finest discipline. One of them was the famous 42nd regiment of Scotch highlanders. They were tall, athletic men, and their highland costume, with their legs bare to the knee, give to them a very hardy, warlike appearance. The English government of the island is strict and firm, but ameliorating in its policy and influence,

as much so as a government well can be, over so wretched and debased a population.

While at Malta, we made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a missionary of the London Society; and Mr. Schlienz, a clergyman, and Messrs. Brenner and Wise, laymen, missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. The former was engaged in miscellaneous labors. The three latter, who are Germans, were occupied mainly in the preparation and printing of books. While the truly catholic and excellent spirit of the Society under which they labor is conspicuous, in its employing as it does, so many men of another nation and a different religious communion, it reveals a painful deficiency in the *missionary spirit* of its own church, that men of devotion to the cause cannot be found in sufficient numbers within her pale to go in person and apply her missionary funds. May the mantle of Martyn rest on more of her rising sons! The operations of the press under the Church Missionary Society, at Malta, are extensive and efficient. The missionaries had in their employ, as a translator, at the time I was there, a Mr. Rassám, a Chaldean from Mōsûl, by whose aid they kindly prepared and lithographed for me a Nestorian *spelling book*, which proved a very timely and valuable passport, on my first entrance among the Nestorians. Mr. Rassám, at the instance of Mr. Schlienz, also gave me a letter of introduction to Mar Oráham, (Abraham,) the metropolitan of Oróomiah, with whom he was acquainted, but who died before I reached the field. We were laid under much obligation to those excellent German brethren, as well as to the missionaries of our own Society, at Malta, for their kindness and aid to us during our short stay on the island.

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE FROM MALTA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

As it was seldom that vessels sailed directly from Malta to Constantinople, I had apprehended considerable delay, before an opportunity should occur for us to proceed to the Turkish capital. Providentially, however, the day we took *pratique*, I found a Greek brig, bound for that city, which was to sail in a few days. The captain was well recommended to me by Mr. Aneaud, then American consul at Malta; and the vessel was chartered by a Mr. Petrakokino, a Greek gentleman whose brother had been my classmate some years before at Amherst College; and more favorable still, that same brother, who was then, and is still, connected with our mission-

aries as a translator, was himself to be a passenger as far as the island of Syra. In addition to the sincere pleasure of his society, we might thus enjoy his important assistance as an interpreter on the way. Strangers as we were in those regions, and unable to speak the language of those with whom we were to sail, the Providence which unexpectedly furnished us these important facilities was as timely as it was striking; and the Scripture declaration, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He will direct thy steps," was vividly impressed on every mind by it, as it has very often been by similar providences, in my subsequent travels and labors.

Mr. Petrakokino, (translated, *Redstone,*) my classmate, had sat for years at my side in the college lecture-room and chapel, our names commencing with the same initial, and the revival of our acquaintance, in the distant East, was of course, mutually most agreeable. He kindly assisted me in engaging my passage and making other preparations for the voyage. The arrangement was, that we should board ourselves, though the cook of the vessel might aid us in preparing our food. Our stock of provisions, however, which the cheap markets of Malta furnished for a very small sum, consisting mainly of bread and fruits, needed little preparation for the table.

Nov. 19. We rose at 5 o'clock; put our effects in readiness as soon as possible, and were early on board the Greek brig, Neptune, of Syra, John Micaro, captain. Messrs. Temple and Smith, accompanied us to the vessel, and the German missionaries soon came to bid us farewell. Mr. Hallock kindly took care that our boxes and beds should be put on board, and about 9 o'clock, A. M. a fine breeze from the south-west filled our sails, and we closed our eyes upon beautiful and busy, but benighted Malta. I spent most of the day in arranging our cabin. At evening, my fellow passengers being too sea-sick to take seats at the table, or to eat even, I was obliged to be *pater familias*, matron and family, at our humble board. There is something very sombre in *eating alone.* I preferred, however, to set our table, though solitary and alone, to preserve as far as practicable, the appearance and associations of home.

We found our accommodations, on board the Neptune, very comfortable. We had a spacious cabin entirely to ourselves.* The cook assisted us, so far as we needed, and the fine, active cabin boy was ever ready at our call. The captain was a very superior man for a Greek. Besides speaking and reading his own language *well*, he used Italian and French fluently, possessed much general information, was gentlemanly in his manners and very kind in his disposition. We soon had occasion to notice that the policy on board his vessel, was very different from that observed in the "George." Instead of standing like mute statues, trembling with fear, and watching the captin's nod, the sailors seemed happy and social, and whiled away the dreary hours of night by chatting together and sing-

* Mrs. P., myself and Mr. Petrakokino.

ing. The captain, too, did not scruple to converse familiarly with his crew and treat them as fellow-men and companions. I *state* this difference, without attempting to *decide* which system is preferable. I may venture, however, to suggest the query, whether a *medium* course might not be far superior to either. The noisy, playful, and often cowardly and inefficient Greek sailors, might bend their necks to half the rigor practised on board an American vessel, and they would lose none of their proper freedom and enjoyment, and become much more prompt, efficient seamen by the change. And might not the Yankee crew, on the other hand, enjoy a *modicum* of the indulgence allowed to the Greek sailor, and remain no less docile and obedient, and become men of more character and far better republicans than on the present American system? We had on board the Neptune a large variety of animated existences, cats, dogs, sheep, swine, and, besides a heterogeneous mass of bipeds in the form of men, some dozens of hens, and a few beautiful Canary birds. In such a community, who could be lonely?

Nov. 20. A delightful day and still a fair wind. Our captain had been several months absent from his home, on the island of Syra. When he now reached it, he was to behold, for the first time, an *only son.* Of course, he hastened towards Syra with feelings of no ordinary interest. He had on board a large sheep, of the fat tail breed,* or, as it is sometimes called, the sheep with *five quarters*, in reserve for the festivities which he intended to observe, on his arrival, in celebration of the birth of his son. During this part of my voyage, I kept paper and pencil in hand to note down the Greek of each term in which I had occasion to address the captain, cook, cabin boy or sailor, in the hope of thus forming a vocabulary sufficiently large to serve our purposes of necessity, after Mr. Petrakokino should leave us, as he expected to do, at the island of Syra. The wind was so high during the afternoon and evening, that we had all but three of our sails close-reefed, and still advanced at the rapid rate of seven and half miles an hour. There was considerable motion, but less by far than there would have been on board the George in the same circumstances. Our cargo was hewn stone† from Malta and iron bedsteads, which kept our vessel upright.

Nov. 22. The wind and sea continued very high, during the last night. This morning, cape Matapan, (the ancient Taenarus,) was in full view. It is the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus.

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* This is the only kind of sheep which I have ever seen in Persia and the eastern parts of Turkey. Its tail consists of a mass of fat, in the shape of a heart, almost as heavy as a quarter of the animal; the Persians use this fat, to a great extent, in the place of butter and lard.

† The Malta limestone is exported in large quantities to Constantinople and other places in the Levant, for paving the open courts and piazzas of the houses. It is so soft and easily wrought, that it can be afforded at a moderate price when transported to a distance.

At that moment was I permitted for the first time to gaze upon classic Greece. Advancing to the eastward, the island of Cerigo (ancient Cythera) soon appeared to the south-east of cape Matapan. It belongs to the Ionian republic of Seven Islands. It is separated from the Morea only by a narrow strait. We fell in with an English man-of-war that had left Malta two or three days before us, and was bound to Smyrna or Constantinople. She was a three decker—the St. Vincent—carrying 120 guns. Her appearance was truly magnificent. By the side of our humble Greek brig, she seemed like a lofty floating island. In the afternoon, the wind and sea became very high. We split our tri-sail and were obliged to lie to, at least, so thought the timorous Greeks.

Nov. 23. This morning, we were driving down near the south end of Cerigo, the wind having blown so violently that the captain thought it unsafe to pass round the north end, between the island and cape Malea. About a mile and half from the south end of Cerigo is a solitary rock, called *Egg Island*, an acre or more in size, towering in lonely sublimity. We had intended to pass between this rock and Cerigo, but the north wind was so strong as to forbid the hope of our being able to make up on our course beyond. The captain therefore *wore ship* and made *back again*. Thus traversing and retraversing the gulf of Kolokythia, we had a good opportunity to survey the southern extremity of Greece. The storm at length ceased, but the wind continued high and the weather was quite cold. The lofty range of Mount Taygetus, which stretches itself through the south-eastern extremity of the Morea, and terminates in cape Malea, was covered with snow that had fallen during the storm. We were shivering on deck, in our great coats, cloaks and gloves, glad to secure a corner in the sun. The change of temperature, however, was not unwelcome. It was a strong barrier against sea-sickness; and though still unapproached, myself, by that "common scourge," I could rejoice to encounter the inclemency of the weather, while it relieved my suffering companions.

Just at sunset, we were passing the small rocky piles of Cervi, or Stag islands, which lie directly west of cape Malea. They are about six miles north of Cerigo. As evening came on, lights appeared in the hamlets, among the mountains, north-west of the cape. We were delighted to find ourselves again in the vicinity of human habitations, however secluded their situation and humble their occupants. Malea has always been considered a formidable cape. Homer speaks of it as such. As we approached it, in the evening, the wind roared terrifically and blew like a hurricane, and the rain poured down in torrents. The captain therefore *wore ship* and "marched back again." Three days from Malta brought us more than four hundred miles on our course; but for the last day and a half, we had merely traversed and retraversed the gulf of Kolokythia.

Nov. 24. We found ourselves, this morning, near the western shore of the gulf. Mt. Taygetus towered in the east, in snow-cap-

ped and cloud-capped sublimity. About sun-rise, we wore ship again to recross the gulf. The shores around us formed a great amphitheatre, in the centre of which we were sailing. The surface of the land appeared rough and sterile; and the villages small and miserable; but the scenery as a whole, was truly magnificent. Just before noon, we again reached the Cervi, and threw out our anchor under the lee of one of them, the weather being still too rough in the judgment of our prudent mariners, to attempt to double the frightful cape. We felt little apprehension of disaster, on board the "Neptune." Our captain and crew, a yankee would have pronounced, egregious cowards. Their manœuvres in that gulf, afford a fair illustration of their nautical courage. Nor was our fellow passenger with his excellent American education, a whit before his countrymen, in this particular. He trembled like an aspen leaf most of the time after we entered the gulf, and did little more than importune the captain, *to anchor—to anchor*. An American captain would never have thought of turning back, or stopping a moment, for those winds. But let me not be misunderstood. I would far sooner encounter the tardiness of Greek timidity, than entrust property or life to the adventurous and often reckless daring of many American navigators. Here, again, might not the nautical characteristics of the two be compounded with important advantages to both? Had the Greek captain one half of the American's courage and energy, he would doubtless redeem one third of his time and greatly enhance his employer's profit. And had the American captain a portion of the Greek's prudence, or timidity, if such it be, how much fewer would be our merchantmen wrecked and our steam-boats blown up! It must be a defective economy that paves the ocean and our rivers with so much of the fruits of American interprise and toil; beggars such multitudes—clothes communities in sackcloth—and fills so many houses and rends so many hearts with the agonies of grief and distress.

But we will return to the *Neptune*. Soon after our anchors were cast, the sailors were fishing, their fears all quelled, and the captain came down into the cabin to pay us a visit. I was more and more surprised by his intelligence and discrimination. We conversed, this afternoon, through Mr. P. as our interpreter, about three hours. Our topics were miscellaneous, as American history and prosperity, the present state of Greece, our own missionary enterprize, future location, etc. As this captain was a good specimen of the higher orders of Greek mind moderately cultivated, I may give the reader some of the items of our conversation, a little more in detail. As we began to speak of America, he took from his drawer an abridged life of Franklin, in modern Greek, with a likeness, and said, "I love him because he was a friend of liberty." He was much interested in our minute account of the adventures of the Pilgrims who first settled New England, and remarked, that the origin of the Greeks, as a nation, was very similar. He knew

Washington's reputation and admired his character. He thought there was nothing very marvellous in the revolutionary valor of the Americans, aided as they were by the French; but regarded it as wonderful, that they were able to frame such an unequalled system of government. The *Indians*, he thought, had shared a hard fate from the Europeans. He inquired whether the whites ever intermarry with them; and on being told that they sometimes do, he replied, that it became the Europeans, rather than the Indians, to seek to promote such connexions, to atone, if possible, for the wrongs they have inflicted; and that condescension, if there were any, would be on the part of the natives. He had even heard of South Carolina nullification, then of recent celebrity, and inquired with much interest whether its leaders had been apprehended. We reminded him that our national blessings resulted from the Bible and the general diffusion of knowledge. "Very probable," he replied; but proceeded to develope his infidel principles. "The Bible," said he, "is a fine book; but I do not believe it is inspired; Luke, the Evangelist, for instance, did not live until three hundred years after Christ," and so on. He had obviously caught a few floating infidel objections, and without stopping to canvass their validity, used them as a quietus to his conscience. It is still true that "the Greeks seek after wisdom;" but, unhappily, it is little more than the wisdom of this world. In relation to Greece, he said he regretted the interference of foreigners in their government; that England and France had been merely seeking to feather their own nests, with all their ostentation of philanthropy; and that but for them, the Greeks might now have enjoyed an elective system.

In relation to *our* prospects, he manifested deep interest. "The place to which you go," said he, "is good enough, but the thing is to get there;" a remark fraught with more of truth than poetry, as we then supposed and have since fully learned by experience. Mr. P. translated to him the hymn commencing, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," which we informed him was sung on the occasion of our marriage a little before our embarkation. "O, it is affecting," he exclaimed, and appeared fully to catch its inspiration. He inquired for our respective homes, which we pointed out to him on the map; and he expressed great wonder how we ever found each other at such a distance, (160 miles,) which would indicate but a very limited intercourse between the different parts of Greece; or, what is more probable, that matrimonial alliances are seldom thought of, by the Greeks, out of their respective clans, or immediate circles of acquaintance. He marvelled how we could consent to leave our country and friends, and inquired how soon we intended to return; and when told, never, he sighed and seemed almost overcome. He wondered most that *ladies* could thus leave home, and said that nothing could account for the fact, but their ardent attachment to their husbands. We told him that some American ladies go out *single* to teach the benighted; this perplexed him at

first, but he finally proscribed this practice altogether as a most flagrant anomaly, and resumed his former position, charging me to take good care of Mrs. Perkins, inasmuch as she showed an attachment to me strong enough to tear her from kindred and home, and carry her to distant Persia. He could not be reconciled to the idea of our never returning, and said that we ought to come back in five or ten years, that this period would be amply sufficient for us to do our *penance*. We assured him that we embarked in the enterprise for life, voluntarily, and while some of our friends strongly endeavored to detain us in our country. "Well," said he, "your sacrifice is praise-worthy, but your prospects to me appear very dark." We told him that our sole object was to enlighten the Nestorians by circulating the Scriptures and diffusing religious knowledge and truth among them, and that our only hope of success was in the blessing of God. "Ah," he replied, "Christians always say 'there is hope only in God.'" This captain cherishes a high veneration for the American character, as the Greeks generally do. They call *all missionaries*, *Americans*. The captain placed a large trunk about one third full of Italian dollars, *unlocked*, in my state-room, during our voyage, regarding my American citizenship as a full warrant for the safety of his money.

At evening prayers, George, our cabin boy, stood near our door. I requested Mr. P. after worship, to explain to him the nature of our services,—that American Christians read their Bibles morning and evening, and pray to God together in their families, thanking him for past mercies, imploring pardon for their sins, and seeking future blessings. "*We* used to pray on board the vessel," replied the boy, "but have done now." Mr. P. had before remarked to me, that there was less appearance of piety, (in the *Greek* sense,) on board our vessel than he had expected to find. There were no crosses nor pictures. Indeed, the more intelligent Greeks are generally becoming *infidels;* and no marvel; ignorance and superstition are so far from being the parents of devotion, that sooner or later they prove the hotbeds of open irreligion. Perhaps the present prevalence of infidelity among the Greeks is, however, not less favorable to the revival of evangelical piety among them, than their former deep-rooted superstitions. Greek seamen would not probably suffer in comparison with our own, as a class, on the score of irreligion; and they certainly possess some qualities of character, that might be worthily emulated by Americans. Instead of the morose, sullen air, that too generally lowers on the brows of American officers and crews, especially in bad weather, the Greeks are patient, cheerful and affable. This difference, in my view, is greatly owing to the fact, that our seamen are so much excluded from female society,—at least, in virtuous connexions. The Greeks usually have families, and their dispositions are softened and sweetened, and their spirits buoyed up, by the tender relations, endearments and recollections of *home*. It is painful to think of the unfavorable im-

pressions which too many of the seamen of our country leave on foreign nations. It seems to be assumed by many American captains, that blustering, anger and profaneness are indispensable to the maintenance of proper authority on board their vessels, and equally to the character of "men of spirit" on shore. Happily, the evil of intemperance is, I believe, diminishing among our seamen. And the benevolent efforts now made to improve their morals and their religious condition have, doubtless, a very happy and extensive influence in other respects. But such efforts should be many fold increased. No life is harder than that of our seamen; and to few classes of her citizens is our country more indebted. They, moreover, are our national representatives to almost every port in the world; and the pious among them are also the living epistles of the churches to every people under heaven.

Nov. 25. Though there was but a single cloud in the skies, that one lowered in sullen blackness on the ridge and along the side of the mountain that terminates at cape Malea. "That mountain," said the captain, "we must see *clear*, before we can weigh anchor and proceed." Early in the morning, a man on a small jackass rode down to the shore under which we lay, thus showing that the Cervi are not entirely uninhabited. In the afternoon, the captain and Mrs. P. and myself went on shore. On the way, we passed two small Greek schooners, one from Trieste and the other from Navarino, which had anchored there in the morning. The captain of one of them informed us, that the Greek government had silenced three of the four Greek periodicals, for alleged abuse on part of the editors in censuring its own august policy. The Greeks seemed quite indignant at the proceeding. On the island, we fell in with a ragged shepherd boy, watching his flock. The boy was deeply engaged in preparing a rude musical instrument, from a crooked stick. The Greeks *must all* have *music* of some kind. Our crew were almost constantly humming their plaintive ballads or tinkling with their fingers on their rude violins. On our way back to the boat, we gathered a great variety of beautiful shells. We enjoyed our ramble the more from the consciousness of then treading, for the first time, upon the soil of renowned, ancient Greece.

In the evening, George sat reading in a small book near the cabin door. Mr. P. requested him to show us the book, which we found to be a collection of excellent prayers for persons in various conditions and circumstances, published by the Rev. William Jowett, of the Church Missionary Society. The boy then brought forward a small spelling book, prepared by Mr. Wilson, at Malta, and holding it up, said, "this taught me to read." We inquired where he obtained it, and he replied, "a boy in Alexandria gave it to me." I asked him how long he had been to sea; "Ever since I was eight years old," he replied; he was then fifteen. We inquired whether he had ever been to school; "two months" he answered, "and the rest I have learned by myself on board the vessel." He could read

any book fluently, and showed us a letter to his uncle which he had written in a handsome hand. I inquired of George how he would like to become qualified to teach school and labor thus to benefit his countrymen. "Pretty well," he replied; but on second thought added, "I should like much better to become qualified to keep a store in my native town,"—thus disclosing the strong passion of the Greeks for trade and for wealth.

Nov. 26. At three o'clock this morning, we weighed anchor and proceeded, the wind, though less strong, being still nearly ahead. Just at daybreak, we doubled the formidable cape Malea. At sunrise the rocky islands of Cerigotto and Porri appeared at some distance to the south, Crete was visible farther to the east, and Milo just glistened directly under the rays of the sun. We made small progress, during the day, by tacking. The captain sat on deck, reading the book of Genesis, recently published, in modern Greek, at Corfu. He appeared deeply interested in the history which he had never before read.

Nov. 27. In the morning, we found ourselves advancing toward Milo and quite near it. The small lofty island, Falconera, was on our left and the Ananes on our right. The latter are several small, rocky islets. Milo has one of the best harbors in the Mediterranean, and here vessels often stop and take pilots to conduct them through the perilous passages of the Aegean. Anti-Milo is a small island a few miles to the north west of Milo.

The next islands presented to our view were, Argentera, on our right, and, beyond it, Siphante and Serpho on our left. Serpho is so mountainous, that the poets tell us, that *Perseus transformed its inhabitants into stone.* It contains mines of iron and lead. Its produce is small, but its onions are particularly celebrated. The ancient Romans made Serpho a place of banishment. According to Aelian, the frogs of this island never *croaked,* unless they were transported elsewhere, when they became more noisy than others; and hence the proverb, *Seriphia rana,* applied to mute persons. Its frogs, however, are I believe not wanting in loquacity in modern times, on their native island. To-day, a Greek fast of twenty-five days commenced; and our crew, notwithstanding their lax, infidel principles, excluded all meat from their meals. But it matters not how voraciously they partake of vegetable diet.

Nov. 27. This morning we passed along the islands St. George and Thermia on our left,—Attica also appeared at a distance, in the same direction. And the island of Syra, our captain's home, and where he now wished to stop until his annual ship papers should be renewed, was in full view at mid-day. Zea appeared at a distance beyond Thermia on our left, and Paros, and Anti-Paros, renowned for their marble, were in sight at the south-east. We passed very near Pipĕri, a small, uninhabited island. Its south end is a bold, perpendicular rock, about one hundred feet high. We *guessed,* that to-day might be *Thanksgiving,* in old Massachusetts. And though

not permitted to take seats there at the table and share in the baked turkey and chicken pie, we could unite with our friends in hearty thanksgivings to God,—and especially for his protection and mercies to us, while we had been so long tossing on the bosom of the mighty deep. At 6 o'clock, P. M. we rode into the harbor of Syra. It is situated on the east side of the island. Syra is rocky and barren, containing scarcely an inhabitant beyond the city of the same name, which is itself situated on the side of a high mountain. The old town is back some distance from the harbor, and hangs romantically on a steep conical declivity near the mountain's summit. It is inhabited entirely by Greek Catholics. The new part of the city, by far the most populous and important, lies directly on the shore, having sprung up, as if by magic, since the commencement of the Greek revolution. It was built almost wholly by refugees from other islands that had been ravaged by the Turks. It is now a busy city, containing at least 25,000 inhabitants. The people of the upper and lower towns, as they may respectively be called, have scarcely more intercourse with each other on account of their mutual religious antipathies, than had the Jews and Samaritans.

Nov. 29. We obtained *pratique* early in the morning and went on shore. We were equally surprised and delighted to find ourselves surrounded by so active and enterprising a population. Many vessels were in process of building; and the sound of the axes of almost numberless carpenters reminded us forcibly of ship-yards at home. The houses of the city we found to be miserable fabrics, and thrown together in the utmost disorder; still almost everything wore an aspect of industry and thrift. The city, though on the steep side of a mountain, might have been so planned and built as to have secured to it great convenience and beauty. The streets could have been so arranged as to overlook each other in regular succession; whereas, as it is, there are in fact *no streets;* but merely crooked, irregular passes, scarcely wide enough for a loaded mule to go clear of the houses. The place, however, is far better than could have been expected, in the circumstances, commencing as the settlement did with the rude *shantees* of trembling refugees, who expected to stop there only till the tempest of war should subside. The Catholics of the original town on the hill above, were protected from the vengeance of the Turks by the French; and it was under the penumbra of this foreign influence, that the refugees sought temporary succor. Their enterprising, restless spirit, however, did not allow them to remain idle, even during those troublous times; but soon called into existence this lower town among the cliffs on the barren beach, almost as if by miracle. It was then (1833) the most populous and important city in Greece,—and the central point of communication with all other parts of the country. Its commencement and growth are most interesting moral phenomena, and especially, as they so well illustrate the energy and capability of the Greek character.

We had with us letters of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Hildner, the German missionary there, and to the Rev. Mr. Leeves, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On our way to the residence of the former, we were met by a Greek, acquainted with Mr. Petrakokino, who informed us that our countryman, the Rev. Dr. Robertson and his family had just come to Syra from Athens. We therefore changed our course, and were conducted immediately to the house of Dr. R., by whom and his lady we were very cordially welcomed, and kindly entertained, most of the time during our stay of three weeks on the island. Our unexpected and very providential meeting with these countrymen and missionary friends was the more agreeable, as Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Robertson are from the same village in New England. In the course of the day, we called, in company with Dr. R., at the house of Mr. Hildner. He was absent on a voyage to England for his health. We saw Mrs. H. with whom we afterwards had the pleasure of spending a few days, and soon had occasion to recognize in her the same overflowing kindness which is so characteristic of Germans, and especially of German missionaries. We also visited Mr. Leeves; and with him and his family had the happiness of frequent interviews and a delightful acquaintance. He was engaged in translating the Old Testament into modern Greek, from the original Hebrew.

Nov. 30. Early this morning a female came with a large jar of water on her shoulder, which we were informed she had brought more than a mile. The water used there for drinking, cooking and washing was all furnished by the portage of women. The jar full—perhaps five gallons—was sold for about three cents. We were forcibly reminded of the ancient Hebrew custom of females bearing water upon their shoulders. An aqueduct, as the city is situated, might be made to carry water from a single fountain to every dwelling. But wealth, and not convenience, was the passion of the inhabitants—and particularly, as many of them still meditated exchanging, for a more fertile location, what they had been accustomed to regard as a mere covert from the whirlwind of the revolution. The city, however, has continued to increase, to the present time, in numbers and in business, though not much, I believe, in taste and order. Street beggars are numerous in Syra, though far less so and less annoying than at Malta. In the afternoon, I called with Dr. R. at one of the Greek churches. The people had assembled and their Sabbath service, (Saturday, P. M.) had commenced. It was truly affecting to witness the heartlessness of their worship, —to observe their genuflexions, crossings and bowings before pictures, and listen to the mummery of their recitals. In some parts of the house, individuals were engaged in social conversation. Near us, the sexton was purchasing candles for the use of the church. Much of the Greek liturgy is excellent; but being thus senselessly and hurriedly muttered in a dead language, (the ancient Greek,) by ignorant ecclesiastics, how could it be otherwise than uninter-

esting and unprofitable? My spirit was stirred within me, as was Paul's in him at Athens, when I thus saw the city wholly given to idolatry. And could my tongue have been loosed to speak their language, Him whom they so ignorantly worshipped, would I gladly have declared unto them.

Dec. 1. Just before going to attend meeting, at the house of Mr. Hildner, several Greek ladies called to see us. The Sabbath is the visiting day of the Greeks. Dr. R. told them, that we were about going to our worship and were not moreover in the habit of seeing company on the Sabbath, and they soon quietly retired. It was remarked, that these ladies were Sciotes. The emigrants from Scio were regarded as the aristocracy of Syra. They are fine looking people, intelligent and enterprising; and, a circumstance to which they attach still higher importance, as establishing their claim to superiority, they usually dress in Frank costume. The inhabitants of Syra are all clannish;—those who emigrated from a given island herding together in society, and in business so far as practicable, and retaining more or less the peculiarities of the dress and customs of their native island. These clannish partialities give to the population a somewhat motley appearance, and create among them some party hostilities. But they also impart a degree of emulation and competition to the rival classes, not unfavorable to their enterprise and general improvement. Gradually, their local and lineal attachment will doubtless be forgotten and the whole mass be united in a feeling of common patriotism for their new country and home.

Dec. 2. We visited the principal schools on the island. I had formed no adequate conception of the intelligence, order and improvement that characterize those schools, nor did I suppose that any such schools existed in Greece. In the school of the Rev. Mr. Hildner, who labors under the patronage of the Church Missionary Society, were four hundred and fifty children, of different ages and both sexes, each in a separate department, all regularly classed and instructed on the monitorial system. One of the teachers—all native Greeks—had spent some time in an institution at Basle, in Switzerland, to qualify himself for teaching. I felt an additional interest in this school, from the fact, that it had an American origin,—having been commenced several years before, by our countryman the Rev. J. Brewer. We also visited the school of Professor Bambas. It contained about two hundred and fifty young men and boys, who were evidently enjoying excellent discipline and instruction. This school has some public patronage. When we arrived, the professor was delivering a philosophical lecture. A considerable number of the citizens of the town, as well as the members of the school, were present; and among them, the Greek bishop of the island and several Roman Catholic priests. Every Thursday, he was in the habit of delivering a biblical lecture to about the same audience. At the close of the exercise, we were introduced to Prof. B. He is a deacon, in clerical orders. He was connected with the

celebrated Greek college on the island of Scio, which was broken up by the storms of the revolution. He was subsequently engaged, several years, in a public institution in Corfu—the largest of the Ionian islands. He had recently come to Syra; and in addition to the charge of his flourishing high school, was assisting the Rev. Mr. Leeves in the translation of the Bible and in preparing a grammar of the modern Greek, besides prosecuting some other literary labors. An able and zealous champion of Greek education, he has also been an ardent friend, coadjutor and vindicator of Protestant missionaries in Greece, during all the opposition they have experienced from some of his ungrateful countrymen, instigated by their ignorant, bigotted priesthood. He is a fine looking man, and very pleasant and cordial in his manners. His bright black eye and flowing beard give him a striking and imposing appearance, resembling, as we fancied, that of the ancient sages of his country. The missionaries, Parsons and Fisk, had been his pupils, several years before, in learning modern Greek, on the island of Scio. He spoke of them and evidently cherishes a warm and sacred veneration for their memory. I have seldom been more interested, in any spectacle, than that presented by these Greek schools; and I could not help wishing, that the patrons of Greek education, in America, could have gazed with me upon the scenes there presented. Their hearts would have throbbed with surprise and joy, and beat high with hope for the elevation and salvation of renowned, but now fallen, Greece.

Dec. 5. The weather was delightful, and I rambled away, alone, to the extreme north-east part of the city. Paros and Anti-Paros appeared in the distant horizon to the south-east. Delos was quite near—within ten miles—to the east, and Tenos, at about the same distance to the north-east. Delos, celebrated as the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, and the centre of the cluster of islands called Cyclades, contained a magnificent temple dedicated to Apollo, erected at the joint expense of the Grecian States, and renowned for its oracle. The island is now covered with ruins, among which, columns, altars, porticoes and inscriptions attest its former claims to celebrity. A large amount of these ruins have been transported to Western Europe, for the gratification of the curious. An antiquarian committee appointed by the Greek government have now arrested the process of spoliation. Delos is only about eight miles in circuit, of a rocky surface, and now uninhabited. Tenos, or Tino, is of a long oval form, about sixty miles in circumference, mountainous, but well cultivated. It contains about sixty villages. Those upon the south side appear very beautiful as seen from Syra. Their white walls, with here and there a lofty tower, are neat and quite imposing. In the afternoon, we visited our captain. He had a fine fat boy, and an intelligent, handsome wife, to the acquaintance of both of whom he appeared very happy to introduce us. At evening, we visited at the house of Mr. Leeves. On our way there, as we were passing a Greek church, a baptism was about to take place, which

a motive, I fear, not much better than curiosity, prompted us to stop and see. The god-father and god-mother who brought the child, a priest and deacon and two or three servants composed the assembly. The rite was performed in the evening, because the sponsors being laborers, could not find time to attend to it during the day. The priest met the child at the door, and before it was permitted to enter the church, read over it several minutes from a church book. The child was then brought in; the priest took it in his arms, blew over it and spit; in other words, he *exorcized.* He then read on, the sponsors holding the child, and occasionally responding to his interrogatories and nodding assent to their obligations as enjoined. The god-father was at length directed to blow and spit, with the child in his arms; but being an ignorant, unpractised man, he did this UPON the child, rather than *over* it; and the priest hastily interrupting, in an angry, chiding tone, exclaimed, "blow and spit upon *Satan,* and not upon the *child!*" Next, the water was crossed by the hand of the priest twice, a few moments intervening; then oil was poured upon it in the form of a cross, and incense burnt over it. The child was then divested of all its clothing and oiled by the priest and baptized. The quantity of water used was about a common pail full, brought warm in a large copper urn. The child was set down, three times, into the vessel; and the water, dipped up by the hands of the priest the same number of times, was poured upon its head, the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, being pronounced—one of them each time, and in the regular order. The child resisted and struggled, when placed in the water; and the priest impatiently broke out once or twice, in the midst of the solemn declaration, in this manner: "I baptize thee ('*sit down*') in the name," etc. Impressive as this ordinance always is, when intelligently and reverently performed, it seemed, in this instance, like solemn mockery! The child was next further anointed; the priest and the sponsors washed their hands in the water in which it had been baptized; incense was again burned over the same; a small white shirt—*the robe of righteousness*—was thrown by the priest over the child; he proceeded some time longer with reading and chanting, and finally concluded the ceremonies by pronouncing a benediction. The whole service was performed in ancient Greek, and probably the infant understood about as much of it as either sponsors or priest; especially, as the main object of the latter seemed to be, to hurry through the routine as rapidly as possible. We left the church more than ever impressed with the deep spiritual darkness of this degraded people.

Dec. 7. In company with Dr. R., I visited the Athenaeum and the Lyceum. The former is a reading-room where several French and Italian periodicals are taken; also the organs of the Greek government. The latter is a room furnished and used by an association of young men. In it they had a library of five or six hundred volumes, several periodicals, and a few specimens of sculpture. We were pain-

ed to find the library composed mostly of the works of modern infidels. All the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, and many others of a kindred character, were here. Will not the benevolent and philanthropic hasten to provide and furnish books, by scores, hundreds and thousands, of a better description, to arrest the deadly inroads of such streams of infidelity! "The Greeks," I repeat, "seek after wisdom." They *will have* books of some kind. Their craving desire for knowledge cannot, and should not, be smothered. It must be fed with healthful nutriment.

Dec. 10. With Dr. R. and his family, we ascended to the very pinnacle of the upper town. It is built, as before mentioned, on the sides of a lofty conical hill, which terminates in a mere point. Upon the very apex, was a monastery, then in process of erection. The passes up through the town are very steep, crooked, narrow and filthy. The swine were numerous, filling the streets by day, and occupying apartments under the same roofs with their owners at night. In this remote village, the missionary, Parsons, lay sick and nigh unto death in 1821. How comfortless must have been his solitary situation! But the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him. Almost inconceivable labor must have been put in requisition to rear such an edifice as the monastery, at the top of the upper town! What obstacles will not Papal superstition surmount! What a lesson was here to nerve the arm of Protestant zeal!

Dec. 15. We have been spending a few days very pleasantly with Mrs. Hildner. During the last night, the rain fell in torrents; and many of the flat roofs of Syra, covered over with earth, can ill encounter such storms. Mrs. P. and myself happened to lodge under such a roof. About 2 o'clock, A. M., the rain reached us. We rose and retreated a little, but were scarcely asleep before we were again in the rain. We arose a second time, and removed our bed, but the rain soon followed, and thus we manœuvred, retreating and being pursued by the advancing rain, till we reached the opposite side of the room, when fortunately morning came. But how trifling was our discomfort, compared with that of multitudes. The wind, as well as the rain, was terrible. The frail fabrics on the declivities around us were tottering, and many of them fell. Cries of distress from the houseless rang in our ears in every direction, and even came up from the harbor, which is a spacious and safe one, but where scores of vessels were now tossing and rolling, and their cables failing, and in the course of a few days, an almost incredible number of frightful wrecks at sea were reported from different parts of the Levant. We felt constrained to admire and acknowledge the goodness of God, in having crossed our wishes. We had earnestly desired to proceed on our way, with much less delay at Syra. Had we done so, we too should now have been tossed upon the billows, if not sunk in the deep or wrecked on the strand; whereas, an unseen but more than parental hand kindly kept us

back, in quiet upon the dry land, till after this fearful storm, when we were successfully wafted, as will soon appear, to our still distant destination, in the short period of three days.

Dec. 17. In the morning we were informed that our captain had at last received his desired papers from Nauplea, and would sail in a few hours. After dinner we hastily put our effects in readiness, took leave of our kind missionary friends to whom we felt ourselves laid under great obligation, and about 4 o'clock, P. M., went again on board the "Neptune." We found, as fellow-passengers, about twenty persons, Greeks, Russians and Turks. A fine breeze from the south-west wafted us rapidly on our course, and just as the sun left the horizon, Syra also faded from our view.

Dec. 18. A strong wind bore us onward during the last night, and early this morning, we found ourselves passing between Scio and Psara. These islands were desolated by the Turks, during the struggles of the revolution. Our captain and some of the crew were natives of the latter. Their countenances, as we passed, bespoke their tender recollections of country and home. They used their utmost efforts, by signs and gestures, to give me an idea of Turkish barbarity, and uttered the name of *Tûrk* with the deepest disdain. The day was delightful and comfortably warm; but Scio had snow on its loftiest summits. We were now fairly within the territory of the Porte, Scio and Psara being still retained by the Turks. Reminiscences, at once thrilling, sacred and painful, were excited in us also, as we reflected *where* we were; not merely near Homer's reputed native island and amid the ravages of Moslem violence and oppression, but a few leagues to the east of us were the desolate sites of the once favored seven churches of Asia, watered by apostolic tears and defended by martyrs' blood. How strikingly and literally has their chastisement, for their backslidings, as threatened in the Apocalypse, been fulfilled. Their candlesticks are removed out of their places.

In the afternoon, we passed up by the large island of Mytilene. The summits of its mountains were covered with snow. Away in the distant west, Mt. Athos towered above the horizon, and the islands of Imbros, Samothracia and Tenedos appeared to the north-west. Mt. Athos, in the scale of Greek superstition, is the most sacred place in the whole country. It is occupied by monks, who have twenty-two convents; each convent has its abbot, with a certain number of monks and lay-laborers. The total number of residents is said to be about six thousand—all are males—no females, not even female animals, being permitted to enter the holy precincts!

At 11 o'clock in the evening, we reached the Straits of Dardanelles. Thus Europe and Asia were presented at one view, and apparently, in the moon light, almost within the call of the voice. I went on deck and gazed, scarcely being able to realize that I stood within a few miles of the site of ancient Troy. It is supposed to have been situated at the southern entrance of the Straits, a little

back from the shore. But Ilium fuit! *Troy was!* Not even its precise location can now be determined. The Straits of Dardanelles resemble an immense river, flowing majestically between two elevated and fertile hills. They are sixty miles long and from four to six miles wide. I regretted that we did not happen to enter them by day, that I might have surveyed, to better advantage, their hallowed shores. I could not, however, regret the fine south wind that was bearing us so rapidly along through those narrow waters. It is perhaps ten chances to one, that vessels are not kept by head-winds at their entrance for days, and often for weeks.

Dec. 19. At daybreak, we arrived at an expansion in the Straits around which are several Turkish villages and castles. There we were obliged to lie until sunrise, as no vessel is allowed to proceed upward except during the day. Just at the southern entrance of this expansion, Xerxes is said to have thrown across his famous bridge. Tall minarets towered over each village and castle, and as the dawn advanced, Mŭhammedan priests announced from their tops the hour of prayer. How strange was that shrill summons—*La Alláh il Alláh, v Mŭhamméd Rasóol Alláh—There is no God but God, and Mŭhammed is his prophet*, sounded then for the first time in my ears. But from that day forward, for the last eight years, it has been a sound far more familiar to me than the cock-crowing in the morning. The fields about those villages were clothed with beautiful verdure and appeared fertile; and at a small distance back, lofty mountains rose, then capped with snow. In the afternoon, we left the Straits and entered the Sea of Marmora, the island of that name appearing at a distance ahead.

Dec. 20. At daybreak we found ourselves gently moving, about fifteen miles below Constantinople, and there a dead calm kept us, all that day. A Greek who spoke a little English, to while away the long hours, seemed inclined to religious discussion. He inquired of me whether we worship the virgin Mary. I told him that I worshipped God only. He replied, "but *we* worship the virgin," and proceeded to demonstrate the reasonableness of the practice. "Suppose," said he, "that you were a king and I a subject; if I wanted a favor, I should not go directly to *you*, but to some friend who was your favorite, and who would intercede for me; and just so we go to Mary and the other saints and worship them, that they may thus be induced to intreat God in our favor." "But you *would* come directly to the king, in the case supposed," said I, "if the way were opened to you and especially if you were even invited by him to come; and Christ has promised in the Scriptures to be an advocate—and no one can doubt his being a prevalent one—with the Father, for all who will come humbly and penitently to him; and the apostle accordingly exhorts believers to come boldly right to the throne of mercy that they may find grace to help in time of need." He assented to the truth of what I said, but seemed unwilling to admit the impiety of paying adoration to departed mortals.

How often have I since heard this same hackneyed simile, for the want of solid argument, urged in support of saint-worship, by persons belonging to the different oriental churches.

Dec. 21. About 1 o'clock in the morning, being awaked by the noise of casting anchor on deck, we dressed and went out and found ourselves in the harbor of Constantinople. We regretted that we had not come in by day, as the view to the approaching traveller is said to be indescribably grand and beautiful, *on the first sight*, the loss of which subsequent familiarity can never fully redeem. As soon as it was light we rose and went on deck, and were absolutely astonished at the splendors by which we were surrounded. An immense city on every hand! Lofty towers—magnificent mosks with their peering minarets — and gilded palaces stretched away in endless succession. Seraglio Point—the perfection of beauty—an earthly paradise—lay smiling before us challenging our first gaze as if conscious of the matchless loveliness of its enchanting bowers. The spacious harbor—the famous Golden Horn—seemed half filled with vessels of all sizes, kinds and *colors*, whose spars and rigging formed a continuous and almost interminable forest. And to give to the whole the fullest effect, a glorious sunrise poured an unwonted radiance over one of the finest of mornings. We stood and gazed in mute astonishment till our eyes were tired, but not sated, with the vast, new, strange and almost fairy scene.

About 8 o'clock, I went on shore with the captain. I was unable to make myself understood by an individual of the thronging multitudes around me. I therefore mutely followed the captain. He soon met with an acquaintance who invited us to his counting-house. I was interested to observe their cordial style of mutual salutation—a *hearty kiss*, which is common among all orientals after even a short separation. We were first offered pipes which we both declined, our captain presenting the rare anomaly of a Greek who does not smoke. Next came coffee, in cups twice as large as a thimble, without sugar and so strong as to be quite bitter. The captain soon transferred me to other hands—and they again to others; and I was thus shifted from one to another, I knew not whom, and led about I knew not whither, till at length a Greek beckoned me to follow him. I began to feel like a stranger in a strange land. I, however, followed him; and he soon knocked at a door which was opened, and what was my relief to be grasped by the hand and welcomed by the voice of an American, who told me that he was *Mr. Goodell.* He and Mr. Dwight returned with me immediately to our vessel to conduct Mrs. Perkins, who had long been waiting the result of my adventure, to our very grateful temporary resting-place among beloved missionary brethren, which we reached just three months from the day we embarked at Boston.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANTINOPLE, AND VOYAGE THENCE TO TREBIZOND.

A particular description of Constantinople would require a volume. I shall not attempt even a general one. Such descriptions are not wanting; and as a minute account of the place formed no part of my object in visiting it, nor enters into the purpose of this work, though I saw its most interesting objects, I shall tax the reader with no farther notices of our stay there except to quote a few of the very brief records of passing incidents which I made at the time, and then hasten along toward the still distant country of our destination. I may remark in general, however, in this connection, that the charm of the admiring traveller, which so transports him on the first view, is soon broken when he lands, especially, if it be in the suburb of Galata, through which Europeans usually pass on their way to Pera, the Frank quarter. The exterior of the whole city greatly belies its real character. The houses are generally frail, miserable fabrics built of wood, and the streets are more narrow, crooked and filthy than could well be conceived to exist in connection with the fair, enchanting scenes spread out to the eye of the observer as he enters the harbor. To these general remarks, however, we should make some exceptions, particularly in regard to public buildings. Many of the mosks are vast and magnificent structures, grand and beautiful in their proportions and exceedingly durable in their materials and construction. Think of the celebrated St. Sophia, the ancient christian church, coming down the many long centuries of its original hallowed use and its subsequent desecration to the worship of the False Prophet, still in a state of such unimpaired preservation! And some of the other mosks are but little inferior to it. Several of the bazárs, the Egyptian in particular, are lofty arched ranges, built of brick and lime, and in a style to stand for ages. The great aqueduct is still in use and in a state of good repair. Some of the barracks and other edifices devoted to the department of the army and navy are very spacious and imposing, and well adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. And last, though not least, several of the palaces of the Sûltán and other members of the imperial family are tasteful and finely constructed. This is particularly true of the new palace reared by the late Sûltán,—completed but just before his death,—and now occupied by his son and successor to the throne. This quite eclipses all its predecessors in elegance and symmetry, as well as in its dazzling splendors of "eastern gold." But, not to multiply the exceptions which might be somewhat farther extended, the mass of the shops

and private dwellings, throughout the great Osmanly capital, are miserable structures, which, however, have often, at even a near view, a very specious external appearance.

We remained at Constantinople about five months. It was then the outpost of the mission stations occupied by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in that direction. Our object in this delay was to acquire some knowledge of the Turkish language to facilitate our travelling beyond,—and to wait for the warm part of the year before attempting to cross the lofty mountains on our route, which are nearly impassible in winter. We moreover desired, rather than expected, that a medical companion might join us before we proceeded to Persia. We soon commenced the study of Turkish and pursued it as our business, during our stay at Constantinople, enjoying an excellent home in the family of Mr. Goodell who then resided in the suburb of Galata, and pleasant American society in the small circle of our missionaries, and of commodore Porter, our chargé d'affaires, Mrs. Brown, his sister, and several gentlemen attached to the legation.

Dec. 30. In company with Messrs. Goodell and Dwight, I crossed the harbor and visited the city of Constantinople. We called on Peshdamâljân, who was at the head of the Armenian college. He was an intelligent, and very liberal man, and was doing for the Armenians what Prof. Bambas has done for the Greeks, in the line of education. Though a layman, he was said to exert more influence over the Armenian clergy, than any ecclesiastic, and this influence was most decidedly in favor of the diffusion of knowledge and the study of the Holy Scriptures. Indeed, no Armenian at Constantinople was permitted at that time, to take priest's orders, unless he had been a considerable period under his instruction. Five theological students were reciting when we entered the room; and on this occasion he proposed to the missionaries to have the Bible printed in the vernacular tongue, in successive volumes, each consisting of a single book. Our interview with him was a very pleasant one. This laborious, excellent man has since died. He had accomplished a great work for the reformation of his countrymen. Many of the evangelical Armenians who have since come under the influence of our missionaries and taken their stand as witnesses and advocates for the truth, refer their earliest religious impressions to the instructions which they received from Peshdamâljân. He emerged alone from the deep darkness of the degraded Armenian church, and shone as a resplendent luminary, till a large cluster, each brighter than himself, rose around him and more than filled his place; and he, as we trust, was then transferred to a higher orbit. He may perhaps not inappropriately be styled the father of the reformation now in progress among the Armenians, inasmuch as he seems to have been the instrument of commencing it; though his was a very still and retiring course—furnishing a good example of the class whose

"Silent prayers and labors Heaven employs
To do the good while others make the noise."

Jan. 2. We dined with commodore Porter. He is a gentleman of much simplicity of manners and character, was very kind in his attentions to the missionaries; and he appeared to represent quite well the manly, unostentatious vigor of our republican government.

Jan. 6. To-day occurred the annual concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. At 12 o'clock, we held a meeting at Mr. Dwight's, first an hour in Turkish, and afterward an hour in English. A more interesting season I have seldom enjoyed. There were present four Armenians, three Greeks, an English sea-captain and the missionaries. One of the Greeks, who speaks English, and for his evangelical artlessness of character and manners, may be called a Nathaniel, gave some account of the Sandwich Island Mission. The natives present appeared highly delighted with the narration. The same Greek then concluded that part of the meeting with a prayer in Turkish. But the circumstance that gave the deepest interest to the occasion, was the case of two of the Armenians, whose names have since become familiar to the friends of missions in America. I refer to Hohannes and Senacherim. Hohannes had first, for some time, been groping in darkness which he deeply *felt*, but from which he knew not where to look for one to guide him. At length he met with Senacherim, and on incidentally intimating his feelings to him, was surprised and delighted to find him in a state of mind very similar to his own. From that day forward, they were accustomed to meet together, in retired places, for prayer and conversation, still seeking for spiritual guides. After some time, they heard of the American missionaries, and tremblingly searched them out, and to their unspeakable joy found in them just the assistance for which they had so long sought and prayed. To-day, they opened their hearts in a most artless and affecting manner, and detailed these circumstances to the missionaries, not seeming themselves to imagine that there was anything of special interest in their case. Their mutual attachment had become very peculiar, like that which existed between David and Jonathan. They had formally pledged to each other all the assistance in their power, in the trials and persecutions which they apprehended they might be called to suffer from their degraded, bigotted countrymen, in seeking to know and follow the truth. Of these young men, I noted in my Journal of that date, that they seemed designed by Providence to become champions in the work of Armenian reformation. They have since verified this hope,—Hohannes in his abundant labor and patience at Constantinople, and during his exile for the name of Christ to Caesarea, where also a work of revival commenced under his influence; and Senacherim in his faithful labors at home in the face of reproach and persecution for several years, till his pious ardor brought him to the United States for an education, that he might be qualified for still greater usefulness

among his countrymen. I was not a little gratified, on my return to Constantinople, to observe in Hohannes his former attachment to Senacherim still existing in all its early vigor, as a token of which he sent to his beloved brother in the faith and patience of the gospel, a few small boxes of sweetmeats, and a large packet of fraternal epistles. These interesting young men were the first fruits of the mission of the American Board at Constantinople, that have since expanded and ripened into the rich and precious harvest which the missionaries are now gathering in that very promising field.

Jan. 13. In company with Mr. Paspati, a Greek gentleman who was educated at Amherst college, and was now in the employ of our missionaries, I visited Constantinople. The wealth displayed in the vast bazárs appeared absolutely inconceivable, and fully to warrant the ideas and the epithets early familiar to my mind of the "riches of the East." We ascended the lofty Seraskier's tower by a flight of (I think) 187 steps. It completely overlooks the whole city—the surrounding country and the Sea of Marmora, presenting at one view a panorama of beauty, grandeur and magnificence that utterly defies description. We visited the celebrated Hippodrome (horse-race ground,) which is a great oblong square. Upon it stands the vast and lofty obelisk of Egyptian granite, mounted on a huge pedestal. It was transported from Thebes to Constantinople. There must have been "giants in those days" to import and raise upright so vast a block of stone, akin to the earlier Anakims who could quarry, polish and pile to the skies the imperishable monuments of Egyptian greatness. There, too, stands the spiral brazen pillar on which the tripod of the oracle of Delphi was placed. Where now, thought I, are the refined, idolatrous Greeks who constructed this pillar and consulted its oracle? Where was the generation that imported it to adorn the illustrious Hippodrome? Where were the proud and mighty emperors that had here graced the sports with the majesty of their presence? And where was the eloquent Chrysostom—the matchless christian orator—who had so often charmed and melted congregated thousands, by the richer than *golden* streams that flowed so attractively from his prolific tongue, on the public square which I was then privileged to tread? Alas, the men, so much feebler than the frail work of their hands, had all long ago mingled their dust with the clods of the valley, and such is man in his mightiest estate.

On our way home, we had the good fortune to meet the Sûltán with a large retinue; and the Seraskier pashâ at the head of a regiment. The captain admiral, too, as we crossed the harbor, passed in his large splendid *cāik* very near us. The Sûltán was a portly, noble looking man, with a countenance a little the worse for his wine-drinking, an indulgence into which he had fallen in his zeal for European improvements. In the rapid influx of civilization into Turkey of which this Sûltán was so great a champion, it is not strange, though so much to be regretted, that the tide of western

vices should roll in with it and neutralize its benefits. The troops that we met were in their then new uniform of blue cloth pantaloons and sailors' coats, both gaudily trimmed with red.

Jan. 16. I attended the funeral of one of the principal Armenians, who was at the head of the Turkish mint. The deceased was very rich. His funeral was attended by thousands who made a great ostentation of grief which, however, was too evidently put on for the occasion. Scores of ecclesiastics, with the patriarch at their head, bearing candles, swords, crosses and censers of incense, and chanting hymns as they moved along, walked in the procession. Tears flowed profusely, accompanied by audible sobs; but Orientals can *weep without emotion.* The deceased, however, was universally venerated among the Armenians; for he had loved their nation and built them synagogues. They very pertinently denominated him, their Mordecai.

In the evening, we attended the first meeting of our *American* Lyceum at commodore Porter's. The commodore was sick in bed, and his sister, Mrs. Brown, read his lecture which was quite interesting. His subject was astronomy. The arrangement was, that he, the young gentlemen attached to his legation, and the missionaries should lecture weekly, in rotation. We were very happy to engage in such an exercise, as the task of preparation so seldom recurred to each individual as to impose only a light tax of time and labor; it was a pleasant and profitable method of spending a social hour; and it might prove a source of important advantage to a number of American young men, who, in that distant city, were deprived of most of the means of intellectual as well as moral improvement enjoyed by their countrymen at home.

Jan. 26. This evening, a fire occurred very near us and just in the direction greatly to endanger our own dwelling. The wind, for a long time, enveloped Mr. Goodell's house in a shower of sparks and ashes, like snow in a winter storm. We put some of our goods in moveable order, intending to have porters carry them away, should our house take fire, and placed others—my library among the rest—in a fire-proof magazine under the house. This magazine happened to have water in it, into which some of my valuable books fell and were seriously injured. We had great cause for gratitude, however, that we were not driven houseless into the streets. Providentially, the dwelling of the chief physician of the Sûltán stood directly between ours and the fire. Several companies of the troops were ordered to save that house, under penalty of a heavy punishment in case of failure. They made vigorous efforts, arrested the progress of the fire and saved the physician's house, and in doing this, shielded ours from the threatened destruction. Fires are the great scourge of Constantinople. The almost constant prevalence of the plague was formerly a calamity of even greater magnitude. This is now happily excluded by a vigorous system of quarantine, regulated principally by foreigners. The frequency and extent of

the fires are much owing to the very frail and combustible character of the houses. The miserable, inefficient fire-organization of the city, moreover, opposes a very feeble barrier to the progress of a conflagration.

Jan. 28. I took a boat with Messrs. Dwight, Oscanyan (an Armenian) and Panyotes (a Greek) in the employ of the missionaries, and went up the Bosphorus to Bûyûk Dereh—a village about fifteen miles above the city. The beauty of the scenery on the shores of these straits is perhaps unequalled in the world. The villages are almost contiguous, and hang delightfully and conveniently on the slopes of either shore. The shrubbery was green even at this dreary season, and the hills and ravines above the villages, with here and there a beautiful kiosk—summer palace—present a bold background and give fine effect to the lovely scenes below. We passed, I know not how many, palaces of the Sûltân—perhaps as many as he had wives. Bûyûk Dereh is pleasantly situated at a bend in the straits, and is the summer residence of several of the European ambassadors. It was there that commodore Porter resided, when he so hospitably took Mr. Goodell and family into his house, at the time they were driven shelterless abroad by the great fire in Pera, from which they had a hair-breadth escape with their lives.

Feb. 16. About midnight, we were surprised by another fire. It was at Tôp hâna, some distance from us, but the wind was strong, and in a direction to bring it directly to our dwelling. Mr. Goodell, Mrs. Perkins and myself went to the scene. Three or four houses only had taken fire when we reached the spot; but in these it raged most terribly. Nothing could exceed the distressing nature of the scenes presented. Families driven houseless into the streets in a stormy winter night, and mothers, in one or two instances, crying out in agony that their *children* were devoured in the flames. The fire rapidly advanced, the flames leaping from house to house, and sparks and light pieces of boards on fire at length fell in heavy showers around our dwelling. The old Galata ditch and wall which lay between us and the course of the conflagration proved our only succor, and these for some time promised a very doubtful security. Thousands on thousands collected and gazed upon the appalling spectacle. The sober Turks, in good consistency with their fatalist doctrines, merely stroked down their long beards and repeated their pious ejaculations—*God is great—there is no God but God, and Mŭhammed is his prophet—What is to be must be—Wonderful!—Let the will of God be done*, etc.—No one, who has not witnessed similar scenes in Constantinople, can conceive the inefficiency of the firemen on such occasions. Engineers often stand and keep their men from work, stipulating with the owners of particular houses, for a given sum, before they will lift a hand to render assistance. The only alternative for the suffering owners is to stand still and see their dwellings burn down, or pay enormous sums to the mercenary harpies for their tardy and perhaps ineffectual efforts to save them.

This fire continued with terrible destruction until it reached the vacant space made by a former great fire and had in fact no more to burn. Nothing could surpass the awful sublimity of these scenes of devastation, especially in that dark and stormy night. With some of the missionaries I lingered about it till near 5 o'clock, when it began to subside. I then retired heartily weary of a residence in Constantinople.

In the afternoon of the following day, I went again with Mr. Goodell to the scene of the fire. Multitudes were among the smoking ruins, picking out from the ashes small incombustible articles. On inquiry, we found that several *women*, as well as children, had been consumed. We inquired of some Turks who sat near us digging out earthen *pipe-bowls* of the value of five paras—a half cent each—whether the bones of those who perished, had been found: and with an impatient shrug of the shoulders and shake of the head, they replied, "How do we know?"—as much as to say, 'don't hinder us with such unimportant questions'—and went on with their work, digging out pipe-bowls! So little is human life valued, in the Turkish capital.

That I may not trouble the reader with further notices of *fires* at Constantinople, I will simply add, that they occurred so frequently during our stay there, that I find among my notes the record of six, in one case, during a single week—which, however, would not perhaps be very formidable or strange in so large a city had there been efficient fire organizations, early to arrest their progress. As it was, I soon felt more timorous in going to sleep at night, under apprehension of danger from fire, than I had ever felt, in terrible storms at sea, however fearfully rocked and threatened by the angry billows of the ocean.

Feb. 25. Mr. Schauffler was married to Miss Mary Reynolds. The wedding was attended at commodore Porter's. Mr. Goodell performed the ceremony. Nearly all the guests were Americans, and I could not help feeling that there was a moral sublimity in the scene presented; an American wedding—and a christian wedding in the heart of the capital of the Ottoman empire.

Feb. 28. We went to see the Sûltán enter a mosk to perform his devotions. His approach to the mosk on Fridays, is the occasion usually embraced by foreigners to secure an advantageous gaze on his august person. To-day, he came on horseback. He rode of course a very fine horse, and about a dozen others of a like description, all richly and splendidly caparisoned, were led in file before him. They had previously enjoyed the exalted honor of bearing his imperial majesty, each a year; that was the longest period which it was considered proper for him to condescend to ride on one horse. Not wishing, however, to cashier in disgrace the noble animals that had been raised to the high dignity of carrying the Head of the Islam faith upon their backs, he allowed them, ever after, to be led in state before him, on public occasions.

In other instances, I saw the Sûltán approach different mosks in his pleasure boat; and in that case the event was announced and celebrated by a long and loud roar of cannon from his ships in the harbor. His boat was one of the most splendid and beautiful objects that I saw at the capital. It must have been seventy feet, and perhaps much more, in length, and was rowed by twenty or thirty men. It was of the same exquisitely graceful form of all the Turkish cāiks (boats), at Constantinople, and was gilded and ornamented in the richest style of oriental magnificence. The caiks, by the way, are among the earliest and most striking novelties that arrest the eye of a traveller on his arrival at Constantinople. They are very numerous, and are constantly darting in all directions across the harbor up and down the Bosphorus and on the Marmora. They are very light and frail in their construction,—being broadest about two thirds of the way toward the stern, the sides swelling and delicately curving from the bottom to the top, and the extremities gradually rising till they terminate in a sharp point. They are very easily upset, but answer a good purpose on the quiet waters for which they are intended. The oars are so large near the hand of the rower, as just to balance the blade across the side of the boat. The athletic boatmen, with their thin dress,—their light silk shirts, the sleeves extending only down to the elbow—are extremely easy and graceful in their motions; and the speed with which they skim the surface, scarcely causing a ripple, is astonishingly rapid.

I visited the Turkish schools in some of the barracks, and was deeply interested in them. There were four hundred and fifty young men in those that we first visited. Three of their largest halls were converted into school-rooms, fitted up with benches, sand-boxes—cards hanging upon the walls—black-boards and all the other apparatus of a Lancasterian establishment. All the soldiers there enjoyed the privileges of education. A part of them—perhaps one third—read and studied one part of the day; these then repaired to their tactics, and another division entered the school-room. The Turks borrowed the idea of these interesting schools for their troops from missionary schools among the Greeks; and indeed those Turkish schools were aided and influenced more or less by our missionaries, to whom the officers appeared to look up as to guides and patrons. They were very interesting signs of the times, evincing the commencement of a new order of things among the Mŭhammedans of Turkey.

April 19. In company with Messrs. Dwight and Johnston, and their ladies, we crossed the Bosphorus and visited Scutari and Cadiqua. The latter is the ancient Chalcedon, situated just opposite Constantinople on the northern shore of the Marmora. It is now only a large village. Scutari is the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, situated on the eastern shore of the mouth of the Bosphorus, directly in front of the harbor. It is the ancient Chrysopolis, (*city of gold*). Its streets are broader and more regular than are found

in any other part of the city which I have visited; there are the Sûltán's largest and finest barracks. We passed through a part of the celebrated burying-ground back of Scutari. It is several miles in extent; the graves are as thickly crowded together as possible, and the ashes of many individuals are doubtless deposited upon each other. Lofty cypresses so densely stud this whole vast cemetery as to exclude the rays of the sun, and to cloud it with a deep dark shade. What a Golgotha is there presented, and what an affecting spectacle of ephemeral *man*. Verily,

> "He walks forth the lord of the earth to-day,
> To-morrow beholds him part of its clay."

For the first time, our feet now pressed the soil of Asia; and the incident brought vividly to mind that very soon, we were to penetrate the heart of that continent, never again, probably, to set our eyes upon Europe or America.

April 22. It being the great Mŭhammedan Beiram (festival), we made out a party, and took a spring ramble up the Bosphorus. We again visited the village of Bûyûk Dereh, and then crossed the straits and ascended the famous Giant's mountain, on the opposite shore. Bûyûk Dereh (Great Valley) derives its name from its location. In the extensive valley back of the village, the Crusaders are said to have encamped. We were pointed to the identical tree —a button wood several yards in circumference—under the shade of which Godfrey is understood to have pitched his tent. Upon Giant's mountain are said to be deposited the remains of a fabled giant—the Mŭhammed Joshua. The tomb of his head is fifty-eight feet long. His history is written on the walls of the mosk attached to his tomb. There, as the fable runs, he was accustomed to sit and reach his feet down and wash them in the Bosphorus every night; and sometimes, as matters of recreation, to place one foot on each shore and allow vessels to pass under him. He is said to have fought against the Greeks who prevailed until the sun went down, when the giant, by the aid of that luminary's resuming his place in the heavens, gained a most triumphant victory. On the twigs of the shrubbery which adorns his tomb, small rags are tied in immense numbers, as tokens of votive pledges. This puerile fable of Joshua very well illustrates the disgusting, childish versions with which Mŭhammedan traditions clothe many of the events recorded in the Holy Scriptures. The view from the summit of Giant's mountain is grand and romantic beyond description. The Black Sea heaves up an ocean boundary on the north; forests, fields and verdant villages spread out a delightful landscape on the east; the Bosphorus with its silvery current and beautiful villages along the shores delight the eye on the south and west; while the back ground in the latter directions is filled up, on the west by distant hills and dales, and on the south by a dim view of the great city and the more distant blue of the Sea of Marmora.

During our stay at Constantinople, we naturally watched with deep interest for any intelligence that might throw light or shade on our prospects beyond. In the course of the winter, a letter was received from Sir John Campbell, then English ambassador to Persia, by Mr. Dwight, who had made the acquaintance of that gentleman when on his tour with Mr. Smith into that country. The following extract, in this connection, may not be uninteresting to the reader. The letter was dated at Tehrân, Nov. 20th, 1833,—"It is the darkness of the political horizon in Persia, occasioned by the demise of the Prince Royal, and the dangerous state of health in which his aged father has lately been, that prompt me to advise you to await patiently the course of events, before you venture to permit your friend, Mr. Perkins, to visit this country for the discharge of his holy functions. Some general commotion will certainly take place, before any establishment of order can be expected, or before any tolerable security can be afforded, to the persons or property of Europeans, whose avocations remove them from any authority.

"Oróomiah has, since your departure from the country, been devastated by the plague, and the subsequent evils which it has experienced from rapacious governors, has subverted all order, and, I may add, security, in the province; added to which the local government of Azerbijân is so inefficient and imbecile, that it is unable, either to collect revenues, restore order, or to protect the inhabitants, who, discontented and disaffected, are in a state little short of revolt. The incursions of the neighboring Koords, also, render a residence in any part of the province, at present unsafe for a European."

Abbas Meerza, whose death is here mentioned was the favorite son of his aged father, Feth Ali Shâh, and had, for many years, been heir apparent to the throne. He resided at Tabréez as the governor of Azerbijân, the northern province of Persia, and the regulation of the foreign relations of the whole country were entrusted to him, which led the English and Russian ambassadors commonly to reside in that city. He was a zealous patron of civilization, though like the Sûltân of Turkey, he had unhappily fallen into the vices of Europeans in introducing their improvements. Very high hopes, however, had been entertained, from his enlightened views, in his prospective reign over Persia. We had regarded our own missionary prospects in that country as not a little depending on the life and influence of that remarkable man. He, who has the hearts of all in his hands, has, in the event, however, raised up for us other protectors, to aid and encourage us in our work, beyond what we had ever anticipated in that dark Mŭhammedan land.

The letter from Sir John Campbell, to whose personal and official kindness, we were subsequently laid under very great obligations, as we shall have occasion to observe, did not deter us from prosecuting our arrangements to proceed to Persia in the Spring,

according to our original plan, as we had in mind to linger at Tabréez, until a more quiet state of the country should allow us to attempt a residence at the remote town of Oróomiah. To our great relief, moreover, on the very evening preceding our departure from Constantinople, a second letter was received from him announcing the appointment of another heir apparent to the throne, and a change in other respects so favorable, in the political aspect of things, that he advised me to come on immediately to Persia.

A letter received by Mr. Dwight, about the same time from the Rev. F. Haas, a missionary of the Basle Society, who had just come to Tabréez from Shoosha, in Georgia, alludes to this same general subject, from which also an extract may be interesting to the reader. It was dated at Tabréez, Dec. 13th, 1833. The idiom of a foreigner will of course be understood. The extract is as follows:

"I express to you the real joy I felt, when I heard from Mr. Nisbet, that we shall see, after a short time, some of your dear brethren, passing through this place and settling at Oróomiah. You expected them this autumn, at Constantinople, and that they were to continue their voyage next spring. I should be glad to hear if they really did arrive, and if, in consequence, we may hope to see them with us at the appointed time. May the Lord guide them safely to their hopeful and interesting field of labor. I trust we will give hand and assist one another by brotherly love and unity of spirit.

"The death of the Prince Royal, Abbas Meerza, produced no troubles here, as some were inclined to fear. The Shâh, Feth Ali, as it is said, has been restored from his sickness. He intends to send here Mŭhammed Meerza, the son of Abbas Meerza, to occupy the place of his father. Mŭhammed Meerza is said to be a *strong Mŭhammedan;* but a zealot for hereditary systems becomes, very often, more useful to the cause of truth than one indifferent to every religion. I felt myself bound to make this report, but must add, that in general, as you yourselves know, we cannot look for security in this country, (on account of the advanced age of the present king,) according to human manner of concluding, until a new king occupies the throne, who knows how to keep it." I hardly need say, that the pledge of this excellent missionary brother here made to "give hand and help one another," was most amply redeemed on our subsequent delightful acquaintance and intercourse, alike by himself and his worthy associates who afterwards joined him.

We took passage to Trebizond in a fine English schooner, the Shâh, (*king*, in Persian,) Capt. Smith, which plied regularly between that city and the capital. It was a countryman built in Baltimore—had been used as a *Slaver*—captured and sold, and was dignified with its present august *cognomen*, to attract the patronage of Persian merchants. We took with us an Armenian young man, who belonged at Smyrna, and knew a little English, to interpret for us in cases where my moderate stock of Turkish would not suffice, and render us other assistance on the way. In alluding to

him, which I shall have frequent occasion to do, I will call him by his name, *Takvóor*.

May 17. Early this morning we were summoned to repair to the schooner. She had left the harbor of Constantinople nearly a week before, when "the south wind blew softly," and even this soon dying away, had been toiling and beating, all that time, against the stern gusts from the north, so as if possible, to make her way up through the Straits of the Bosphorus and gain the Black Sea. And we had as long been on the alert—most of our boxes on board—hoping for a favorable breeze and expecting, every hour, to be summoned away. Our missionary friends were apprized of our expected departure, this morning, and all assembled, at Mr. Goodell's house, where we sung a hymn and kneeled down and prayed together, as we supposed, for the last time on earth. They then accompanied us to the wharf; there we exchanged the last farewell with most of them; while two or three stepped into the boat and accompanied us to the vessel. These were solemn and tender moments. When we left America, our struggling emotions and those of our friends, found some relief in the prospect of our enjoying a temporary home, with missionary brethren at Constantinople. Now, we were venturing out, upon untried ground, with no American missionary, and no American resident even, beyond us. We were also lonely, inexperienced adventurers, embarking on a momentous enterprise, with no christian friend to counsel or console, whatever difficulties and trials might await us. Trusting in God, however, at whose bidding we went, we felt no inclination to shrink or linger. The morning was one of the most lovely of May; and the Bosphorus studded with its smiling villages and now clothed in all the rich verdure of spring, spread out a scene before us indescribably beautiful. Never were our hearts more tenderly touched with the pathetic lines of Heber—

> "Though every prospect pleases,
> And only *man* is vile,"

than while passing the magnificent palaces, fine villages, fertile fields and tasteful gardens on each shore of these Straits, and contrasting these abounding gifts of nature and these splendid monuments of art with the degradation of the multitudes who inherit them.

We had expected to reach our vessel before ascending half way up the Straits; but, in hope of a fair wind, and having beat through *Devil's current*—the most rapid point in the Straits—the day previous, the captain had started at 3 o'clock in the morning, and, by incessant toil, had made up almost to the Black Sea before we overtook him. Our long ride of about twenty miles in the small boat, most of the way in the face of the chilling north wind, was rather tedious for the ladies; to the last, however, it was interesting. The mountains, for several miles, along the shores, were capped with clouds from the sea, now furiously leaping from summit to summit

"on the wings of the wind," and anon quietly curling and skulking in the ravines and valleys below.

Just after we went on board, an accident occurred. The wind suddenly falling and the vessel running near the shore to avoid the current, drifted down a little in a twinkling, and stuck fast upon a bar of sand. All was now hurry and anxiety. Fortunately, a boat, from the British frigate, Actaeon, lying at Tarapea, a little below, was passing by at some distance, from an excursion to the Black Sea, and came to our relief. On board the boat was Capt. Grey, (son of the late Prime minister of England,) a midshipman and about twenty men. Anchors were carried several rods and let down; the cables applied to the windlass, and, after emptying our water-casks and working two hours, we got off. I was much pleased with the unaffected gentlemanly conduct of Capt. Grey on the occasion. In him, real politeness seemed personified, the elements of which are always the same—simplicity and 'real kindness kindly expressed.' Our missionary friends repaired to the cabin and took some refreshment and then bade us farewell. Our eyes instinctively lingered after them, down the Bosphorus as long as they could be seen.

Our misfortune in getting aground hindered us too long to allow us to leave the Straits, that day, as the captain had intended. We therefore merely dragged up a little and anchored for the night. Two or three Turks came on board, greatly marvelling how we had made up so far, in spite of wind and current, and desired to procure for themselves and about twenty comrades, a passage in such a magic craft to Trebizond. Native vessels do not attempt to pass up those Straits without a fair wind. Our accommodations, in the Shâh, we found excellent. The captain was a very intelligent, kind man; and the owner, a pious gentleman, was on board as supercargo. In the cabin, was a large, well selected *christian* library: and Mrs. Perkins and myself had in addition a quiet little room to ourselves.

May 18. The holy Sabbath came with its delightful associations, but not with the sabbath privileges of home; and never did we expect to be permitted again to worship with such assemblies as we had enjoyed in our native land, or even at Constantinople. The captain was early on deck and called all hands, sent a line ahead and attached it to a Greek vessel that lay anchored near, and drew ours along side. As we came up we found on board the Greek brig from one to two hundred filthy fellows, Turks, Greeks and Armenians, bound to Trebizond. We made fast our vessel, replenished our casks with water, and were soon again on our way. The timid Greeks strongly remonstrated with Capt. Smith for attempting to force his way through the Bosphorus in the face of such rough winds. The superior skill and courage of English seamen seemed strongly to impress them with the general superiority of English character to their own. A stiff breeze prevailed for two or three hours, by the aid of which, we were able to beat; but it subsided and left us near the mouth of the Bosphorus still unable to gain the

Black Sea. We anchored at the foot of a summit on the Asiatic shore, on which is a Turkish castle.

May 19. We weighed anchor early and by short tacks under each shore, as was most favorable, succeeded in leaving the Bosphorus and entering the Black Sea about noon. A thick, damp fog still filled the atmosphere and vividly impressed us with the appropriateness of the appellation—*Black—or dark*, Sea. From the head of the Bosphorus, the shores, on both sides, recede at right angles, and, as a bend occurs in the Straits a few miles below, it is almost impossible for vessels coming down to find the entrance, especially when this fog prevails. Terrible wrecks occur there, in almost every storm. Beclouded in mist and fog, the doubtful mariner creeps along, and, uncertain, yet hoping, that he has gained the entrance, is decoyed into some treacherous nook and dashed in a moment upon the foaming rocks. There are few points in any sea navigated by Europeans which are so perilous.

A kind of romance came over us as we reflected *where* we were, —entering on a course never before traversed by Americans, except by Messrs. Smith and Dwight, on their return from Persia. Mrs. Perkins was the first American lady, who sailed on the Black Sea. We had anticipated delightful weather, at this season; but found it damp and chilly, during most of our passage.

May 21. This morning, a Turkish brig lay off against us, about four miles distant. She sent a boat to us, and we were a little apprehensive respecting the object. Innumerable pirates formerly infested this sea. Five athletic Turks jumped on board, made aft where we were sitting, and helped themselves to chairs. They wanted water. They had been strolling twelve days from Trebizond, without seeing land. We gave them a cask of water, the distance to the Straits and a note to our friends at Constantinople, and they quietly made off.

May 22. Our native passengers became tired of our slow progress, and proposed to resort to some expedient to procure a fair wind. It was affecting to observe the degrading superstitions, by which these benighted Mŭhammedans and nominal Christians are enslaved. The captain related to me some exhibitions of this description, that occurred on board the Shâh, on his previous passage down from Trebizond. On board was a large number of Turks, Persians and Armenians. A long calm occurred, during which the captain manifested some impatience. "Why do you not send for a fair wind?" they interrogated him; adding, "you have no right to expect a good wind without using means to obtain it." Accordingly, they set about procuring a fair wind, each respective class in their own way. Among the Armenians was a priest, and among the Persians a moollâh. The priest, at the request of the Armenians, dressed up two candles, with superstitious ceremonies and incantations, lighted them and sent them off, one before and the other aft, on cards large enough to float them on the surface.

The moollâh, at the instance of the Persians, extracted passages from the Korán, rolled them up and set them adrift. Three days afterwards a fair wind occurred, and the priest and moollâh came to the captain with an arrogant air, claiming a drink of rum as a reward for their agency in procuring it!

In the same company of passengers was illustrated the deep hostility that exists between the two Mŭhammedan sects, the Soonees and the Shîites. The Persians belong to the latter. On the passage, their barrel of water failed; and they applied to the captain for more. The captain pointed them to a cask in the hold, near which some of the Turks had their night quarters. "What," they exclaimed, "are we to drink water that has stood where the infidel Turks have been staying? It will not do!" The captain told them that his water was all there, and endeavored to pacify them; but all to no purpose. What to do, however, they knew not. To perish with thirst was hard, and to drink water near which the Turks or Christians had slept seemed equally frightful. The moollâh was therefore called, and a grave consultation took place, during which some of their number made further search for water, and finding one cask a few feet back of the others and less exposed to infidel pollution, their scruples so far subsided that it was resolved to fill their vessel from that cask. But a new difficulty then arose. There was but one pump for drawing off water, and that had been used by the infidels. They, however, attached a rope to it, threw it overboard, and after thoroughly soaking it in the salt water, this difficulty was also surmounted.

One of the Turks on board, sat on deck to-day, engaged most of the time in reading the Korán. It is very common for Mŭhammedan merchants and mechanics who can read, to keep their sacred book lying by them, and whenever a leisure moment occurs, to spend it in perusing its contents. How ought the reverential regard which these followers of the False Prophet thus pay to the productions of an impostor, to rebuke nominal Christians for their neglect of the word of God!

May 23. Takvóor told the Turks that I came from the *New World*, the only appellation by which America is known to them. They stared at me with amazement, and said it was a day favored beyond any they had ever anticipated, that they were permitted to behold an inhabitant of the New World. I inquired of them where they supposed the New World to be situated, and they pointed upward! The captain informed me, that his Persian passengers on the previous passage to Constantinople, developed a regular theory on this subject. They told him, that their countrymen, who know of the existence of the New World, suppose it to be located in the skies, and hold that the English discovered it by the aid of a very large telescope! The Persians, from their situation back in the interior, know very little of matters pertaining to the sea. Those merchants who then went down to Constantinople, had never before seen ves-

sels. One day, observing the captain taking the sun with his sextant, they supposed him to be searching in the skies for land! They became quite apprehensive, thinking that he had lost his way, and held a sober conference among themselves on the subject. One gravely asked, "Do you suppose he really knows where we are?" and a second as gravely replied, "Perhaps we have got out of the Black Sea, it is now so many days since we have seen the land, and are now going, the Lord only knows where!"

On board was an old Hâjée. This term is applied to those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Takvóor, hearing the old man addressed by that epithet, inquired of him whether he had actually been to the sacred city. "O yes," he replied with an air of great self-complacency, "and you and that gentleman (meaning me) ought to go to *Jerusalem!*" Both Mŭhammedans and eastern Christians regard pilgrimages to hallowed places as certain to secure them eligible seats in paradise, whatever may be the personal character of the pilgrim.

At sunset I observed the Hâjée saying his prayers, which he did publicly on deck. Mŭhammedans never seek retirement for their devotions, but commence at the moment prescribed, wherever they happen to be, on the road, in the field, in the market, or on deck on ship-board. They often break off, also, and attend to salutations or business during their prayers. I have observed our muleteer, on the road, suddenly halt, when we were travelling quite fast, dismount, kneel and commence his prayers; then rise, ride on, overtake us, dismount again and resume his devotions, and so on, repeating the same process five or six times, and meanwhile, giving all necessary directions to his servants, until the customary routine was completed. They accompany their recitals with frequent genuflexions and pressing the forehead on the ground; and are always particular to perform their devotions with their faces directed towards Mecca, the birth-place and tomb of their prophet.

The Hâjée, who had been a great traveller in his own estimation, made many inquiries respecting the location of the New World. "According to our ideas," said he, "there is only one world; and the New World must be some part of that; yet, if it is a part, how can it be so far distant?" The captain endeavored to explain to him, that a great ocean must be crossed to reach the New World. "But there is no sea larger than *Akh Dengis*—the Mediterranean Sea," he replied; and so difficult was it to convince him of the existence of a larger body of water than the Mediterranean, that we were obliged to leave him as ignorant and perplexed as we found him.

In the prospect of soon reaching Trebizond, Takvóor, in the afternoon transformed himself from an Armenian into a European, by a metamorphosis as great and sudden as that by which a chrysalis ever becomes a butterfly. He had long been wishing to put on European clothes, but fear of the Turks had prevented. At this distance from his home, and in my employ, that obstacle was re-

moved. Unfortunately, however, his metamorphosis was, in the *descending order*—from the butterfly to the chrysalis. For purposes of active labor, the European costume may be superior; but for gracefulness, the flowing robes and swelling turbans which even *rayáys*, (christian subjects,) are permitted to wear, entirely eclipse tight coats and pantaloons. And on our arrival at Trebizond, Takvóor's constrained, awkward appearance, in his new chrysalis state, drew upon him so many humorous comments, from all classes, that he soon resumed his former costume.

May 29. The wind freshened about noon and carried us rapidly toward Trebizond. The atmosphere was uncommonly clear, and the sun, shining with a peculiar brilliancy, on the city and surrounding country, presented an enchanting scene. The houses in the city were half shrouded in verdant trees and shrubbery; cultivated fields rise gently in the rear; elevated hills, covered with fine forests, and fruit-trees growing wild, but richly productive, lie farther back, rising successively higher and higher; and lofty mountains, many of them covered with eternal snow, stretch from the sea at cape Jorōz fifteen miles west of the city, and meeting the sea again far to the east, form a magnificent amphitheatre and bound the horizon. As we approached the city, the outlines, which at first appeared indistinct, brightened and increased in beauty and in symmetry, until the eye was filled with the completeness of the scene.

The Shâh fired a gun, as we entered the harbor, and the flags of all the consuls in the city were flying as a token of welcome. We dropped anchor about sunset and were soon safely moored. The arrival of an English vessel, at that distant city, was then an event of much interest, both to the natives and the European residents. Now, the magic power of steam, which was not long after introtroduced into those regions, has so annihilated distance on the Black Sea, that we came down from Trebizond to Constantinople in less than three days, about one third of the period occupied by our gallant Shâh in beating up the Bosphorus, a distance of only thirty miles, when we went on,—and it has made that remote city, away on the south-eastern shore of the Euxine, for facility of business and frequency of communication, almost like a suburb of the Turkish capital.

CHAPTER VI.

TREBIZOND, AND JOURNEY THENCE TO ERZROOM.

We went on shore, May 30th, the morning after reaching Trebizond, and were cordially welcomed by Messrs. Sutor* and Abbott, of the English consulate and mercantile house, under whose hospitable roof we found an excellent home during our stay in the city. For this attention and their very kind efforts in aiding us to complete our preparation for our land-journey, we were laid under great obligation. Mr. Brant, the consul, was absent on a journey to Persia. These English gentlemen, a French consul and his family, and a Russian consul, were then the only European residents in Trebizond. This city is the ancient Trapezus, situated at the south-eastern extremity of the Black Sea, in the province of ancient Pontus. It is about six hundred miles distant from Constantinople. It has, from time immemorial, been a place of considerable celebrity. It was the first Greek colony which received and entertained the Ten Thousand in their immortal retreat. Originally settled by enterprising Greeks, it early rose into commercial importance, and at a later period was for a long time the capital of the eastern Greek empire. It is favorably situated for trade, particularly for transit trade, being on the great high-way between Europe and Central Asia. It has unfortunately nothing that can be called a harbor; but has a tolerably good road-stead for the anchorage of vessels. Remains of an ancient mole, constructed by the emperor Hadrian, are still perceptible, but no longer of utility.

Trebizond contains a population not varying far from 25,000, of whom about 3,000 are Greeks, 1,000 Armenians, a few hundreds Armenian Catholics, and the rest Mŭhammedans. The latter reside principally within the wall of the city, which is in a state of very good repair; while the Christians, both natives and Europeans, are limited to the part without it. Osmân Pashâ was then, and still is, the governor, who is said to be a bigotted Mussulmân, but is an excellent ruler for a Turk. His fame is particularly celebrated for having reduced to subjection the Laz, a wild disorderly tribe of Mŭhammedans, who reside in the mountainous regions back of Trebizond, and have formerly committed frequent depredations on travellers and caravans.

The exterior charms of this place, whose natural situation is really almost unparalleled in beauty, are soon marred, as is the case at Constantinople, and indeed in all eastern cities, when the traveller

* Now British consul at Cesarea.

enters it. The houses are built principally of stone, the roofs being covered with half cylindrical tile; and they are without glass windows. Here too the streets are exceedingly narrow, crooked and filthy. The climate is very mild for its latitude. Figs, olives, pomegranates, and lemons, are easily cultivated in and around the city. Its atmosphere is singularly humid, so much so that cutlery and every metal article can be preserved uninjured, only with the greatest difficulty. The most striking physical feature of Trebizond is a lofty bold hill, that overhangs it in the rear, called by the natives, Bâs Tapá, (Azure hill,) from which stone is extensively quarried for building, and from the top of which is enjoyed a perfect bird's-eye view of the town and its environs below, and a magnificent prospect of the sea and its shores far to the eastward and westward.

The shyness and curiosity manifested by the natives, as we passed through the streets, announced a degree of barbarism which we had not before witnessed. They have a reputation abroad for possessing an unusual share of rudeness and bigotry,—a character which the Europeans who reside there, as they informed us, have abundant occasion to award them.

May 30. We visited the French consul, M. Outráy. He is an elderly man and has a large family who have wandered about with him from place to place in western Asia, as he has received different appointments under government. For many years, he was consul at Bagdád, subsequently, at Aleppo, and was now and still is, consul at Trebizond, where his office is a mere sinecure, a French vessel hardly ever appearing there. He is a native of Bagdád, and first entered the service of government in the capacity of dragoman (interpreter) to general Gardana, the ambassador sent by Napoleon to the Shâh of Persia, to treat for a passage through that country, on his projected career of conquest to India. The consul is a very modest, gentlemanly man, has a handsome, intelligent family of children, and his wife appears to be an extremely nice, kind lady. She entertained us, on this occasion, with a very minute account of her adventures in crossing the desert between Aleppo and Bagdád, some years before, with several of her children, in a caravan of camels. This narrative she often repeated to us. The polite attentions of this French family I should not omit gratefully to acknowledge. French kindness when compared with that of the English is frequently light, flippant and agreeable, rather than solid and useful. This difference, which a traveller often notices as he meets with representatives of the two nations, is well characterized in the laconic description of an American lady who was some time sick at Marseilles. This lady being ill among strangers in a strange land, was of course in circumstances well adapted to test the hospitality of her neighbors. *The French ladies*, she states, *would come and bring her flowers all day, while the English ladies would come and watch with her all night.*

Takvóor, in his rambles to-day, fell in with an Armenian priest,

with whom he had a long conversation, some of the items of which he detailed to me and I will do the same for the reader.

Priest. You have come here with a stranger, I understand.

Takvóor. Yes, with an American gentleman.

P. I suppose you are a Turk, as you wear the dress of the soldiers. (Takvóor was still in his *chrysalis* state.) *T.* No; my nation is Armenian. *P.* How then do you wear such clothes? *T.* I am the interpreter of this American gentlemen. *P.* I am glad one Armenian is allowed to wear Frank clothes; but how comically you look in them! Well, is this gentleman a *Luthán*?* *T.* Yes. *P.* Is the religion of the English and of the American the same? *T.* Yes. *P.* Well, you are every day with this gentleman; do you eat all things? *T.* Yes; in the New Testament it is written, to the *pure* all things are pure; and again, 'not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man.' *P.* This is true; well, come and drink coffee with me; and when you go home, give my respects to the American gentleman and invite him to come and see me, and walk with me daily in my garden.

As most of the religion of these oriental Christians consists in their crossing themselves and in attention to their meats and drinks, in relation to which they are very punctilious, the liberality of feeling manifested by this priest was very gratifying.

June 1. The Sabbath,—but no "church-going bell" called us to the sanctuary of God. The native nominal Christians spend a small portion of the morning in senseless recitals and ceremonies, and the rest, in clamor and noise. The Mŭhammedans throughout Turkey, as if to obliterate every vestige of its sacredness, have incorporated the desecration of the Sabbath into their language, calling it, *bazár gün*, market day; and they employ it accordingly. And this Sabbath violation of the natives, I regret to add, in Trebizond and other cities in the East, receives little rebuke from the example of the European residents. To-day, for instance, in the morning, the French consul and his son returned our visit; and in the afternoon, Mr. Mason, dragomán of the English consul, and his wife and child, called to see us. Mr. M. is a very intelligent gentleman. His father was a Frenchman and his mother a Greek. His wife is also a Greek. I gave their little boy a copy of the New Testament in the modern Greek, hoping that the *Sabbath* visit might thus prove a blessing to the visitors.

June 4. I called on the Armenian priest above mentioned. He was the second ecclesiastic in age and influence in the city. He received me very cordially and took me with him to visit the Armenian school. The Armenians at Trebizond have but one school, and this scarcely deserves the name. It was then under the care

* A Lutheran—an epithet applied by Greeks and Armenians to protestants in general—and usually involving the idea of flagrant heresy, if nothing worse.

of the clergy, some of whom visited it every day. It consisted of about 120 boys, and was taught by a deacon. All sat, *a la Turk*, upon the naked *stone* floor. The room was small, and had neither benches, tables, nor glass windows. Still, the poor boys, all with bright black eyes, seemed happy even there. A few of them had tattered copies of the Psalms, which were the only school books used. The teacher had one entire copy of the Bible, which, I was told, he read daily to the children. But in the absence of books and other apparatus suitable for a school-room, I was pained to observe the walls almost entirely hung with pictures and crosses. Three priests were present when I called to see this school. All appeared to be delighted with my visit. I told them and the children about our schools in America. "We wish," said the priests, "that our girls and all our children might learn; but we are poor, and oppressed by the Mŭhammedans." I inquired of the priests whether they would each accept from me a copy of a New Testament. "Most thankfully," they replied; "and we wish you to write our names, together with your own, in them, and we shall thus often be reminded with pleasure and gratitude of the giver." They urged me to walk and sit awhile with them, in their garden, importuned me to repeat my calls, and when I left them, sent bunches of flowers and roses, and many regards, to Mrs. Perkins.

June 5. Takvóor carried the New Testaments tot he Armenian priests. They returned many thanks, and said they should read these books in their churches, that the people might be able to understand what they hear. The Testaments were in Armeno-Turkish—a language understood by all classes; whereas, the Bibles before used, where Bibles existed at all, were in *ancient Armenian*, a language about as well understood, by priests and people, as Egyptian hieroglyphics.

I was not a little gratified, on my return, to learn from the Rev. Mr. Johnston, our missionary at Trebizond, that these priests had been his unwavering friends, in secret, and in public, so far as they dared to be, ever since the commencement of his mission, which was soon after my acquaintance with them. Only the principal one was now in the city. I felt a strong desire to visit him, particularly after hearing this account of him. But Mr. Johnston assured me, that a visit from me would bring down a shower of wrath upon the poor priest from the bigotted bishop now there, which I should be as unwilling to become in any way instrumental of inflicting, as he would be unable to bear. Such is the intolerable rigor, with which many Armenian bishops attempt but too sucessfully to lord it over God's heritage. The rod of their oppression will however, we trust, ere long be broken.

When Takvóor delivered the Testaments, as above-named, an aged priest from Gümüsh-khânáh, a town back in the interior, was present. He was so enraptured at the sight of the books, that he immediately pulled off his cap and exclaimed, "O God, reward this

gentleman, and bless him on his journey." And when Takvóor left them, this priest called to him, and told him to present his love to me, and beg for him one such New Testament. I sent to the old man my only remaining copy. The next day, several boys from the school came to me, begging New Testaments for themselves, but I was obliged to send them empty away, deeply regretting that I had not taken with me an ample supply.

The reader will recollect that my instructions contemplated our embarking at some port on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, and travelling thence by *Tiflis through Georgia* into Persia; and such was our expectation until we received fuller information, relative to the comparative facilities of different routes, at Constantinople. The much greater distance and the numberless embarrassments and delays, likely to be experienced in attempting to travel in the provinces of Russia, appeared to us and to others acquainted with the subject whom we consulted, to be far more formidable obstacles than the frightful mountains and some danger of annoyance from the lawless Koords, on the shorter route.

Our preparations had been principally made, as those of every traveller in that direction should be, at Constantinople. There we were furnished with a royal firmân, through the agency of our chargé d'affaires, commanding all magistrates, high and low, on our route to Persia, to show us kindness and respect and render us all needed assistance,—the whole couched of course in the pompous garb of oriental grandiloquence. As this firmân is a very fair specimen of Eastern metaphor, I give it below to the reader. He of course knows enough of Asiatic rhetoric, to understand my *rank* as a *nobleman* and commodore Porter's, as a christian *chief*.

A Turkish Firman.

You, the honor of judges and wise men, the fountains of excellence and wisdom;—you who dwell, from my Sublime Porte (lofty gate) in the countries by land and by sea, mentioned below, on the roads leading hence, or coming thence:

Ye judges of the countries, and vicars of the judges, (may your excellence be increased); you who are the glory of your fellow-chiefs, and lofty men of the countries, the glory also of the magistrates, (may your power be increased):

When this my high and lofty mandate shall arrive; Be it known unto you, that the chargé d'affaires of the kingdom of America, who is the highest among the christian chiefs, David Porter, (may his end be blessed,) in his letter sent to my sublime Porte, it was written, that from the nobles of America, the nobleman Perkins, with his wife and one dragomán and confidential servant is going from my sublime Porte, for the purpose of travelling, by sea to Trebizond and from thence by land to Erzróom and Bayazéed and round about that region;—and that this nobleman, with his

wife and dragomán and confidential servant, going and coming through those places, where they stop to rest on the way, as it is necessary, the tax-gatherers, and other officers, with no pretence, may trouble or lay any duty upon them; but take care that they proceed safe and sound, with security and protection.

To this effect, the above mentioned chargé d'affaires besought for this my sacred decree. Therefore, it is my command, that it be done, as it is written above.

And now ye judges, and vicars of judges, and all ye rulers mentioned above, this nobleman, (his servant not being a *rayáh*, but being a confidential true servant, as it is mentioned,) with his wife and his interpreter and his servant, going from my sublime Porte through those places, by land or by sea, which have been mentioned, when he stops to rest on the road, as it may be necessary, in any place, let the tax-gatherers and other officers, with no pretence, make them any trouble or lay upon them any duty, but the contrary furnish them protection and security, and take care that they go on their way in safety and in peace.

The authority of this my sacred mandate, is in force from this time henceforth, about seven months; and from that time afterward, its validity having ceased, into whosesoever hands it may fall, let it not be obeyed nor respected, but taking it from his hands, send it here to my sublime Porte, to be thrown into the depository of my annulments.

To this effect is given my sublimely glorious mandate. I command with my sacred authority that when this shall appear before you, you do as it is required of you, according to my sacred mandate herein announced. Do ye and act according to my sacred command. Thus know ye and give credence to the holy seal.

Dated about the first days of the moon (month) Mŏharrém ŭl Harân, in the year 1250, in the city, Constantinople.

At the capital too we procured the following articles for the road: 1. A tent, which is indispensable to the comfort and health of travellers, especially to ladies, in summer, (the only season when Europeans are often likely to attempt to travel that route,) to shield them from the ravenous vermin with which the native houses are all thickly infested. It also diminishes exposure to the plague, by preventing the necessity of entering the villages for lodgings. 2. A large pair of Russian leather-bags, resembling in shape the common saddle-bags of a country physician, but eight or ten times as large. These, being proof against rain, completely preserved our clothes and books which we wished to keep accessible, from injury on the way. 3. Two round boxes resembling a peck measure, with a cover and divided into several small circular compartments. In one of these boxes we carried our tea-set which consisted of thick glass tumblers in the place of cups and saucers; and in the other, we put our plates, spoons, knives and forks, the plates being cop-

per, but tinned over, that they might impart no poisonous properties to our food. 4. A portable *kitchen*, as the natives call it, consisting of some half dozen copper pans, six or eight inches in diameter, fitted so as to set one upon another, the bottom of each, in the ascending order, being a trifle smaller than the brim of its predecessor and just entering it, and the whole capable of being fastened together in this position by two copper side-pieces hooked to the upper and lower pans in the series. In this apparatus, we carried our butter, cheese, rice, etc. with great convenience. 5. A copper kettle and frying-pan, a gridiron, and a tin tea-pot and tea-kettle. Two or three pieces of oil-cloth and as many small carpet rugs to spread in our tent at night, completed our outfit from Constantinople. Our bedding we had brought with us from America. For chairs, tables and a bedstead on our journey we occasionally arranged our trunks and boxes, but oftener sat, ate and slept flat upon the ground. There are many other articles of furniture for the road kept in the bazárs at the Turkish capital, which the traveller can attach to his portable establishment or not, as his taste or the state of his purse may dictate. As, however, all the conveniences of civilized life cannot be enjoyed, on a journey in the East, it will generally be found, "that he that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little, had no lack."

I need not inform the reader, that we and our effects were transported from Trebizond to Persia on the backs of horses, no wheel carriages being used in those regions. Mules are also used, in caravans, and camels extensively,—though less on the difficult route between Trebizond and Erzróom,—and a donkey or two usually follows in the train, on which the muleteer rides or carries his provisions. In arranging the above named articles for the journey, our tent, bound up, was half a horse-load, and our beds, attached by ropes, balanced it on the opposite side. Upon the Russian bags, our servant rode. Our tea and table-sets, arranged in their cases, the portable kitchen and the cooking utensils were placed in a deep basket covered with a coarse hair bag; and this basket with a corresponding one, covered in the same way and containing our stores and dry provisions, formed another load.

There is doubtless great misapprehension in Europe and America, in relation to the weight and size of the loads that are carried over the rough mountains of Asia Minor, on the backs of animals. The lamented Mrs. Grant was dissuaded by a prudent adviser, from taking with her, to Persia, a small framed portrait of a beloved parent—an omission which I have often seen her regret with tears—because as everything must be carried so many hundred miles on the backs of horses, all that was not absolutely indispensable must be left behind. But conceive of the vast amount of merchandize that passes annually, in both directions, between Europe and Persia, —a caravan almost every week or oftener pouring itself into some spacious caravanserái and depositing its heavy loads in huge piles,

themselves almost like small mountains,—and this method of transportation assumes a different aspect. Two hundred and eighty pounds is the maximum load for a single horse, which should be divided into two nearly equal parts, placed in boxes of almost any shape,—long narrow ones are the most convenient. These are attached by ropes and slung, one on each side, and bound to the body of the animal, resting and riding snugly against his broad pack-saddle. The most portable of my loads were my books, that were put up in cases six feet long, two feet high, and one foot wide. A load of this size is usually carried from Trebizond to Persia for a sum varying with the demand for horses, from ten to fifteen dollars. Who then would deny the pilgrim missionary the privilege of carrying to his distant exile the comfort of a parent's likeness that might in its frame weigh perhaps from six to eight ounces!

For Mrs. Perkins, who was then but little accustomed to riding on horseback, we surmounted a broad saddle of the country with a frame like a chair. We also took with us a vehicle, which is called in Turkey, the *măffás*, and in Persia, the *cajaváh*—to secure her from exposure in wet weather. It consists of two boxes, slung one on each side of a horse, just large enough to admit a person in a sitting posture. These are furnished with light ribs overhead to which a canvas covering is attached. One person may ride in each box, or an individual in one may be balanced by a half load of some kind in the other. Mrs. P. used this vehicle only a part of the first day, finding her position in it very confined. We afterwards filled both sides with our effects which we had accasion to use on the road. On our return, being much accustomed to riding, she preferred the American side-saddle to the broad saddle of the country even, which had served her so well on our way to Persia.

From Trebizond to Erzróom—or rather, to Baibóot, a town a little more than midway,—there are three distinct routes. The winter, or western route, leads by Gümüsh-khânáh. It is the longest of the three; but winding its tortoise-way through deep narrow valleys and ravines, it is nowhere so high as to be wholly impassible in the depth of winter; and this is usually the only route that can be travelled in that season. The second or middle route is considerably shorter, but is more mountainous and difficult. It leads by the village of Maddén; and is the one most travelled by couriers and extensively by caravans, in summer. The third, or eastern road, is at least a day shorter than the middle one, but is more rough, and until within a few years, was frightfully beset by hordes of the marauding Laz. It leads by the village of Chailér. This road is now commonly travelled by Turkish muleteers in summer; while Persians and their horses, less accustomed to climbing the frightful precipices of ancient Pontus, still prefer the longer routes. We chose the middle one, as the shortest, even at that late season, was said to be still encumbered with vast quantities of snow.

It was not until June 10th that we and our muleteer, who was a

Turk, were ready to start for Erzróom. We sent along our boxes in the morning; but it being rainy, remained ourselves, hoping for fair weather, until afternoon. Our company consisted of Mrs. P. and myself, Takvóor and an Armenian tailor whom Mr. Sutor had procured to act as our servant as far as Erzróom,—besides our muleteer and his companions, belonging to the caravan. The rain ceasing a little we took leave of the gentleman of the European consulates at Trebizond about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting to meet with no more society except the barbarians of the country, during our long journey. The length, roughness and solitariness of the way,—a distance of near seven hundred miles and over almost impassible mountains,—the perils from tribes of robbers with which the road is usually more or less infested, and the frightful pestilence which often curdles the atmosphere of those regions in summer, all stared us in the face and challenged our faith and our courage; but we believed that as our day, so would also be our strength, and rejoiced to go forward.

As we passed out through the city, we seemed greatly to astonish the natives, who thronged the streets in large numbers to gaze for the first time upon a lady from "the West." We ascended the lofty Bâs Tapá by a steep rocky zigzag path which was partially paved and cut from the rocks into stairs; and as we reached the top, the clouds dispersed, and the Black Sea, the city and surrounding country spread out a scene of almost unequalled beauty and grandeur. We could not forbear to "look back" and feast our eyes on such a scene,—particularly as they were sadly reluctant to take their last look of vessels and seas. Passing across the Bâs Tapá and a lower ridge beyond, we descended into the deep narrow valley of Trebizond River—called Mill River—by a rocky difficult pass, similar to that by which we rose from the city. We followed up this valley in a south-east direction, through a constant succession of the rarest charms of rural loveliness. Mountains rise high on either side; small but beautiful fields lie along their declivities, stretching up almost to their tops and extending down to the river's edge, except where they are interrupted by steep precipices, that leave scarcely a single parapet for the passing traveller and caravan, while the neat shingled cottages of "the dwellers among the rocks" hang romantically along the upper cliffs or are perched on the brink of the stream below. The inhabitants of this and the neighboring valleys are Laz and Greeks who live together in tolerable harmony, the nominal Christians not differing much from their compatriots of a different faith, in point of rudeness and barbarism. The articles most cultivated by them are hemp and Indian corn.

About ten miles above the city a bridge crosses the river, and the road, by Chailér—the shortest route—leads up a valley from the eastern shore. On the over-hanging pinnacle of the bold ridge, that separates that valley from the one we followed stands an old castle, monarch of the hill, which is the residence of one of the valley-lords,

(as they are called,) who have formerly headed their wild tribes in a plundering mode of life, but now quietly govern them under their wholesome subjection to Osmán Pashâ.

Our Turkish companions of the caravan passed cheerfully along, occasionally breaking the monotony of "the bells on the horses," by singing a traveller's song or entertaining each other with marvellous narrations. How novel to our eyes and our ears were the scenes and the sounds of that afternoon, which have ever since been as familiar as the sight of carriages, the sound of rattling wheels, the notes of the stage-coach horn, or the whistle of the rail-road car to our friends in America. Among the Scripture allusions of which every incident and almost every step seemed a vivid illustration, none struck me more delightfully than the promise of a day approaching, when "holiness to the Lord shall be written on the bells of the horses," for we had the grateful consciousness, that to hasten such a period was the object of our undertaking.

Just before night, it again commenced raining; and we had started so late in the day,—our progress also being much retarded by the muddy state of the road in consequence of the rain,—that to reach our stopping-place we were obliged to ride some time in the evening. In darkness, rain and mud, we climbed precipices and again descended them, on the very brink of the river, until we were heartily glad to find a resting place and a shelter, even under a tent.

We reached Javislík, a village six hours* (about twenty miles) from Trebizond, near 9 o'clock in the evening. Takvóor and our muleteer had preceded us, a few minutes, and were erecting our tent near the village, on the river bank, when we arrived. Unfortunately, from haste, darkness or ignorance, they had put it up inside out and were obliged to take it down again. This mistake corrected, after a little time we procured a light, and spread down our oil-cloth and rugs, to shield us from the wet ground.

Meanwhile our servant procured a little fuel, made a fire at our tent door and prepared some tea which we drank and retired with thankful hearts to rest. The roaring of the stream within a few feet of us, and the patting of the rain on our tent soon lulled us to sleep; and our slumbers were kept from molestation, from the intrusions of curiosity or hostile intentions, by a guard of three armed men, sent to us unasked by a valley-lord, the agá (chief man) of the district. And we had the joyful consciousness of yet greater security, though defenceless wanderers, in strange benighted climes, and sleeping in a tent by night, under the protection of that divine Keeper, who took care of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph in their wanderings, in foreign and hostile lands, and has given to all his disciples the comforting assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

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* The rate of travelling, by caravans, is about two and three-fourths, or three, miles an hour; and distance is reckoned by hours.

June 11. Daylight revealed to us Javislík, which consists of about twenty rude houses. The valley-lord had an imposing situation in another castle, on the summit of an over-hanging mountain. I sent Takvóor into the village for *eggs*, but he returned saying "there are *none*;" I then sent him for meat, but he could find *none*, being told that it was too late in the season. I sent him a third time for milk, but his answer was still, "there is none: it is all made into *yogóord*."* "What is there to eat," I inquired; "why, nothing but yogóord." Not having learned to appreciate this oriental dish, we directed our servant to spread before us dry food, from the provisions we had with us, from which we made a comfortable repast, and started again about eight o'clock in the morning. The weather was cloudy and very damp, though it did not rain. Crossing, by an arched stone bridge, a considerable tributary of the Trebizond river which joins the main stream from the east at Javislík, our road still lay in a south-east direction. A few rods beyond the village we left the western route (the one leading by Gümüsh-khânáh), which still follows up the valley along the bank of the river, and rose gradually on the side of a mountain, leaving beautiful fields on the declivities below. As we advanced, we at length found ourselves enveloped in dense clouds, and thus proceeded, until we came upon the top of a narrow ridge, with almost unfathomable profundities on either hand, which were now and then imperfectly revealed, as the clouds were partially driven away by the wind. We followed this ridge some distance, while it gradually widened into a mountain top, clothed with a thick growth of heavy timber. The lofty beech and cedar were predominant; and one of the most common bushes of the under growth was that from whose flowers then in blossom the honey is extracted, mentioned by Xenophon as poisoning some of his troops. It is a bush resembling that in America which bears a watery excrescence, about as large as an apple, much sought in spring by children, and usually called, *honey suckle*. The latter bush also grows there abundantly, and the only difference between the two is, that the one from which the poisonous honey is extracted has a *yellow* blossom, while that of the other is a pale red. 'Alps still o'er Alps arose,' which we climbed by rough, narrow and often zigzag passes, to almost interminable heights, until we found ourselves shivering in a climate entirely different from the one in which we had started in the morning. We were compelled to put on additional cloaks and were still very cold. Dense clouds, on all sides, prevented our enjoying the

* Curdled milk—one of the most common and favorite dishes in the East. It is usually prepared early in the morning. Curdled milk gives an imperfect idea of this article; and yet I know of no better term to express it. It is prepared from *sweet* milk, artificially "*turned*" by throwing into it a small quantity of the yogóord already on hand. It is not only esteemed by the nomade classes, but by all ranks in the East, and scarcely less by Europeans after becoming accustomed to it.

extended surveys, as we rode along, which we were sure our immense elevation must command. We reached Karakapán, five hours, (about fifteen miles,) from Javislík, at one o'clock in the afternoon. Caravans always travel slow, not ordinarily more than fifteen or twenty miles per day. This village is nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the Black sea, and indeed of the village which we left that morning. It consists of only five or six rude huts, occupied mainly for the accommodation of travellers and caravans.

In the course of the afternoon, the clouds cleared away and opened to us scenes of inconceivable sublimity. We found ourselves near the top of this lofty mountain, where we had scarcely been able to find a spot *level* enough on which to pitch our tent, surrounded by alternate deep gulfs and lofty snow-capped summits. Several large drifts of snow lay sparkling within a few feet of our tent. The mountain sides and valleys below were still buried in thick clouds, driven furiously about by the winds. As the clouds cleared away more and more, the waters of the Black Sea at length appeared in the distant horizon, and the countless cottages of the Laz and Greek peasants lay sprinkled like birds' nests, in the open fields and even among the trees of the forests, all along the declivities far up the sides of the mountains. We were charmed with the smiling beauties and overwhelmed with the awful grandeur of the wild romantic views that stretched away in every direction, and never before were our minds more deeply impressed with the greatness and glory of Him, "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

Just before evening, a shepherd passed along with his flock, which he had been pasturing upon green patches, on the sunny sides of the mountains. He milked one of his goats for us, and thus were we furnished with a luxury which we had little anticipated, at that vast elevation. The ground was wet and the weather chilly, and as the sun sank down behind the mountains, we became very cold. We had little anticipated such a temperature, in mid-summer, even on the mountains of Asia Minor.

June 12. The morning was fair and delightful, but the weather very cold. We were early on our way which immediately led up several more frightful precipices, and was so narrow and difficult in many places that we should have been almost afraid to trust ourselves to our own feet. A single misstep might have plunged us many hundreds of feet down the rocky depths below. The caravan horses of those regions become so accustomed to such roads as to be able to make their way up and down steep precipices with surprising facility; and the traveller soon learns that it is far safer to commit himself to the skill and care of the cautious animal he rides, than to attempt to rein him, or even dismount and thread his way on foot. Ascending those precipices, we were placed on one of the

highest elevations on our route to Persia. Our way then led over a lofty table-land, still in a south-east direction. We passed over snow a considerable part of the day, and the bright reflection of the sun's rays from it was very trying to our eyes. Not a tree or shrub was anywhere to be seen. I inquired of our muleteer when we should again meet with forests. "Not for many hundreds of miles; at least not in Turkey; I have never travelled in Persia;" was his reply, and the result verified his statement. Lofty mountains, entirely naked, except the white mantle from the skies on their summits, and here and there verdant patches of grass on their sunny sides, covered with grazing flocks, were the only varieties of scenery presented to our view. And the dark blue reflections of light, fleecy clouds, quivering through the atmosphere, no less than the chilling blasts, reminded us of our immense height.

Finding a small spot of grass, about mid-day, the muleteer stopped two hours to bait his horses; and we, not wishing to take the trouble to pitch our tent for so short a time, erected an awning with our oil-cloth, under which we sat down and partook of a dry collation on the ground. We travelled about five hours to-day, which brought us to Maddén, i. e. the *Mines*. It is a mining village as its name imports, which consists of about a dozen rude stone huts, with flat roofs covered over with earth, situated on the southern declivity of a mountain, occupied only in summer, and then merely for the purpose of working the lead mines. Its inhabitants are principally Greeks who are the miners. They belong to the village of Kroom, situated in a deep glen, about two miles below the mining hamlet. Kroom is the original seat of the singular class, now rather numerous in that region, known by the title, *Kroomlée*, i. e. citizens of Kroom, who are Mŭhammedans by profession, but Greek *Christians* in reality. This class, as a body, would of course openly profess Christianity were the the terror of Mŭhammedan law to be removed. And it is supposed that the mass of the Mussulmâns, in the pashalik of Trebizond, are descended from *Greeks*, whose reconversion to the religion of their ancestors would doubtless quickly follow the transfer of the government from Moslem to christian hands.

June 13. The direct road from Maddén to Baibóot leads in a more easterly direction than we now followed, passing through the villages of Vazernáh and Balhóor; our muleteer took us on a more southern route, for the sake of visiting his native village. We saw more of life and vegetation to-day than we had the day previous. The table-land was succeeded by lofty peaks and ridges and deep intervening glens, which, alternately rising and sinking, converge the sun's rays in the deep chasms at the bottom, and create there a sufficient degree of warmth to support vegetation and sustain small villages. These villages, seen from the snowy barren desolations above, spread out a miniature paradise most grateful to the eye of the traveller. Toward the close of our ride,

less snow appeared; but the mountains, instead of presenting a more inviting aspect, were still more absolute personifications of sterility,—bald, dreary masses, with scarcely a sign of vegetation in sight, except in the bottom of the deep glens below. We passed near no village, and after travelling again five hours encamped for the night high up the side of a mountain. For fuel to cook our tea, we could find nothing but a few dry weeds, the growth of a later season of the previous year. We passed another cold night, though less so than the preceding.

June 14. Early in the morning, I overheard Takvóor and the muleteer holding a mutual condolence on the perils which they fancied they had encountered during the night. The muleteer gravely stated that he and his companions had not slept a moment, for fear of robbers, and that several armed men had actually approached them, evidently with hostile intentions, but finding themselves outnumbered, they quietly retired. Takvóor in turn, stated that he also had slept very little, as the muleteer and his associates passed the night a considerable distance from our tent, watching their horses. The people of these regions pass life literally in "fear and trembling." The day-laborer goes to his work in the field armed with a dagger or musket, and perhaps with both. Our Turkish companions of the caravan and Takvóor and the servant were all thus armed, and still went halting along. My only weapon was an old pair of holsters, with a telescope in one and a rolling portfolio in the other, to which I often pointed them, to dissipate their apprehensions; but they as often gravely retorted the adage, "those that *know* nothing, *fear* nothing," which may have been too justly applied in my case; for the wild marauding Laz had then but lightly felt the rigorous arm of Osmán Pashâ.

Our course, to-day, lay to the south, and toward the close of it, south by west; and it led down the longest and by far the steepest and most difficult precipice which we encountered on our journey. It was between two and three miles in length, as steep as the common roof of a house,—and descended only by a rough, stony, zigzag foot-path. Mrs. P. had now become able to ride along the side and up such precipices with a tolerable degree of composure, but to ride *down* them was still frightful. She was obliged, in this instance, not only to have her horse led by one muleteer (which was done most of the way from Trebizond to Erzróom,) but her saddle also held upon the horse, by another.

At the foot of this precipice is situated the Greek village of Armoot, (the *pear*). A beautiful rivulet runs through the village, and rows of poplars growing thickly on its banks, and a few apple trees perched along the ledges above, presented a very grateful contrast to the dreary sterility which only we had met with, for so long a distance before. Our muleteer and his comrades belonged in the village of Tekéh, which is about six miles from Armoot. They travelled on with light hearts from the near prospect of reaching

their *home*. They had been extolling its charms and enumerating the dainties it afforded, all the way from Trebizond; and they were much delighted when I told them I should like to stop there a day, in case we should reach the place on Saturday; and they planned their stages accordingly.

Tekéh is the same name with the ancient Techés, or Tesquá, the mountain from whose summit Xenophon and his enraptured troops caught their first glimpse of the Black Sea. I was unable, however, to obtain a view of the Euxine, on any summit we crossed within ten or twelve miles distance of this village. It is prettily situated in a beautiful rural glen, at the junction of the brook above mentioned with a considerable stream which runs to the north-west. It consists of about fifty rude huts, half under ground, and covered over with earth. Poplars and willows thickly stud the streams—small verdant meadows and fields of wheat lay along the shores, and orchards of apple and apricot trees, (the latter I saw here for the first time in my life,) cover some of the elevations above. We pitched our tent near the village in one of those orchards, on the green carpet of nature, a few yards from a murmuring rill. Several young calves were feeding, and playfully gamboling around us, the trees shielded us from the concentrated heat of the sun, and birds in their branches entertained us with their sweet voices. We felt under peculiar obligations to the kind Hand that had led us over the dreary heights of the previous way, and brought us to that charming spot, just in time to rest there on the holy Sabbath.

Soon after our arrival, our muleteer kindly brought us *kimák*, (the cream of scalded milk,) eggs and yogóord, which he presented as specimens of the luxuries of his native village. About sunset, I ascended a high craggy rock, a few yards from our tent, which overlooks the village. I had been there but a few minutes when an old Turk came up after me. I saluted him; and he, looking earnestly at me, as an intruder, reluctantly reciprocated the salutation, turned his back upon me, and, with a voice like a Stentor, began to summon the villagers to evening prayers.* This was my first intimation that I was standing on the *minaret* of Tekéh, and I felt myself to be in a somewhat awkward predicament, a Protestant missionary perched by the side of a Mŭhammedan *imâm*, while he called his flock to the devotions of the False Prophet.

Many of the men belonging to Tekéh, are engaged with their horses in caravans. The common caravan-system is, for a few individuals (six or eight) to club together and appoint their wealthiest, oldest or wisest comrade to act as the principal muleteer, who becomes responsible to government for the proceedings of the com-

* Mŭhammedans are thus publicly called to their devotions at dawn, midday and sunset. And the Korán enjoins several times more. Erzróom is the only place where I remember to have observed 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 P. M. to be regularly added in practice to this list.

pany, on receiving a license for the undertaking; and under his orders the rest are bound to act, during the period of contract, each furnishing the number of horses which he is able to own, and reaping a corresponding share of the profits realized. In case an individual owns more horses than his family will furnish with drivers, he hires men by the year or month to assist him. The muleteer, as a perquisite for his office and responsibilities, enjoys their troublesome though by no means unprized honors, and the additional privilege of riding a partially loaded horse, while his companions are expected to travel on foot. From twenty to fifty or one hundred horses, owned and driven by a man to about every five or ten, are usually thus clustered together; and such caravans again often unite, especially in passing over dangerous sections of country, or when employed by the same merchant, to the number of 500 or 800, or even 1000 horses. The monotonous, though cheerful notes of their bells—every fifth or sixth horse, the leader of the group, being honored with a string—and the stateliness of their gait, as they wend their patient way, under their huge burdens, stretching away in a single file over hills and through valleys, sometimes for miles in extent, present a truly imposing and grateful scene,—a scene that has often impressed my own mind far more forcibly with the "sublimity of commerce," than the forests of spars in a great and busy harbor, or the long string of freight-cars on our rail-roads.

June 15. After descending the long precipice, the day previous, we were particularly comfortable, in finding ourselves again in a *temperate* climate. About 7 o'clock in the morning, the shepherds drove away their flocks to graze on the neighboring mountains. Some of the women, in the absence of their fathers and brothers who are engaged in caravans, keep the flocks, and even till the fields and gardens. Everything reminded us vividly of ancient times. Over these same mountains and through these same valleys, soon after the flood, shepherds drove their flocks, and shepherds have been the inhabitants of these regions ever since. Would that their characters were as artless and their lives as unspotted, as their habits and occupations are simple and primitive. But far otherwise. It needed not an hour's acquaintance and observation to convince us that in the impressive language of Scripture, "they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good, no, not one; their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongue they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace they have not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes." And while we sat quietly in our tent reading our Bibles and enjoying the influences of our little sanctuary, our hearts bled, in view of the deep moral night that enshrouded the poor beings who surrounded us. They knew nothing of the blessings of the holy Sabbath, nor of the only way of

deliverance from the love, the power and the fearful consequences of their sins. When will the day-star from on high shine upon them? In the course of the forenoon, a few women came around our tent—felt of it—and peeped through the cracks, to see Mrs. Perkins. Our muleteer also brought us a present of milk, for which I gave him, in return, a phosphorus match box. He had never seen the like before and was greatly delighted with it, repeatedly exclaiming, wonderful, wonderful! His wife soon came and asked for *sugar*, justifying her request on the ground that *her* husband was our *muleteer*. And just before evening, throngs of women and children, barefooted and half naked, came and sat down around our tent, and gazed upon Mrs. P. with as eager curiosity as that of a child gazing, for the first time, upon an elephant. They at length became social and seemed desirous to make our acquaintance. We inquired whether they had a school in the village. "A small one," they replied. For *boys*, or girls, we asked; "for *boys, of course*," they replied. And why not for girls also, we continued; "*it is not the custom*," they answered. Takvóor told them that Mrs. P. could read and write. "Yes," replied the wife of the muleteer, "my husband says he has seen her read and write on *horseback*. They all seemed astounded with the declaration, and never before to have conceived the idea of a woman's learning to read.

June 16. Our muleteer called at our tent last evening and proposed that we should start early and stop a while, after two or three hours' ride. We accordingly arose at day-break, hastily prepared and drank a little coffee, and proceeded, anticipating a breakfast about 8 or 9 o'clock. But the weather being cool for travelling, Sedadín, (that was the muleteer's name,) drove on, notwithstanding my remonstrances, until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. This was not the first nor the last instance of his duplicity, though he was regarded as an honest man for a Turk, and on the whole treated us very well.

At Tekéh we come upon the post-road, leading by Gümüshkhânáh; and the country was afterward much more level and pleasant than the sections over which we had before travelled. Our general direction changed there, from south by east, to nearly east, leading directly towards Erzróom. The road was very good. When we speak of *roads*, in those regions, we may however be misunderstood. The reader, instead of the carriage roads of civilized lands, must picture to himself a single *foot path* winding among the rocks, or where the country is not quite so rough, five, ten, fifteen or twenty such paths, running parallel within a few feet of each other, like the paths often seen on the side-hills of a sheep-pasture. The roads in the interior of Turkey are seldom worked or repaired beyond what the great amount of travel naturally tends to smooth and improve them, and the same is the case in Persia.

Our road was most of the way on the bank of the river, which we occasionally crossed and re-crossed by arched stone bridges.

Willows and poplars thickly studded the margin of the stream, and many American flowers were smiling among them in native loveliness. The peony in particular, arrested our attention, blooming wildly in all the crimson gaudiness in which it dazzles in cultivated gardens. The Turks too were attracted by the flowers and gave us an illustration of the refinement of their taste, by collecting large bunches of them with which they thickly studded their dirty turbans. The brilliant smiling flowers, encircling their sombre brows and tawny necks and faces, presented a contrast almost as vivid as the delicate tints of the bright rainbow imprinted on the waning folds of dark retiring thunder clouds.

We travelled six hours and encamped a mile before reaching the village of Cherchée, which contains about fifty Turkish families. Toward the close of our ride we left the stream and gradually rose until we came again into the region of snow. There, however, it was rapidly melting and the pastures were becoming green. When I sent our servant to the village for milk, the villagers called out to him, as he approached and made his request, "no, you have come here with Mŏscōv, (Russian,) go off." But when he told them that I was an *American gentleman*, they all exclaimed "you are very welcome;" and an old shepherd gave him a gallon of milk for a fourpence. The Russians are detested in both Turkey and Persia. Both countries have within a few years, groaned under the devastation of Russian armies. Whereas, Americans are regarded by all classes in these countries, even by those who have so vague a notion of the New World as to suppose it to be situated in the skies, as a nation of philanthropists. May America establish its claim to that high character, by scattering the rich blessings of light, knowledge and salvation over all the world.

To-day, as our road was comparatively smooth, I proposed to Takvóor to ride forward with one or two of the Turks, and spread the tent in anticipation of our arrival. He made forward about thirty rods, and no urging could press him farther. He was absolutely afraid to go from our sight. I therefore called him back and proposed to the Armenian servant, who was very ambitious to be thought a hero, to go on with the tent. He galloped on until he had gained about fifty rods, and there was an end of his despatch. I then proposed to both Takvóor and the servant to proceed together, and they started with great animation, but in half an hour fell back again with the company. I at last drew a laugh upon them, from the Turks, which provoked them to an effort that carried them out of sight and secured the erection of the tent for once in season. The Armenians are a nation of cowards; the Persians significantly call them, *hares*. But it should not be a subject of wonder, when we remember how long they have worn the heavy, galling yoke of Mŭhammedan bondage.

June 17. We started early and soon descended into delightful, undulating valleys. The soil appeared fertile and we observed nu-

merous husbandmen upturning the furrow. The term, husbandman, however, when applied to an inhabitant of Turkey or the East in general, carries with it, by no means, the same delightful associations, to the mind of a traveller, acquainted with those countries, which that term suggests, to one in America. Agriculture in Asia is miserably conducted. We saw many teams, to-day, of three yokes of oxen, attached to the rude oriental plough which seemed hardly to mark the ground. This plough consists of a beam, one upright handle and a block of wood at the bottom, to which these are attached, sharpened at the fore end and capped with a small tooth of iron to serve the purpose of the share. The yokes for the oxen, are straight pieces, ten or twelve feet in length. Sticks, passing down through the yoke, on each side of the neck, and attached by strings below, are the *bows*. A man or boy rides on the middle yoke, facing backward, and with a long goad pricks up the middle and forward oxen, while the man at the plough deals out a bountiful quota of stripes to the hindermost cattle. These are only specimens of Turkish and Persian agricultural utensils. I feel bound to state, however, that the rude plough which I have described penetrates the earth much deeper and serves a far better purpose than I supposed it possible to do, on first observing it; and I have been in like manner favorably disappointed, on better acquaintance with many other rude instruments of the oriental farmer and mechanic. The improved utensils of Europe and America would doubtless, however, diminish their labor by half, and more than double their products.

We rode to the east and south-east, five hours, and pitched our tent near the village of Suptorós, which is situated in the middle of a level valley of great extent. Almost innumerable cattle, sheep and goats were feeding around us. I counted one hundred and twenty young calves standing in a single group. And the young goats were so numerous and social, that it was with much difficulty we could prevent them from thronging our tent.

The vicar of the Pashâ of Erzróom overtook us a mile or two before we reached our stopping-place, and travelled on with us very socially until we turned off to our tent. He stated that war was at hand, on the frontiers of Persia, alluding, as we afterwards found, to the disturbed state of affairs on account of depredations committed there by the Koords. In the course of the afternoon, twenty soldiers passed by, chained together, on their way from Erzróom to Constantinople. They were the body guard of a Pashâ of the Laz, who, being suspected of ambitious designs and fearing the consequences, had fled from his district, but was apprehended and strangled at Erzróom.

Takvóor went to the village near us to procure some milk and eggs. The Armenian inhabitants, seeing our military tent, (for such it happened to be,) and Takvóor in Frank costume, (he had shifted back again after leaving Trebizond to his chrysalis form,) exclaimed, "They are soldiers." But when he addressed them in their own

tongue, their apprehensions subsided, and they welcomed him with great cordiality, and put up for him two dozen of eggs, a fowl and a quantity of bread and cheese, all for a quarter of a dollar. Peasants in both Turkey and Persia dread the approach of their own troops even more than an invading army, as the lawless depredations and abuses of the former on the defenceless inhabitants are likely far to surpass those of the latter.

June 18. We started at 6 o'clock in the morning, rode four hours, in an east and south-east direction, left ancient Pontus and entered Armenia, and reached the town of Baibóot. I remonstrated with our muleteer for making such short stages, but was unable to induce him to proceed farther that day; though he promised to drive six hours, every day afterward, until we should reach Erzróom. It is a fact which generally strikes a stranger in these countries as singular, that journeys are always performed by caravans much sooner in winter than in summer. The reason is, that in winter, muleteers are compelled to travel regular stages, (20 or 25 miles,) each day to procure keeping at the public inns for their horses. Whereas, in summer, they find abundance of forage by the way; and men who reckon life not so much by days and years as by pipes of tobacco, are very apt to make half stages, in those circumstances, and leisurely enjoy the good of their labor. Our muleteer, as we now found, not only retarded our progress by short stages, but instead of taking us on the direct route from Tekéh to Baibóot, which leads through the village of Balhóor, he had, for the sake of finding more abundant grass for the caravan, conducted us round on a somewhat circuitous route. Travellers generally make this journey some days quicker than we did; but in order to this, they must determine the period of it in settling the bargain, and graduate the price by the speed with which they are to travel. In carrying merchandise, caravans are on the road at least twice the time that a traveller wishes to occupy; and as the muleteer cannot afford thus to overwork his horses without a corresponding remuneration, it happens, in contracting with him, that his terms will always be in an inverse ratio to the time he is to be employed in earning his money. We, in our unacquaintance with eastern travelling, had omitted to fix the period of our journey, and were therefore obliged to yield to the pleasure of our muleteer, though we paid him a liberal sum.

Baibóot is the seat of a small pashalik, within the limits and subject to the more general jurisdiction of the pashalik of Trebizond. It is very romantically situated at the eastern end of the great valley we entered yesterday, in a niche among the mountains, just large enough for its convenient location. In approaching it from the west, it is entirely secluded from view by a low undulating ridge which bounds this valley on the east, and it is equally hidden on the other side by a higher mountain range, boldly terminated or rather interrupted, by the recess that contains the town. An imposing castle, perched on this mountain cliff overlooks it on the east, and a

considerable river, the Jōrókh, which comes down a narrow valley from that direction, and here changes its course to north, runs through the centre. Baibóot contains about six or eight thousand inhabitants, nearly nine tenths of whom are Mŭhammedans and the rest Armenians. The houses are mostly built of stone—a few of mud—and some of the two materials united. The building stone, is a soft yellowish limestone which is one of the most common rocks in the vicinity. Large stacks of stable manure moulded into cakes of the shape, and about twice the size, of loaves of bread, were thickly interspersed among the dwellings, laid up for fuel. This was the only kind of fuel which we had seen for several days, and which we afterwards saw, among the peasants of both Turkey and Persia, until we approached Trebizond on our return; and the same is true of the flat roofs of houses covered over with earth. We pitched our tent on the grassy interval which skirts the Jōrókh, above the city, and there expands into a beautiful velvet lawn, about a mile in width and twice that distance in length. The Jōrókh, by the way, winds its course through the mountains from Baibóot and enters the eastern part of the Black Sea, in ancient Colchis. Was it in this stream that the adventurous Jason fished for the golden fleece?

Takvóor was remarkably fond of seeking the acquaintance of great men. And to-day, I yielded to his importunity and gave him my firmán to present to the Pashâ of Baibóot. His Excellency received him very kindly, and told him that he had been looking all day for our arrival, having been informed by the vicar of the Pashâ of Erzróom, who passed us the day previous, that we were on the road. He expressed a strong desire to make my acquaintance; but Takvóor told him that we were tired, and, as our tent was pitched nearly a mile from the town, I could not conveniently call to visit him. He proposed to send a horse for me; but Takvóor contrived to meet that proposition by some other excuse, to relieve me of what he knew would be an unwelcome formality. The Pashâ sent his regards to me and several armed men, to serve us if we were in need. I dismissed the men, reciprocating his Excellency's regards and informing him that we were in no particular need. Just before evening, however, he sent to us a fine fat lamb, neatly dressed, and a considerable quantity of rice for *pilâv*. And I had scarcely despatched our servant to return my thanks for the present, when the Pashâ himself, to complete his kind attentions, rode up to our tent, with his body-guard, to make our acquaintance. He dismounted and came familiarly in, and conversed socially with us for nearly an hour. He had a piercing eye and a remarkably fine countenance,—had no beard, and his blue broadcloth cloak and red Turkish cap gave him quite the appearance of a European; which was well set off by the air and manners of an accomplished gentleman. We treated him to coffee, and he professed himself highly gratified with the visit,—said we should ever afterward be friends;

and that whenever I should return, I must come directly to his house and spend several days, where we should be as welcome as at our own home. His guard meanwhile thronged our tent and gazed at us with such eager curiosity, that he was obliged repeatedly to order them away.

This visit was quite an attention for even an inferior Turkish Pashâ to show a stranger; and it impressed me very pleasantly with the character of the Turks, who are naturally a noble race of men. They are sober and dignified in their demeanor, generous in their dispositions, and very hospitable in their treatment of strangers. True, their religion has taught them to be vindictive and bloody in their treatment of their christian subjects. But let the gospel rescue them from the brutal dominion of the system of the False Prophet, shed over them its kindly influence, and raise their thoughts and hopes to a higher and purer heaven than that to which they are now taught to aspire, and Asia Minor may well be proud of its present inhabitants.

June 19. Our way lay up the Jōrókh, and our direction east by south. The charming lawn above Baibóot soon contracts into a valley, still beautiful but quite narrow, bounded on either side by parallel ranges of low limestone mountains, which are sprinkled over with stinted cedars. Down this narrow valley, the river rolls for twenty-five or thirty miles, in nearly the some direction, with a still current, but so rapid that it would soon carry its banks along with it, had not the Hand that controls the elements prevented such a disaster by guiding it all the way in a zigzag channel to curb its accumulating impetuosity. Smooth level roads, over which carriages might run, lie along the stream at the base of the mountain ranges, generally so near each other as to be within the call of the voice, and occasionally communicating by fine arched stone bridges thrown across the river. Such bridges are numerous on the small rivers in the interior and the eastern part of Turkey, being rendered quite indispensable by the rise of the streams during the melting of snow on the mountains in spring. Parts of this narrow interval are fertile meadows; but most of it is overgrown with large high bushes that are cut and carried even to Erzróom on rude carts, and sold as fuel to the nobility.

We passed up the river, on the north side, four hours, and stopped to bait our horses. In a ravine, on the opposite side, was the village of Maddén, the locality of a copper mine. In the afternoon, we rode on two hours more and encamped for the night. We were several miles distant from any village and consequently unable to procure provision. A remaining part of the Pasha's lamb was therefore just in season.

June 20. We continued up the Jōrókh, about an hour to the east, and then turned off to the south-east, rode three hours upon the bank of one of its tributaries and stopped to bait our horses. On the tributary, about two miles above its junction with the main

stream, is a soda spring, whose water boils up from several orifices with a murmuring effervescence and has gradually deposited a conical mound of *tufa*. The muleteer was determined to stop for the night where we halted to bait, but I insisted on his performing the six hours he had promised. "There is a great mountain before us," he exclaimed, "and snow on it, and there is no wood nor water." I, however, gave him to understand that there was now no alternative; so we drove on and crossed the lofty snowy mountain, and, sure enough, we did not find a stopping place until 7 o'clock in the evening. We were then almost at the foot of the mountain, near the village of Hoshapaná, which contains about fifty Mŭhammedan families.

June 21. We started early, rode across the rugged valley in which we had encamped for the night, and immediately ascended another lofty mountain ridge, by a winding way, nearly as high as the one we crossed the day before. From this mountain, we had a distant view of Erzróom. A vast plain, near thirty miles in length, lay between us and the city, stretching away in an easterly direction. Snowy mountains encompass this plain on all sides, and the western branch of the river Euphrates meanders through its centre. Immediately on descending the mountain, we crossed a small tributary of the Euphrates, and from this rose upon the vast plain, for some miles a little undulating, upon which we rode three hours and encamped by the side of a small brook for the Sabbath.

Our intention had been to linger a day, about that distance from Erzróom, and send forward our muleteer, to apprise Mr. Zohráb, the English consular agent, of our coming. He was the only European resident in the city, and at that time was supposed to have with him lady Campbell, wife of the English Ambassador to Persia, and her large retinue, on their way to England; and we were unwilling to embarrass him, with more company, by an unexpected arrival. Providence so directed, that we reached the desired spot on Saturday afternoon, and we had thus the happy privilege of spending another quiet Sabbath. At evening, the full moon rose and spread a silvery lustre over the great plain and surrounding mountains. The evening-star twinkled brightly in the west; the frogs, *there* just breaking from their winter prison, sang sweetly in the brook that rippled along within a few feet of our tent,—and the whole so transported us, for the moment, from the distant heights of Armenia to the land and the scenes of our childhood, that we could not help thinking tenderly of kindred and home.

June 22. Was a delightful Sabbath. The entire absence of business and noise around, and the quiet and comfort of our tent conspired to make the day seem indeed like "the holy of the Lord —a delight and honorable." About noon the shepherds drove their flocks from different parts of the plain down to the brook near us to water. "They gathered the lambs in their arms and carried them in their bosom, and gently led those that were with young," and

the scene very naturally and vividly turned our thoughts to the great and good Shepherd who made us so literally "to lie down in green pastures," and led us "beside the still waters," amid surrounding desolations and perils.

June 23. We started about 8 o'clock, in the morning, for Erzróom. After riding an hour, we crossed the Euphrates, (called also by the natives Karâ Soo, black water,) which is there only about five rods wide and so shallow that we easily rode through the stream. The river has its source in the neighboring mountains; and far below, doubtless, somewhere it rolls through the garden of Eden,—*where*, I leave for those to determine who pretend to more skill than myself in fixing antediluvian locations and revealing objects of antiquity. Half an hour from the Euphrates, brought us to Eelijáh, the *warm springs*, which are about ten miles west of Erzróom. They are two in number, surrounded by rude walls, and much resorted to for bathing, one being used by males and the other by females. The temperature of this water is 93° Fahrenheit. We passed several villages, on the way, and a great number were in sight on other parts of the plain, which seemed to be almost wholly under cultivation. Though so elevated, the plain of Erzróom is quite fertile and yields fine crops, particularly of wheat. We reached the city at one o'clock in the afternoon. We had, for some hours, supposed ourselves very near it. Over so deceptive a country, in point of distance, I had never before rode, which may be owing to its height and the consequent rarity and clearness of the atmosphere,—perhaps also to the want of objects to mark the intervening distance. I have often since had occasion to observe the same phenomenon in the northern parts of Persia.

We were very kindly received by Mr. Zohráb. Lady Cámpbell had not arrived, having been hindered, on the frontier, by disturbance from the Koords. In anticipation of her soon coming, however, I preferred to take lodgings in a neighboring Turkish house, rather than incumber Mr. Zohráb's; and thus, for the first time, we found ourselves occupants of a house without windows. We used our saddles for chairs, and resorted to similar expedients for other articles of furniture, having no occasion to cook, as we took our meals at Mr. Zohráb's table.

CHAPTER VII.

ERZROOM AND JOURNEY THENCE TO ERIVAN.

HAVING reached the humble resting-place mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, the reader will excuse me, before turning to other matters, for indulging in a hasty retrospect of the new mode of life which we had been pursuing, the few previous days. And this I cannot, perhaps, more readily do, than by quoting from a letter written at that time and from those lodgings, to the secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. It is under date of June 26, and the extracts are as follows.

"We have passed over one third of the distance, and by far the most mountainous and difficult part of our land journey. We were thirteen days on the road, including two Sabbaths, on which we did not journey. We have travelled in company with a caravan, and Mrs. P. as well as myself, has rode upon a saddle. We have found our journey thus far, much less tedious than we had apprehended. We have, indeed, climbed up and again descended, *upon a single parapet*, many long, frightful and perilous precipices; but our short stages of not more than twenty miles, each day, have, for the most part, been little more than agreeable exercise. We have crossed many lofty, snowy mountains; but the cool air, at this season, we have found, in general, invigorating and delightful. Our home at night has been the open canopy of heaven, except a shelter of canvass; but it has been very comfortable. Our tent relieved us from the necessity of seeking lodgings in the filthy hovels of the country, and perhaps kept us from contact with the pestilence that walketh in darkness. There is something, moreover, in this rural kind of life,—in spreading a tent in green pastures, on the banks of running streams, surrounded by shepherds and grazing flocks, which to us has been far from disagreeable. To adopt this style for life would, indeed, be to become a barbarian; but to follow it a short time, on the road, in the summer season, few, I believe, of the most cultivated, would find unwelcome; and a missionary, will certainly be the last to complain of it, when he remembers who it was that 'had not where to lay his head.' Our table, too, we have spread in the field; but a good servant, furnished us by the gentlemen of the English consulate at Trebizond, has prepared our food in a cleanly, palatable manner. Our course has been, not to enter the villages on the road, but pitch our tent at a little distance, and send to them for simple articles of food, as milk, eggs, etc.

"In reference to our treatment from our muleteer and the other Turks, connected with the caravan, I should do them injustice not

to speak, on the whole, decidedly in their favor. Not an article of our baggage was lost or injured on the road, and with a few exceptions of duplicity, they were kind and attentive to our wishes. I am sure, at least, that I have met with few American stage-coach drivers* who took so good care of my baggage, or were so accommodating to my wishes, as these stigmatized *barbarians*. I am not, you will recollect, analyzing the motives, that may influence the Turks, in their conduct towards an American traveller. Grant that Turkish kindness results entirely from dread of European power, or hope of remuneration, as some will have it, which, however, I am disposed to doubt; still, so far as the comfort of the traveller is concerned, it is the same. I am quite convinced that it is entirely practicable to travel comfortably in Turkey, with suitable, yet cheap and humble preparations." Thus much for recapitulation.

Erzróom stands on a moderate elevation, at the eastern extremity of the great plain which we crossed in approaching it. It is a very venerable city—one of the oldest in the world—situated at the base of the Ararat mountain range, near the head waters of the Euphrates, and founded, as tradition says, by a grandson of Noah. It is the Arz, or Arza, of ancient times, which took the affix *room* from its belonging, at one period, to the Greek empire of Room; thus becoming Erzróom. It figures largely in Armenian history, having for some time been the capital of that ancient kingdom. It contains at present about 35,000 inhabitants, who are principally Turks, most of the Armenians having emigrated to Georgia, at the time of the Russian invasion. There were in the city when we passed through it, only 300 Armenian and 120 Armenian catholic families. The number of Armenians has since considerably increased, by the return of many emigrants from the Russian provinces. The city has seventy-five streets, running in various directions, which are broad for an Asiatic city, but very filthy; and each street has its mosk and lofty minaret, from whose tops "the faithful" *muezzins* summon the benighted inhabitants *five times* a day to the devotions of the Prophet. I do not recollect to have heard the call to prayers at 10 o'clock, A. M.—or at 4 o'clock, P. M. so regularly given in any other Mŭhammedan city. Its houses are generally built of earth, with occasional square sticks of timber in the walls to give them support, though many of them are built of fine hewn stone. There are some remains of an ancient wall and fosse around the city; but the citadel only is at present fortified; and this is said to be the work of the adventurous Genoese. The appearance of Erzróom is very

* I am happy to record my impression, from extensive travelling during my visit to the United States, that there has been very decided improvement in the character and conduct of our stage-coach drivers and the agents and conductors of steam-boats and rail-road cars within the last ten years. This may be owing to the progress of temperance; but much also probably to the more enlightened views of the proprietors of our public conveyances.

sombre and uninviting, and from its great elevation—5,500 feet by the barometer, and near 7,000 feet by experiments in boiling water—above the sea, the weather most of the year, is extremely cold. As a residence it must be dreary, though its climate, almost as matter of course, is usually healthy. The city is well supplied with vegetables from gardens near it, but has no fruit except what is brought a considerable distance, from a more temperate region. Its moral aspect struck us as even darker than that of Trebizond, the people appearing still more shy, rude and degraded.

There are few objects of interest, in modern Erzróom. The principal remnant of antiquity which I observed is the *Jifteh Mineréh*, (pair of minarets,) a vast stone building, finely constructed, but now in a dilapidated state, which is supposed to have been originally an Armenian church, and subsequently desecrated, as so many others have been, by the Mŭhammedans, and surmounted by them with the two more modern brick minarets from which it bears its present name. I also visited the largest mosk in the city. It is an immense structure, but exhibits only a mass of dead walls and pillars with no particular skill or taste displayed in their erection. The *bare* walls of this and all Turkish mosks, however, as places of religious worship, it must be confessed, present a most grateful contrast to the idolatrous array of pictures and paintings that so disgrace the interior of Papal and oriental churches. And no marvel that the followers of Mŭhammed feel and pride themselves on the force and advantage of this broad difference in their favor. On the open space east of the city are two circular stone towers of moderate size and height, with conical roofs, most admirably constructed, evidently quite ancient, whose origin and use are alike unknown. The commerce of Erzróom is immense,—its local situation being exceedingly felicitous for transit trade. It is the grand thoroughfare between Europe, Asia Minor and Syria, on the one hand, and Persia, and to a considerable extent, Georgia and Mesopotamia, on the other. The city was seriously injured, in its commercial as well as its other interests, by the Russian invasion in 1829. Many of the Armenians, whom they enticed or forced away, were its most enterprising merchants. Their houses and shops were left desolate, and much of their wealth became the spoil of the invaders, who plundered extensively both Armenians and Turks of whatever valuables they could carry away, even to the town clock from the tower of the citadel—marble torn from the ancient sepulchre of the *Jifteh Mineréh*, and bars of iron from the walls of the common dwellings. And in addition to the systematic rapacity practised by the Russian officers, the suffering inhabitants were also despoiled of the fruits of their honest industry, by the wanton depredations of the soldiers. A case of this kind stated to me by Mr. Zohráb, who was there at the time, will serve as an instance. A soldier one day entered the shop of a Turkish merchant, and observed the Turk, as he traded, to deposit his money under the cushion of the sofa on which he was

seated. The soldier proposed to purchase some cotton-wool, and the merchant produced it and received his pay for it. The soldier then requested him to put a quantity of the wool down his back, under his coat-collar, to keep out the cold, and stooped over the sofa to afford him a convenient position. The honest Turk applied himself leisurely to the task. To a friend in a neighboring stall, who called out to him, "what are you doing," he facetiously answered, "I am only stuffing the saddle of a donkey." The soldier, meanwhile, pillaged the sofa of its pecuniary contents, and before half his wool was exhausted, bade the merchant welcome to the remainder and withdrew. The poor Turk at length discovering his loss and raising a lamentation over it, could only realize the sorry solace from his neighbor, "which is the greatest *donkey*,—you or the infidel Russian?" Such were the Vandal lessons which civilized Christians taught those "barbarian" Moslems. The Russians, however, atoned in a good measuse for the wrongs they committed, by the salutary impression which they gave the haughty Turks of the terror of European arms,—an impression far deeper and more lasting on the minds of the inhabitants than was the commercial injury inflicted on their town. Indeed the Russian occupation of Erzróom and that part of Turkey was a mighty moral earthquake that shook to its centre the whole Ottoman empire; and the influence of which, however little its authors intended it, is operating powerfully on the decline of the whole fabric of Mŭhammedism, and will thus operate until its final downfall.

June 24. A Persian Khân, the agent of the Persian government, at Erzróom, called to make our acquaintance. He appeared quite surprised at the idea of our having come from the distant New World, to live in Persia, and remarked, that since we had come so far to benefit his countrymen, he sincerely hoped and trusted that they, in return, would testify their gratitude by receiving and treating us kindly. He was the first Persian with whom we became acquainted; he impressed us pleasantly by his easy social manners.

June 27. Mr. Brant, the British consul at Trebizond* arrived, in company with lady Campbell and Mrs. McNeill,† on their way from Persia. They gave us the particulars of the Koordish disturbance on the frontier, which were the following. About ten days before, the Jellalées, the powerful Koordish tribe who inhabit the lower declivity of Mt. Ararat, fell upon a Persian caravan, on its way from Tabréez to Erzróom, and took away about fifty loaded horses. This happened near Bayazéed, the Turkish frontier town. And a day or two afterward, they attacked another Persian caravan, consisting of five hundred horses, on its way from Erzroom to Tabréez. Two hundred horses and loads were taken from this caravan and a number of men killed, on both sides, in the encounter.

* Now at Erzróom.

† Now lady McNeill, wife of the present English ambassador to Persia.

Mr. Brant and the English ladies were one day's ride from the scene, when these robberies were committed. The Pashâ of Bayazéed sent word to him to stop immediately, until he should raise troops and come on to accompany him. Mr. Brant accordingly lingered a day or two at Dîadéen, and the Pashâ overtook him there with three hundred armed horsemen, who escorted him and his party several days over the dangerous part of the way, towards Erzróom. At the place where one of the encounters occurred, Mr. Brant, as he passed it, saw papers strown about, and one dead body lying on the ground. The scene of depredation was described by the muleteers as highly ludicrous, as well as sad and bloody. The largest caravan was loaded, to a considerable extent, with sugar; and hardly had the Koords taken possession of the loads, when their wives had rolled several of the boxes into a small stream that was near, and were calling on their husbands and children to come and drink *sweet water!*

These disturbances were trying news to *us*, effectually hedged up as our way to Persia then seemed to be, for a long time, by the excited state of the savage Koords. And that the candid reader may appreciate the extent of our embarrassment, from the unexpected delay thus occasioned on the road, and the better understand my allusions to it, at subsequent stages, on our journey, I may here state, that Mrs. P. was looking forward to a confinement, in the course of a few weeks, before which event we had fully expected to reach Tabréez, still between four and five hundred miles distant,—that city being the nearest place where the services of a European physician, or the aid of a European lady could be enjoyed. When the Pashâ of Erzróom, whose jurisdiction extends to the Persian frontier, heard of the ravages of the Koords, he sent on a guard to meet Mr. Brant, and commenced making preparations to go himself, at the head of all his troops, to chastise the Jellalées,—and he could only advise us to linger a few days, and come on in his rear, a course to which, in the circumstances of the case, we were compelled however reluctantly, to yield.

June 29. I preached at the house of Mr. Zohráb, our congregation consisting of the English party from Persia and Mrs. Perkins.

June 30. The Pashâ sent his coach—an old German vehicle presented to him by the Russian government—for lady Campbell and Mrs. McNeill to ride about the city. They invited Mrs. P. to accompany them; and the gentlemen, Messrs. Brant, Zohráb and myself, rode on horse-back. We went round the city and through a part of it; and on our way, visited a beautiful Turkish garden,—the best and almost the only one in Erzróom. It had a fountain in its centre and several jets d'eau playing briskly in it,—a scene far more common in Persia than in Turkey.

July 4. The jubilee of American independence. How different were our circumstances, in our lonely dark Turkish hovel, from the cheerful festivities of that anniversary at home! A day or two

before, Mr. Brant had told me that I must allow my *mustaches* to grow, or the boys in Persia would hoot me and call me a *Frank eunuch*. So to-day to celebrate the "glorious fourth," I left my upper lip unshaved, and it remained so until I had passed Smyrna, on my return to America. Mr. B. told me, also, that it would not do for Mrs. Perkins to take my arm, and that she must always wear a veil, when we walk out in Persia; and that my skirted coat would be useless there,—all the European residents in that country wearing *frock* coats, which approach more nearly to the full flowing garments of the Persian costume. All these precautions we have found it expedient to adopt, except the second; the Persians have never molested us, but merely gazed with an innocent curiosity, when our wives have taken our arms in our walks.

July 5. Mr. Brant, lady Campbell and Mrs. McNeill proceeded on their journey,—the former to Trebizond, and the two latter to England. They showed us much kindness, and did all in their power, by information, advice and otherwise, to further us on our journey. On their departure, we removed to the quarters they had occupied at Mr. Zohráb's house, where we had taken our meals with them during their stay; and for Mr. Z's hospitality and assistance, then and on subsequent occasions, I would record my very grateful acknowledgements. To the American and European traveller, at that time, his dwelling was like an oasis in the desert.

July. 10. The Pashâ joined his troops for the expedition against the Jellalées. A portion of the troops had been encamped some days, about a mile east of the city. Mr. Zohráb, Mrs. P. and myself went out some distance and seated ourselves by the road-side, to see the procession. European tactics were then adopted in that distant province, to a considerable extent, as well as at the capital. The dress of the infantry was the same red *fez* which is worn at Constantinople, and the short blue jacket trimmed with red, but white canvass pantaloons, it now being summer. Their arms were muskets. The cavalry were armed with spears, like the Koordish spear, about twelve feet long, which they carried perpendicularly, the lower end resting on the stirrups, and a small ensign, indicating the company, was flying on the handle, near the top. About 700 cavalry troops marched out in front of his Excellency; next followed a train of his chargers, splendidly caparisoned, led by men on other horses; and then came the Pashâ himself, on a beautiful grey horse, wearing a black broadcloth cloak and surrounded by a considerable number of his principal officers. In the rear was driven his old coach drawn by six,—the same with the use of which he had honored the English ladies. The Pashâ had an effeminate countenance, little indicative of talent or energy. He was, however, a favorite of the Sûltán, being entrusted with one of the highest posts in the empire. The regulation of the Turkish relations with Persia rests principally with the Pashâ of Erzróom. He took with him on this expedition about seven thousand men. They displayed better

order than I had expected to see, in Turkish troops at Erzróom, though in Europe their evolutions would have appeared like a burlesque on military tactics. We felt little disposition, however, to be fastidious in those matters, desiring most that they would hasten onward and open our way to Persia.

Having described our mode of travelling with considerable particularity in the preceding chapter, personal incidents becoming more numerous on the remaining part of our journey, and being mindful of the long distance that still remains before we reach the field of our destination, and the scene of the *missionary* labors, which it is the primary object of this volume to record, I must invite the reader to hasten on with me, with more rapidity than has hitherto marked our progress, giving the regions over which we travelled and their towns at which we stopped only a brief passing notice. I may remark in general, as I have before suggested, that the countries lying between Erzróom and Persia are far less rough than those between that city and Trebizond. They consist of occasional lofty mountain ridges, whose ascent and descent are however gradual, and great intervening plains. Indeed, *rail-roads* may be constructed without much difficulty on the routes between Erzróom and Tabréez, whenever civilization and Christianity shall have so improved the moral condition of those regions as to render such enterprizes secure.

Before proceeding, I may also say a few words respecting the villages in Armenia. Lodging under a tent, as we did, we seldom had occasion to enter them; and I may not find a more convenient place to allude to the subject than now, before recommencing our journey. These villages are just like those described by Xenophon, in the same region, on his retreat with the Ten Thousand. They are constructed mostly under ground, i. e. the houses are partially sunk below the surface, and the earth is also raised around them, so as completely to imbed three sides, the fourth remaining open to afford a place for the door. The sides within are supported by rough stone walls. The principal apartment, which is usually situated near the door, is covered over with large timbers laid in an octangular form, as children build cob-houses, gradually diminishing in size, till, at the top, it is only large enough to serve the twofold purpose of affording an imperfect passage for the egress of the smoke and the entrance of a few rays of light. These timbers are covered with small limbs, bushes, dry grass, etc. to fill up the interstices, and the whole is terraced over with a thick bed of earth. In this apartment, the family, consisting generally of from three to five generations, live, eat and sleep together. Here, too, the cooking is done, in an oven that is simply a hole sunk in the ground, coated with a layer of clay mortar, which soon hardens, by the action of the fire, to the consistency of brick.

The other apartments of the house are entered by the common door, and situated further back. These are covered with timbers

placed *horizontally*—having no aperture, and terraced over, as in the case above described. They are not much lighted, and are occupied by the cattle and flocks and their winter provisions,— i. e. they are the barn and stables, and are situated back of the family for the greater security of their contents. On slightly elevated terraces in the corners of the stables, the guests are lodged, who might felicitate themselves, had they no less agreeable companions than the horses, cattle, sheep and poultry even; but are, almost as a matter of course, overrun with loathsome vermin; perhaps less in the stables, however, than they would be in the apartment devoted to the family. The natives are so accustomed to these greedy little devourers as scarcely to notice them; but the American or European traveller is of course tormented by them to an extent that will almost drive sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eye-lids, however wearied he may be with the journey of the day.

The breath of the congregated animals not only heats and steams their own apartments, but warms that also in which the family resides, if it needs more warmth than is furnished by their oven in cooking. The fuel of the oven, as the reader will have in mind, is dried manure. These subterranean houses are naturally warm in winter, and serve for the humble peasants who occupy them a tolerably good purpose, in those lofty, cold regions; though little can be said in favor of their general comfort, and less for their cleanliness or that of their occupants. They are built contiguously, for the sake of common defence against strolling marauders; and a village presents from without only a shapeless mound, with the small conical apertures, rising a few feet above the surface, and corresponding in number to the separate families it contains. Almost buried in the earth as these villages are, they are conspicuous only at a moderate distance, and the traveller often comes upon them with little previous notice; and when travelling in the night, his first knowledge of being among human habitations may be, that he finds himself with the animal he rides, upon the roofs of their houses. We lingered a few days, after the Pashâ left Erzróom, in accordance with his advice, that we might not be embarrassed by coming in too near contact with his army, hoping thus to be able to proceed to Persia unimpeded and with entire security.

July 15. Having engaged an Armenian muleteer belonging to Moosh, we started in the afternoon and rode ten miles, crossing the low mountain-ridge between the plain of Erzróom and that of Hăssân-kulâah, and encamped for the night, at a considerable distance from any village, in the valley of Năbhée-chai, (*prophet's river*,) which, though dignified with so venerable a name, is only an insignificant brook. In the course of the night, a heavy thundershower occurred. The rain poured down in torrents, the lightning glared terribly around us, and the awful thunder rolled and reverberated along the lofty ranges of limestone mountains on either hand and shook the whole country. Our frail tent, though fright-

fully pelted by the rain and wind, still survived the fury of the elements and kept us dry, and we felt a happy security in our solitary situation, under the guardian care of Him who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The plain of Hässân-kuláah is even larger than that of Erzróom, more fertile and better cultivated. It is about forty miles in length and from six to ten in breadth. The western part is almost perfectly level; the eastern is more or less undulating. This province is called Pasín. It is the ancient *Phasiana.* "The beautiful birds," says Butler, "which we call pheasant, still preserve in their name the traces of their native country." But from that primitive land of our common ancestor, Noah, all the winged tribe of course spread themselves over the face of the earth; and I know not what peculiar claim the pheasant has to it as a place of nativity.

July 16. We proceeded five hours, over a dead-level plain, to Hässân-kuláah. Just before reaching the town, we crossed a small stream and passed a warm spring, which is enclosed by a wall and is much resorted to for bathing. Its temperature is 105° Fahrenheit, and similar springs boil up in the vicinity on both sides of the stream. This small river is a tributary of the Arrás (ancient Araxes). The latter enters the plain of Hässân-kuláah, a few miles beyond the town, by a rocky passage from the mountain-range that bounds the province on the south, and there changing its direction eastward it hastens on to join the Cyrus and pour its waters into the Caspian sea. Xenophon called this river by the same name with the province—the Phasis. At this great distance from the sea, and with its small size, (it is here only about 150 feet wide,) it has the characteristic for which it was so much celebrated by the ancients—a very rapid current. Virgil denominates it the 'bridge-hater,' —*Pontem indignatus Araxes*—an epithet of which it is by no means unworthy in any part of its long course,—at least so much of it as I have seen.

The town of Hässân-kuláah—the ancient Thedosiopolis, is finely situated on the southern side of a mountain, that projects from the range which bounds the plain on the north. It is surrounded by a wall, which was originally very strong; and a fortress, perched on a bold, rocky, conical hill, on the eastern side, overlooks the town. It may contain from four to five thousand inhabitants, now mostly Mŭhammedans, the Armenian population having been taken away by the Russians. Like all Turkish towns, in that part of the empire, particularly those that were captured by the Russian army, it wears a sad aspect of decay and dilapidation.

Here we overtook the Turkish army. I sent Takvóor, soon after reaching the town, to the Pashâ, to inquire respecting the safety of the road; and his Excellency returned a request that I should call on him in person. I did so, and found that he had halted, until he should considerably augment his army, under apprehension that

the Koords were much more than a match for him; and he was now still more unwilling that we should attempt to proceed before him. The only alternative he could offer us was, to be several weeks in performing a journey of a few days, or turn off into the Russian provinces, travel a longer route and encounter a tedious quarantine. The Pashâ kindly furnished us with a guard of ten horsemen, to Kars, which is about 150 miles from Erzróom, with a letter to the governor of that town, directing him to do the same, and provide us with all other needed aid, until we should reach the Russian frontier.

July 17. Thus escorted, we left Hässân-kuláah. We turned off from the Tabréez road, about a mile beyond the town, bearing away under the northern ridge of mountains, in a direction of east by north. The post-route to Kars follows the Tabréez road to the river Arrás, about ten miles farther, where the latter crosses the stream by a beautiful stone bridge of very ancient (perhaps Roman) construction, and the former skirts the northern shore. We rode six hours, our way being mostly level, and pitched our tent near a small Armenian village. Just before evening, an interesting incident occurred among the villagers. A filthy strolling fellow came from the east, and "when he was yet a great way off," a company ran from the village and "fell on his neck and kissed him;" and an aged female raised so shrill and plaintive a cry, that I inquired with concern what could be the cause of her distress, and to my surprise was told that it was only a cry of *joy;* for this her "son had been dead and was alive again; he had been lost and was found." The young man had wandered away with the Russians, when they invaded this part of Turkey, and had now for the first time come back. The return of the prodigal to his father's house, in the parable of our Lord was vividly illustrated, by this simple, unrestrained gush of parental affection in the oriental mother.

July 18. We travelled over an undulating country, but partially cultivated, our road lying in the same general direction as yesterday; rode eight hours and encamped on a large brook, in a deep glen, near a Mŭhammedan village. Our Turkish guard compelled the poor villagers to cut *green wheat* from a small thrifty patch—the only piece to be seen—for their horses; and they proposed to furnish the same for the horses of our muleteer, but I forbade them. Such is the lawless abuse which government messengers feel at full liberty to practise on the defenceless peasantry, in this land of oppression.

July 19. Rising from the glen in which we had passed the night, we rode over a lofty table-land, bounded on the north by broken mountain masses lower than itself, presenting a very wild and striking appearance, as if they had been violently convulsed, rent asunder, and piled together in the utmost disorder. This table-land was succeeded by one of the most interesting objects we saw on our journey,—a vast forest. The Turkish muleteer's prediction, that

no forest would again occur on our way, after leaving the one near Trebizond, would have proved true, had we followed the direct route to Tabréez; for this is the only forest in all that part of Turkey. It contains many hundreds of acres, and is thickly covered with a heavy growth of noble firs. It furnishes timber for the roofs of all the houses at Erzróom and even westward, and over an equal extent of country in every direction. Vast quantities of fuel are also carried from it to Erzróom, on rude ox-carts, a distance of more than a hundred miles. It was very refreshing, after having travelled so long, over naked mountains, to enter once more the cool shade of this extensive forest. Toward its eastern extremity, we descended a long, steep declivity, which at its termination opens into magnificent meadows, then waving with rank grass; and these gradually widened into the fine valley of Kars, the town being still out of sight and a day's journey beyond.

Our guard expressed strong apprehension of danger, to-day, being in the immediate vicinity of the Koords; and a company of horsemen appearing ahead, whom they supposed to be Jellalées, they hastily put themselves in battle array. On coming up, however, the supposed foe proved to be Armenian merchants, on their way to Erzróom, who in turn, regarding us as robbers, had also shouldered their muskets. And at the village where we stopped, we were informed, that, on the preceding night, a company of Jellalées had come to a village two miles distant and stolen a number of horses. Our timorous escort were brave enough, when out of the reach of danger. As soon as we cleared the dreaded region, to-day, by emerging from the great forest, they boldly discharged their muskets and shouted their defiance of all the Koords in the empire. They were armed with swords, pistols and long spears, and often amused us by prancing over the country and brandishing their weapons, in genuine Parthian style; but no sooner did a Koord make his appearance, or was danger apprehended, than the crest of their courage fell.

July 20. We travelled over an undulating cultivated region, in an east by north direction, and reached the town of Kars. This town, like Hăssân-kulâah, is situated on the southern declivity of a mountain-range which bounds the adjacent plain on the north; and it is overlooked by a strong citadel in the rear. Its situation is grand and imposing; but it will ill bear inspection, the houses—mostly of stone—being in a state of dilapidation and some of them forsaken, by the removal of the Armenian part of the population. A small river—the Akhooreán—intersects the lower part of the town, which is crossed by two arched stone bridges. I found it very difficult at Kars, as elsewhere, to satisfy myself in regard to the number of the population; but judged there might be from six to eight thousand.

On our arrival, I sent Takvóor to the governor, with the letter from the Pashâ. The governor stated that the road from Kars to

the frontier was entirely safe, we therefore declined the proffered guard; but he insisted that as the Pashâ had directed him to furnish us with ten men, he could not do less than send us two. At his urgent request, we accordingly took with us two men as guides. The governor of Kars appeared extremely kind; and, as he was personally acquainted with the governor of Gümry, the Russian frontier town, he proposed to write to the latter, commending us to his particular kindness and aid. I thanked him for the generous proposal, and he accordingly prepared a letter, in which he stated to the governor of Gümry, that my boxes had passed every custom house on our route in Turkey, unopened, being known to contain nothing subject to duty; he requested, therefore, that they should not all be opened at the Russian frontier, as it would subject us to much unnecessary trouble; and that, as we were driven that way by an unexpected emergency, our quarantine might be somewhat shortened. But this friendly precaution of the Turkish magistrate proved as unavailing with his Russian neighbor, as it was kind and thoughtful on his part.

As we are soon to take our leave of the Turks for the present, I would bid them a grateful farewell. I have spoken of the treatment which we received from them, in terms of commendation; and though, before reaching the end of our journey our strength, faith and patience were sorely tried, it was from causes, as will be seen, not at all to militate against what I have said relative to travelling in Turkey. Indeed, my estimation of the generosity and hospitality of the Turks was constantly increased, the more I saw of them, till I left their country.

July 21. We proceeded, seven hours, over the great plain of Kars, our direction continuing east by north, and stopped for the night near a small Mŭhammedan village, situated a mile south of the road, which was the only village we saw that day.

The part of the plain which we crossed is extremely fertile, but entirely uncultivated, its former Armenian inhabitants having followed the Russians into Georgia; and their rude villages were now in ruins, as well as level with the ground. The fair country waved under a heavy growth of grass, which stretched away many miles in every direction, in wild, rank luxuriance, undisturbed alike by the mower's scythe, or the footsteps of a grazing flock or herd. I never saw finer horses, cattle or sheep, in any place in the East, nor in larger numbers, than I noticed at Kars; and the extreme fertility of this province may be inferred from the fact, that these were abundantly supplied with forage, both in summer and for the long winter, and so many thousands of acres of excellent grass still allowed to wither and fall to the ground.

This was the first anniversary of our *wedding-day;* and, a heavy thunder-storm occurring at evening, just about the hour of our marriage, clothing the heavens and earth with almost unwonted darkness and gloom, and beating and shaking our tent well nigh to pieces—

afforded a vivid contrast in our lonely cheerless situation, to our circumstances one year ago, when, happy at home, we were surrounded by kindred and friends. Happiness, however, has *no localities*. Like the kingdom of heaven, if it be ours at all, it is *within us*—independent, to a great extent, of place and external circumstances.

July 22. We rode six hours over an undulating country, but more cultivated than the plain which we crossed yesterday, and reached the Russian frontier, distant from Kars about forty-five miles. The *Arpá chai* (Barley river), a considerable stream, a tributary of the Arrás, here forms the boundary. We were directed to stop on the Turkish bank, until a messenger should be sent forward to the town of Gümry, about two miles distant, to procure permission for us to cross the frontier. The messenger returned in about an hour,—we and our companions meanwhile sitting upon the green grass, in expectation; and after our names, destination, object, etc. were minutely taken down, we were permitted to cross the river and found ourselves in Georgia. As we proceeded to the quarantine ground, which is near the town, we were met by an officer who demanded our passports. Fortunately, (or rather *un*fortunately, for it was on the strength of this that I ventured on that route,) I had procured a passport from the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, without which it would have been impossible for me to enter the country. Twice afterward, the same day, our names were all taken down—servant and muleteers not excepted—and numberless inquiries repeated, even to disgusting minuteness, relative to my profession, our object in travelling here, etc.; and every letter which we had in charge, to be delivered at Tabréez, or elsewhere, was demanded, to be retained by the governor, until our departure.

Gümry is a considerable Armenian town, to which much importance is attached by the Russian government, on account of its boundary position. A strong fort is now in process of erection near the town, and a number of Russians and Germans, removing in and commingling with the native inhabitants, give to the mass a semi-European appearance. The familiar agricultural utensils which met our eyes on entering the Czar's dominions,—the laborers, with shaved faces, tidily garbed in linen frocks and trowsers and straw hats, briskly swinging the scythe and the cradle, plying the rake and the pitchfork and carting in the harvest, were a grateful contrast to the rude instruments of husbandry and the grotesque costume which we had long witnessed. But our agreeable emotions, thus excited at first, were soon sadly dispersed, by the treatment which we received, and which caused us to wish, a thousand times, that we could exchange those *familiar* scenes for the superior civility and kindness which we had uniformly experienced in 'barbarous Turkey.' We had not been long in quarantine, when we found, that a most dreary campaign was before us. We were situated in a hollow, on the bank of a small muddy brook. Six or eight

dozen of geese thronged us on every side; flies, like the swarms of Egypt, flocked into our tent, to devour us and our provisions; sand, from the surrounding sun-burnt hills, sifted upon us, on every breeze; and a stench, from animals that had died during quarantine, their bodies being left unburied, annoyed us sometimes almost to suffocation. The constant wrangling, too, at the quarantine buildings, was frightful. During the seven months which we spent in Turkey, I had seen the infliction of blows in only a solitary instance. But during our quarantine, scarcely a day passed without bringing with it instances of flogging, within a few rods of our tent; and some of them, I should judge, must have been well nigh mortal. Never before was I so heart-sickened with the rule of brutal force. Every little quarantine irregularity, without judge or jury, seemed to incur the rigor of the lash or club from a boorish Russian, or oftener from some other *civilized* European in the Russian service. With provisions we were miserably furnished. Often we were unable to procure a morsel until afternoon; and in one or two instances, we could obtain none, during the whole day. And when it came, it was the most wretched in kind. If milk, it was generally sour; and if eggs, they were repeatedly far more than stale. And Takvóor, so far from remonstrating with the person whose business it was to furnish us with provisions, seeing those around us so wantonly flogged, feared to utter a word.

On the second day of our quarantine, our effects were carried off to be *fumigated*, and we were left, all day, without even a mat to spread down in our tent. My boxes, on which I had bestowed almost endless toil,—having constructed them with my own hands at Constantinople, that I might be certain of securing my books and other effects from wear and weather, during their long land-conveyance,—were every one rudely split open and broken to pieces even, and their contents strown over the smoke-house; and thus they were made to lie, during the whole period of our quarantine.

As much labor was necessary to put our boxes again in portable order, I sent a request to the custom-house officer, that he would call at the quarantine buildings and look at our effects, where they were then all exposed, that my servant might afterwards do something towards putting them in readiness, and we not be long detained, after our protracted quarantine should be completed. But the peremptory answer returned, was, that my boxes must lie there open until our quarantine was over, and then be closed, sent to the custom-house and reöpened. I requested that I might see the custom-house officer, and explain to him more fully our circumstances; but the reply in this instance was, that he was busy and could not see me; though I afterwards found that he was accustomed to walk daily very near our tent.

During the many long, hot days of our confinement, we endeavored to keep ourselves quiet and pass our time to the best advantage our circumstances would permit. Very little occurred, as day

succeeded day, to diversify the cheerless scene. I only find, recorded in my notes, that, on July 30th a heavy thunder-storm occurred, which, as in previous instances, our tent happily survived and kept us nearly dry; and that, on the 31st a Nomade Koordish tribe, of several hundred individuals, passed by, from the province of Erivân. They had become so thievish and troublesome, that the Russian authorities disinherited them, and a guard was now conducting them to the Turkish frontier, to seal their expatriation. The motliness, filthiness and wretchedness of their appearance surpassed description. All miserably clad and many of them naked, except a few shreds of a tattered garment about the middle,—sun-burnt to the complexion of Mulattoes,—the children crying and fighting—the men and women quarrelling,—their cows and calves bellowing, and hens in their coops cackling,—and all cowering as if ashamed to meet the eye of an honest man and afraid of the light of day, they presented to us a novel and most affecting exhibition of the real, rather than poetical, charms of pastoral life.

Aug. 5. To our no small joy, our fourteen days of quarantine were completed. In the morning, Takvóor and our servant and muleteers were summoned to appear before the governor for examination. Mrs. P. and myself were, as matter of *favor*, we were told, excused from that ordeal. The governor stated to Takvóor, that he had given direction to the first officer of the custom-house department, to despatch *our* effects with all possible haste, that we might proceed on our journey, without any delay. We therefore slightly put up our boxes, which were still lying open, in the buildings where they were fumigated, hired a cart and carried them immediately to the custom-house. To facilitate the inspection, I accompanied them, taking with me our muleteers and servant, and leaving Mrs. P. alone in our tent, not doubting that the business would be completed and we able to proceed, in the course of two hours. But I had no sooner met the countenance of the custom-house officer than I apprehended trouble. He received me sullenly and uncivilly; and, as I thought, was much offended with the communication which he had received from the governor, respecting the examination of my boxes. His appearance seemed to say, "You and the governor too shall know, that *I* am at the head of this department." By way of apology, for this officer, I may say that, if I mistake not, in him a very malevolent disposition was but ill affected by his ardent devotion at the shrine of Bacchus. After lingering about, sometime, he applied himself to the business of examining my boxes. He first directed that a list of all my books should be taken. This appeared very little like "despatch." I told him that I had a full list in *English*, which I would leave with him, but that would not suffice. We had not proceeded far, however, before he became himself weary of that manœuvre. We began with "Poole's Synopsis." "*What is Poole's Synopsis?*" he inquired. "We do not know the *Russian;* that is the English," was our re-

ply, and so on. And the task of attempting to represent so many and such strange English words, the meaning of which he knew nothing, in Russian syllables, was so formidable, that he abandoned the undertaking.

He next applied himself, with four or five insolent Armenians, to the examination of my medicine-chest. Every paper and vial was taken out and opened, and every herb smelled of, and their names required to be stated. A small paper of tapioca was laid out as subject to duty. And on my stating that it was merely an article of nutriment for the road, he waived the examination, and sent, as he said, for the *physician* to sit in judgment upon the medicine-chest. After some time, a man, whom they dignified with the name of physician came, and together, they resumed the examination. Paper after paper was reöpened,—all stared, wondered and exulted like Vandals, and were highly delighted with such novel entertainment. On coming to a paper of *oat-meal*, put up for gruel in case of sea-sickness, on the ocean, the physician gravely pronounced it magnesia! And when he had passed through the whole in the same barbarous manner, he magisterially pronounced his opinion,—in the Russian tongue which I of course could not understand,—and retired.

The officer next came to Mrs. Perkins' boxes of clothing. Every article—the smallest even—was rudely taken out and torn open, and the minute inspection of a lady's dresses was made, by all, for a long time, a scene of jovial recreation. Unfinished garments and all small remnants of garments, were laid aside, I supposed, as intended to be made subject to duty. I reminded the officer, that we were in the greatest conceivable haste to proceed, and the governor had promised that we should not be long delayed at the custom-house; but he only replied, "I know my own business." Takvóor wept and said that he had never before seen a European treated so,—that the Turks do indeed sometimes treat *rayáhs* (christian subjects) in a similar manner. But the barbarity of the Russians had so frightened him, that he dared not utter a word of firm remonstrance from me, much as I urged him to do so. He was afraid that he too might feel the rigor of their lash.

It was now past 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and dinner being announced, the business was suspended. I returned to our tent, hear-tsick, compelled to abandon the idea of leaving that day. In the course of the afternoon, I went two or three times to the custom-house, but the officer did not return until just before evening, and then passed by from a walk, without uttering a word, and retired to his dwelling. A clerk at length came and looked at the remaining boxes, all of which our servant had opened, that he might facilitate the business; and after a short conference with the officer, the latter came out and peremptorily announced, that all our boxes, except those containing our wearing apparel and a few articles for the road—all my books, my medicine-chest, box of tools, etc.—*must go back*

into Turkey, being European goods which were not permitted to be brought into Russia. I tried to remonstrate with him and assured him that nearly all the books were my private library—they were in their cases before him—not one in a language spoken in Russia; and that the medicine and all the other articles were only for the road and domestic use. Admitting even that our effects had been goods and intended for sale, which, however, he knew was not the fact, it was in his power to put his seal upon the boxes and allow them to pass *unopened* through the country; and this was all that we desired. But he merely reiterated, "the boxes must go back."

Our horses had been engaged at Erzróom for the whole route to Tabréez. And, after having encountered the long, tedious and expensive quarantine, the muleteers would not abate a farthing from the stipulated price, even though the animals were to proceed, unloaded; nor would they now consent to allow any of the horses to return with the prohibited boxes to Erzróom, as they wished to keep them together and load them all for the other route at Tabréez. But in vain did I remind the officer of the immense trouble and expense to which his oppressive course would subject us. He still, with malignant exultation, reiterated, "your boxes must go back." Finding him thus determined on oppression, I told Takvóor to go to the governor, state our case and ask him what we should do. He did so; and the governor professed deeply to regret that we were thus embarrassed, but was unwilling to canvass the matter and dismissed Takvóor by telling him, that he must accompany me as far as Nakchevân, exhibit our passports both there and at Erivân, and then return to Gümry, hire another muleteer and horses, and take the prohibited boxes—amounting to six loads—back to Erzróom. Apprehending that further remonstrance might excite the custom-house officer to a degree that would lead him to seize and destroy my library, which it would be nearly impossible here to replace, I concluded to yield.

Aug. 6. I rose early, and closed the few boxes that were to proceed with us. They were ready about 10 o'clock, A. M., and our tent and beds which we were told were also subject to inspection, were carried to the custom-house,—Mrs. P. and myself, our muleteers and the servants at the same time presenting ourselves. I sent repeatedly to the officer, requesting him to come and look at the remaining things, and return my passports which he had taken possession of, the day previous; but the answer as often was, that he "was not yet ready to be seen." About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he came out, examined our tent and bed; and, after waiving my request for my passports, an hour longer, said that *I* might proceed; but Takvóor must wait for my passports, as he could not then give them up.

I requested him, out of compassion to Mrs. P. to permit us to take with us our medicine-chest, as I feared to have a lady proceed, on our long and toilsome journey, without an article of medicine. And

after much entreaty both from myself and Mrs. P. he said we might take it. But when our servant had put it nearly in readiness to proceed, the officer came out and ordered it to be put back again among the prohibited boxes. Tired of being thus tantalized, and glad to escape, on any condition, we then went on, leaving Takvóor and our passports behind. We rode twelve miles, across the plain which stretches to the eastward of Gümry, and stopped at the small village of Hamân for the night.

Aug. 7. We started at daybreak, our course now changing to east by south and south-east, and continuing in the same general direction all the remaining part of our journey. In the absence of Takvóor, our Persian servant, a singularly energetic fellow for an Asiatic, assumed the prerogative of dictating, and would not allow the muleteers to stop short of the village of Aberân, making a ride of near forty miles. Mrs. P. was very tired when we reached our tent, having been on her horse all day, except that in one instance when she had nearly fainted from fatigue, she lay down a few minutes by the road-side. About half of our ride, to-day, lay across the Alagéz range of mountains, and the air was cool and delightful. The higher peaks, on our right, were capped with eternal snow. Descending the mountain, we entered a valley which runs directly toward the celebrated convent of Echmiádzen—the ecclesiastical metropolis of the Armenians. Late in the evening, Takvóor reached us, stating that the custom-house officer would not give up the passports, until 9 o'clock, A. M., nor then, short of T's giving him five dollars for a paper, certifying that the things which we took with us had been examined, and a valuable cap, from his own head, as a friendly memento!

Aug. 8. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning, and the Persian servant again going forward, did not stop with our tent until he reached Erivân,—a distance even greater than we travelled yesterday. We were on our horses eleven hours. Soon after starting this morning, we crossed a small stream which runs down the valley that we entered yesterday; we then rose and passed over broken elevations, and gradually descended to the river Zengy, which is an out-let of lake Sevân, and like all the streams that we had passed after leaving Erzróom, is a tributary of the Arrás. It runs near the city of Erivân, has high steep banks, and a very rapid angry current, though it is only about seventy feet wide where we crossed it by a fine stone bridge. Rising from this river, we passed over a commanding hill, which was gratefully crowned with several charming, thrifty orchards; and from this elevation, we descended, by a long circuitous road, to the town of Erivân, which lies at its southern base far down on the plain below. The change of climate, in descending, was surprising,—quite like going from a temperate into the torrid zone. We had left the cool mountain air which we had so long inhaled, on the lofty heights of Armenia, and found ourselves suddenly transported to the almost suffocating sultriness

of a tropical sun. Though Erivân was long the capital of ancient Armenia, the city and its surrounding villages are altogether *Persian* in appearance. The subterranean, stone-walled houses remained back in the cold regions to which they were adapted; and here, the dwellings are of mud walls, or sun-dried brick, built above the ground and neatly plastered over on the outside, with a mixture of mud and straw. Indeed, Erivân *is* Persian, in its inhabitants and character; and, till the war of 1828, it was a part of the Persian empire. In its markets, we were greeted with an ample abundance of fine ripe fruit; and we indulged ourselves as soon as possible and as long as we dared, with apples, apricots, plums, grapes and watermelons.

During our ride to-day, the lofty, hoary Ararat was in full view to the south and south-west. Never before had I beheld an object of such impressive sublimity. This mountain is altogether unique in its appearance, rising like a mighty pyramid from the general range and gradually tapering till it pierces and peers above the clouds. It is between sixteen and seventeen thousand feet high. Little Ararat near it rises modestly like its junior to about the height of 13,000 feet. Though we were sixty or seventy miles distant from the venerable mountain, in the morning, it *appeared* to be within five or six miles of us, and as familiar from my previous conceptions of it, or from some inexplicable cause, as an old acquaintance. It rises from a majestic curve, in the great range, a sublime corner boundary of the three empires of Persia, Turkey and Russia, and full worthy to be the bridge between the antediluvian and postdiluvian worlds.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY FROM ERIVAN TO TABREEZ.

Erivân is a town that figures in both Armenian and Persian history. It was, for a considerable period, the capital of Armenia. At present it is unwalled and apparently in a state of decay. It is supposed to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants, one third of whom may be Armenians. There is an imposing citadel, on a hill of moderate elevation about a quarter of a mile south of the town, bordering also on the river Zengy, whose high, abrupt banks add much to its apparent strength. Prince Abbas Meerza hardly made his escape from this citadel, in 1828, when Erivân fell into the hands of the Russians.

The great plain of Erivân and the valley of the Arrás below, be-

ing hemmed in by the elevations which I have described on the north, and the Ararat mountain range on the west, have in summer a singular concentration of heat, and a mild climate, for that region, during the whole year. The country extending from Erivân to Nakchevân, a distance of a hundred miles, is beautiful, and the soil is extremely fertile. Its fruits are very abundant and excellent; but, as in most such countries, the climate is very unhealthy. The poor Armenians, who were enticed into those provinces by the Russians, from their more healthy homes in Turkey and Persia, have died in great numbers. And the pale, sickly survivors would gladly exchange their present situation for the rigor of their former vassalage to Mŭhammedans, could they evade Russian vigilance and effect their escape.

Immediately after our arrival at Erivân, I despatched Takvóor to the governor with our Russian passport. Just at evening, his Excellency sent for my *American* passport, stating that he had an Armenian priest with him who could read English.

Aug. 9. The priest called on me in the morning, and remained most of the forenoon. He learned our language in his childhood, at the English Philanthropic academy, as he styled it, in India. He speaks, reads and writes the language very well, is intelligent on general subjects, and is indeed quite English in his character. He expressed deep regret for the ignorance of the clergy of his nation, and an ardent desire that they might become enlightened. On his mentioning bishop Heber, as having known him in India, I put into his hands Heber's Missionary Hymn, which he read aloud with great apparent satisfaction. I asked him whether he and his church are looking for the conversion of the whole heathen world. "Yes," he answered, "I pray for it every day." He is acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Dittrich of Tiflis, expressed the highest confidence in him, and said that the Armenians are under much obligation to that missionary for his valuable translations and preparation of books in their language. This priest is a relative of the Armenian bishop Nérses, whom the Russian government have exiled from Georgia, being afraid of the enlightening and reforming influence of that celebrated prelate; and he possesses, I think, much of Nérses' spirit. He is at the head of the Imperial Armenian school at Erivân, and were he not too near Echmiádzin, he might exert a most salutary influence on his nation. He urged me to visit that convent, but I had not time. The monks there are able to furnish their visitors with pieces of *Noah's ark*, for five or ten dollars a splinter, each perhaps two inches long, and smaller ones for a less sum, which they can aver to have been integral parts of the ship of the patriarch, with about the same degree of honesty, assurance and probability, with which they practise many other impositions and retail the mass of their traditions.

In the course of the forenoon, the dragoman of the governor returned our passports, with his Excellency's signature, as he said,

upon them, and added, that all was correct. The priest translated my American passport into Russian, and a police officer retained the translation.

Our unanticipated expenses, arising from long detention in quarantine and other circumstances attending our circuitous route, had nearly exhausted my purse. I stated the fact to our Persian servant and asked him what we should do. He soon wandered away to the bazár and conducted to our tent a Persian merchant, from Tabréez, who was an entire stranger to the servant, as well as to myself, but was still ready to lend me as much money and for as long a period, as I wished, with no other security than my promissory note, written in English, not a word of which he could understand. This implicit confidence, in a foreigner and a stranger, is but a fair illustration of the *unlimited credit* of the English, in the East; for my servant had announced me to the merchant as an Englishman, our nationality as Americans being then hardly known in Persia. I borrowed fifty dollars of him which I paid some weeks afterward, on his presenting my note at Tabréez. The Persians, for obvious reasons, will never confide in each other in that manner.

We started about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and rode twelve miles, in a direction a little to the eastward of Ararat. The weather was extremely warm. In the evening, the silvery rays of the moon were reflected across the great plain, from the snowy summit of the sacred mountain. I walked around our tent some time, inhaled the balmy breeze and enjoyed much in reflecting *where* I was,—perhaps upon the very spot where Noah had reared an altar. But these reflections were rendered painfully interesting, by a thought of the moral death-shade, that now enshrouds this beautiful country and hallowed mountain. On the north and east sides of Ararat are Armenians and Mŭhammedans. The former, though nominal Christians, are groping in a darkness well nigh as appalling as that which covers the latter. On the south and west, are Koords and Yezîdées. The former are the Jellalées, the same frightful marauders from whom we had fled; and like most of the Koords, they are Mŭhammedans; while the Yezîdées pay a kind of superstitious homage to the devil. When will this fair and sacred inheritance become the garden of the Lord?

Aug. 10. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Perkins, myself and Takvóor rode on a little before the muleteers, and crossed the plain to the west, to visit the renowned Armenian church and the prison of St. Gregory, at Khorvirâb. We there came very near the base of Mt. Ararat. The river Arrás (ancient Araxes,) only rolled between us and the mountain. The upper part—about one third of the whole—was covered with snow, at this hot season, which appeared very deep and smooth, as though never ruffled by the track of man, beast or bird. Mrs. Perkins hastily sketched it from this near view, and the sketch I give to the reader. Its aspect

from the east is far more bold, beautiful and symmetrical than on the western side along which I have since repeatedly travelled.

We descended into the cave, in the rock, where the Illuminator, Gregory, at the commencement of his labors for the conversion of the Armenians, is said to have been imprisoned. The cave is about thirty feet deep, and, most of the way, so small that a person can but with difficulty descend by a ladder. At the bottom, it widens to nearly the size of a common room. A host of Armenians of both sexes, followed us down, and exhibited the most disgusting superstition,—kissing the floor and walls, weeping and praying to the saint. In the church near by, some were engaged in heartless worship, and others were cooking in a porch and selling provisions at the door.

We expected, when we started in the morning, to make our circuit back, to the Nakchevân road, on the east side of the plain, in season to intercept our muleteers, and had therefore given them no direction respecting the distance they should travel, before stopping. But we found ourselves deceived in the width of the great plain, and when we reached Davalée, the village where we intended to halt for the night, we found that the muleteers had gone on. We had now rode eight hours in the scorching sun. Takvóor had lingered, back upon the plain, for a tired dog which he was conducting to Tabréez for an English gentleman. And twelve miles lay before us to another village, and as it proved, without a drop of water on the road. After consulting, a few moments, we concluded that it was better to proceed, though weary and alone, than to be separated from our muleteer, servant, tent and beds. On the way, we met two Persian merchants. Being very thirsty, we inquired for water, and they gave us a green cucumber. We reached a village, near sunset, not doubting that we should there overtake our muleteer, but found that he had passed this village also, and the next was several miles ahead. Completely tired out, we could go no further. Whether Takvóor would reach us, that night, remained to be seen. I found it very difficult to make myself at all understood, so different is the Turkish spoken there from the dialect of Constantinople of which I had acquired a smattering.* Nearly all the men in the village gathered around and gazed upon us as objects of curiosity. We at length so far succeeded as to make them understand, that we were very thirsty, hungry and tired. The agá, (master,) whom the villagers dignified with the title of Sûltán,† (captain,) and laughed at

* The Turkish spoken in Georgia and northern Persia, is more strictly *Tartar*,—or rather, it is the *purer Turkish*, as originally spoken around and beyond the Caspian Sea. It differs widely from that spoken at Constantinople, which, in being *cultivated*, has ingrafted upon the old stock so many Arabic and Persian words and idioms, as essentially to change its original character.

† In Persia and Georgia this word means *captain* in military rank.

me for calling him Hâjée, (pilgrim,) the only *honorary* title which I could call to mind for the occasion, directed that our horses should be fed; and bread, milk, yogóord, apples and water-melons were brought for ourselves. To us a repast was never more grateful. When we asked for a place to lodge, we were pointed to the flat roof of a stable, about fifteen feet above the ground, as the only secure retreat from fleas and musquitoes. Our bedding had passed on with the muleteers. Just as we were retiring, Takvóor came, with a man whom he had procured to *protect* him. The air was dry and mild, our starry covering novel and delightful, and our sleep refreshing.

Aug. 11. We rose early and started, hoping to find our muleteers at the first village, three hours ahead. But on reaching that village, we ascertained that they had passed the night there, had risen also early in the morning and proceeded, supposing us to be before them. Apprehending that they might thus hasten on, until they should reach Nakchevân, and leave us the hard alternative of riding again twelve hours in the hot sun or encamping another night in the open air, I told Takvóor to ride on and overtake them as soon as possible. Poor T. jumped down from his horse, began to cry and said he feared to go. His cowardly disposition had been so wrought upon by our intercourse with the rough boors in Georgia, that he was afraid to venture from our presence. I therefore left him to accompany Mrs. P. and galloped on myself, with all practicable speed, for two hours and a half, and overtook our caravan. The muleteers were greatly relieved, when they saw me, and were very glad to halt and encamp for the day. Mrs. P., after almost infinite trouble with the timorous Armenian, arrived about two hours afterward. If she quickened her pace faster than a walk, he would cry out after her, (he usually lingered behind,) for fear of being left alone, "you will not go after Mr. P.;" and he frequently interrogated, in his broken English, "if we do not soon find Mr. P., what will *you make?* (meaning, what will you *do?*) "We will *make along*," as often she replied. With all the trouble of his timidity, however, he afforded her so much amusement, as to buoy up her spirits and lighten the weariness of the way to the close of her long and lonely ride.

The country in the valley of the Arrás, over which we passed, today, is enchanting. Many considerable tributaries enter the river, thickly studded with fruit-gardens, orchards and villages. These streams had no bridges, and the water was now unusually high but fordable. Takvóor in crossing them sometimes stopped still in the middle of the current and obliged Mrs. P. to drive his horse, as well as her own.

We had but just spread our tent and thrown ourselves down to rest, after stopping, when a flood of water came upon us, like a mill-stream, and forced us to pull up stakes with all practicable despatch, and retreat. It issued from an unknown opening, in a wa-

ter-course, into which a large stream was suddenly conducted, to irrigate an adjoining field. During the afternoon, the atmosphere was so intensely heated, that we dared not venture out of our tent. We were obliged to close every opening, and remained thus shut up until evening. A strong wind from the south prevailed, withering almost as the blasts of a furnace. The thermometer, that afternoon, ranged between 100° and 110° Fahrenheit.

Aug. 12. Apprehending another hot day, we started at 1 o'clock in the morning, rode incessantly until noon, and reached Nakchevân. About two hours before we stopped, a valuable horse, belonging to an English gentleman at Tabréez, which was led unloaded by my servant, fell down and died.

Armenian tradition says that Noah made Nakchevân his first permanent resting-place after the flood. I know not why he should have wandered so far down the valley, and over so fertile and beautiful a country, before choosing a home; but the word, Nakchevân, happening to mean, *first inn*, is sufficient to give unquestioned authority to the tradition, in the estimation of the Armenians. There is no doubt, however, that this city has valid claims to very high antiquity. It is situated about six or eight miles from the river Arrás, on a moderate elevation. The style of its houses and its general aspect are those common in Persian cities, which I shall notice more at length, when speaking of Tabréez. Nakchevân is said to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants, one third of whom, as in Erivân, are probably Armenians, and the rest Mŭhammedans. The district, which bears the same name, is extremely fertile and scarcely less unhealthy than the province of Erivân. The town appears to be gradually recovering from the ravages which it experienced in the late war, in common with other towns that were taken by the Russians, and is even assuming a somewhat cheerful aspect by the whited walls of the semi-European houses of numerous Russian officers.

Immediately after our arrival, I despatched Takvóor to the governor with our passports, that they might be examined and we be ready to proceed the next morning. Takvóor returned, saying that the governor was asleep, and he could not then speak with him. I sent again two hours afterward, but the governor had gone out and Takvóor was unable to find him until near evening. The governor said it was too late then to attend to the passports, and that he might call for them at 9 o'clock the next morning.

Aug. 13. As our passports had been examined by the governors of Gümry and Erivân, and had received, as was stated, their respective signatures, without their intimating a wish that I should be personally present, I supposed the same would of course be the case at Nakchevân. And as the heat would be very oppressive after the coolness of the morning had passed away, I concluded to leave my servant to bring the passports, when Takvóor should procure them, and proceed early myself with Mrs. Perkins. Takvóor, it will be

recollected, was now, in accordance with the arrangement of the governor of Gümry, to return to that town and conduct my prohibited loads back to Erzróom. We had a day's ride to perform, on the road towards Tabréez, before reaching the river Arrás, the Russian boundary, where our passports would be needed. I therefore started early with Mrs. P., and we rode on, a distance of about twenty-five miles, from Nakchevân to the river. We entered a small cabin on the quarantine ground and threw ourselves down to rest.

It was just here that the sainted Martyn crossed the Arrás, on his journey towards Europe, a short time before his death. I will give the reader his notice of the place and of the event, as found in his journal, contained in his published Memoir, which is quite characteristic of his laconic pen.

"*Sept.* 12. Soon after twelve, we started with fresh horses and came to the Arrás, or Araxes, distant two parasangs, and about as broad as the Isis, with a current as strong as that of the Ganges. The ferry-boat being on the other side, I lay down to sleep till it came; but observing my servants to do the same, I was obliged to get up and exert myself. It dawned, however, before we got over. The boat was a huge fabric in the form of a rhombus. The ferry-man had only a stick to push with; an oar, I dare say, he had never seen nor heard of; and many of my train had probably never floated before, so alien is a Persian from every thing that belongs to shipping. We landed safely, on the other side, in about two minutes."

The river Arrás is here perhaps two hundred feet wide, and the rapidity of its current is not at all exaggerated in the comparison of Martyn. The old ferry-boat still in use, corresponds precisely with his description, and it may, for aught I know, be the identical one in which he crossed the river twenty-one years before us.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the servant arrived, but without the passports, stating that the governor would not give them up, nor allow Takvóor to leave the house; and that his Excellency had moreover sent orders that *I* should return immediately to Nakchevân. Two armed horsemen had accompanied the servant, that in case of want of volition they might compel me to return.

I mounted a horse, and, leaving Mrs. P. with the servant, galloped back, in the scorching sun, in a little more than two hours. Being unable to induce my armed companions to proceed faster than a walk, I had left them far behind, and now made my appearance before the governor alone. I found, sure enough, that Takvóor had been kept there all day, in close quarters, as a hostage. The governor tried to apologize for subjecting me to so much trouble; but said it was indispensable, as I could not cross the boundary without a new passport from the governor of Erivân, who was his superior; and that the passports which I now had must all go back to Erivân, for the purpose of procuring a new one. I had

my regular American passport from the secretary of state of U. S. one from our chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, one from the Russian ambassador at the Turkish capital, a Turkish passport from the pashâ of Erzróom, and a letter from the governor of Gümry, certifying our regular performance of quarantine. These documents had been submitted to the governor of Erivân, examined by him, and pronounced ample for our journey. And when I repeated the inquiry, to the commandant of Nakchevân, whence the necessity which he asserted of their being sent back, he could only reply, "you cannot go." Finding remonstrance in vain, I endeavored to appeal to his compassion, but he hardly listened. He, however, engaged to despatch a courier with the passports immediately, and secure a return from Erivân in three days. Finding the governor thus inflexible in his purpose to detain us, I inquired whether I should return and remain, meanwhile, with Mrs. Perkins, on the quarantine ground. At first he objected and said that she too must come back to Nakchevân. But when I represented to him the inhumanity of subjecting her to two long days' travel in the hot sun, which would be necessary, for her return and second ride to the river, he at length consented to allow me to proceed to the Arrás, and promised to send on Takvóor to join us the next day. A letter was prepared for the quarantine officer, directing him, as I afterwards learned, to hold us in safe-keeping until he should receive orders to let us go. This letter was at first entrusted to me to carry, but it was afterwards taken back and committed to an armed man, who was to accompany me as a guard. It was now nearly 10 o'clock in the evening, and I started to travel over, the third time that day, the long road from Nakchevân to the river Arrás. On our way, we came to a "summer threshing-floor," where the guard proposed to stop a few minutes and feed the horses. I gladly threw myself down upon the ground, almost exhausted, and immediately fell asleep. When we stopped, the moon was about an hour above the western horizon; when I awoke, it had gone down and left us in darkness. I called the guard, who was also asleep, and we proceeded; and after riding until daybreak, I reached Mrs. Perkins, who had passed a sleepless night in our tent, on my account, not being able to conceive wherefore I had been summoned to return.

Aug. 14. With sad hearts, we now found ourselves both virtually and really again in quarantine, and in a situation inconceivably more comfortless than the one which we had encountered on the other frontier. We were on a great plain of sand, as barren as a desert. We were unable to find a single patch of grass, on which to pitch our tent. A strong and incessant wind sucked through between the mountains up the course of the Arrás from the Caspian sea, by day almost as scorching as the blasts from Sahara, and at all times sifting clouds of sand, through every joint and seam of our tent, upon our beds, our provisions and ourselves, like light snow in

the fury of a winter storm, and frequently upsetting our frail canopy for the want of sufficient soil to retain the pins of our tent in the ground. The heat was almost overpowering, as it had been all the way from Erivân. We were several miles from any village; and neither my servant nor myself was permitted to leave the spot to go and procure provision. And the only means by which we kept ourselves from starvation was, to induce the Persian boatmen, on the opposite side of the river, to bring us food from their village, which was about four miles distant, in Persia. By paying an exorbitant price, we thus obtained bread and melons, once in two or three days. Takvóor never joined us, as the governor had pledged, being kept, I suppose, as a hostage during our detention, and we found it very difficult to make ourselves understood. A few dirty soldiers alternately marched about our tent, as though exulting over captives. And instead of being detained three days only, as the governor had promised, we were compelled to lie there seven.

Aug. 17. The fourth day of our confinement, not a word of intelligence having reached us from Nakchevân, and not knowing how long a detention was before us, I addressed a letter to the English ambassador, at Tabréez, briefly stating our circumstances, and enclosing to him some letters of introduction, which I had taken with me from Constantinople. In the afternoon the Russian mail passed along and I induced the post, who rides between Nakchevân and Tabréez, to engage to put my letters into the hands of the English ambassador immediately on his arrival.

Aug. 19. Not having heard a word from our passports, our hearts almost sunk within us. We now relinquished the expectation of being relieved by the Russians, and tried to cast ourselves upon an Almighty arm, hoping that, under God, help might at length reach us from Tabréez. About 11 o'clock, the ensuing night, a courier came to our tent with our passports. The intelligence was like an electric shock. We were so rejoiced by the deliverance, that we were unable to sleep, during the rest of the night. We had still to wait, however, for the quarantine officer, to whom the courier carried a letter from the governor, to come from Esgy Joolfá,* a village three or four miles distant, to give us verbal permission to proceed.

Aug. 20. We rose early and put our things in readiness, but were obliged to wait until almost noon, for the officer, who, after his tardy arrival, pronounced our release with the greatest apparent reluctance, charging us with having European goods in our boxes, while he held in his own hand a certificate asserting the contrary, from the custom-house officer at Nakchevân. In a short time, however, our effects and our horses were all across the Arrás. I stood

* Esgy Joolfá, i. e. *old loom;* the Armenian town from which Shâh Abbas transported his weavers and other mechanics to New Joolfá, which is a suburb of Isfahân.

upon the river-bank and looked tremblingly until every article had cleared the boat and lay safe upon the Persian shore, lest the officers should fabricate some pretext to embarrass us still farther. Like captives emerging from a cruel imprisonment, we now felt that we again inhaled the air of freedom. And with rejoicing hearts did we take our last look of that country, where we had been detained and oppressed more than four weeks, for the sake of making a journey of six days,—nor this even without being stripped of two-thirds of our baggage. Were I to form an estimate of the Russians, from what we saw and experienced from those boors, while attempting to travel in that part of their country, I should be compelled to pronounce their minds as dark as the winter nights, and their hearts as cold as the eternal icebergs that reign under their polar skies. But I would by no means judge thus of all the Russians.

Quiet, defenceless travellers, as we were, wishing merely to pass across a remote province of the Russian empire, I know not the reasons for such oppression as we experienced in doing it, beyond the inherent despotism of the government and the bad character of its officers, particularly in those distant provinces, *unless* it were that my passports announced me as an American clergyman,—a character of course very obnoxious, in that benighted land, where every entrance to a ray of light is so sedulously guarded and obstructed. It was, moreover, but a few months after our detention, that all missionaries were prohibited from prosecuting their labors in the Czar's dominions, and an order issued that no *clergyman* should be allowed to enter them, without his special permission,—a line of policy, adopted, I believe, at the urgent overtures of the bigotted Armenian and Russian clergy, rather than by the emperor's better disposition and more enlightened judgment.

But what a picture is at best thus presented of nominally christian Russia, especially its Asiatic provinces! Well may the eye of christian philanthrophy weep over that mighty realm of midnight darkness. As the prospect now is, should such a policy continue, long after the benighted empires of Mŭhammedism shall have thrown off their darkness, and put on the beautiful garments of civilization and pure Christianity, Russia may struggle with mortal conflict, (in vain of course ultimately,) still to enshroud herself in the frightful pall of barbarism and fallen Christianity, which she now so tenaciously binds two-thirds around the globe.

We rode on from the Arrás, eight or ten miles, and stopped at the foot of the mountain, about two miles south of the village of Gergér, intending to travel, during the ensuing night, as there was a full moon, and the heat in the day time was extremely oppressive. We had scarcely encamped and taken some refreshment, when the *Ghōlâm*, (courier,) of Sir John Campbell, the English ambassador at the court of Persia, rode up to our tent and put into my hands a letter which I opened and read as follows:

LETTER OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

"*Tabréez, Monday evening* [*Aug.* 18, 1834].

My dear Sir,

About half an hour since, I received your letter with those of introduction you forwarded, and lost no time in waiting upon the first secretary of the the Russian Embassy and placing the whole of them in his hands, for the information of His Excellency, Count Simonitch, who, this night, (Monday) despatches a letter to the officer commanding Nakchevân, to make arrangements for your immediate permission to cross the frontier, should you not already have received your passports from Erivân.

A duplicate of the letter in question will leave this by my own Ghôlâm to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at day-light, to guard against accidents, which, together with this, will be delivered to you, but my servant is not permitted to cross the Arrás. In consideration of Mrs. Perkins' situation, I have sent a common Takt-rawân* and four mules, the only ones I could procure at this short notice, which will relieve her from the fatigue of riding, [on horseback,] and enable her I hope to reach Tabréez in safety. The takt-rawân will leave the city to-night and be on the banks of the Arrás on the third day, in which I have placed three or four bottles of French claret and some tea, sugar and biscuit, as your long detention on the quarantine ground may have exhausted your supplies of these articles.

As none of the houses here occupied by Europeans are capable of accommodating Mrs. Perkins and yourself, I have just sent for Mr. Nisbet, and directed him to hire a couple of rooms, in the vicinity of his own residence for you, till you can make better arrangements for yourself.

Should you meet the takt-rawân on the road, the man is directed to place it at your disposal, and if you require other assistance, pray have the kindness to send in the bearer of this to let me know. He will come in from the banks of the Arrás in a day or a night. If any accident should have happened to the letter sent by the Count, have the kindness to forward the duplicate now sent to the commandant of Nakchevân. With regard to your books, etc., if they are not restored to you or sent back to Turkey, subsequent arrangements must be made.

Excuse this hasty scrawl,

From yours very obediently,

(Signed) J. N. R. CAMPBELL.

P. S. You may trust to my Ghôlâm to do anything you require, on this side of the Arrás."

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* A kind of litter,—the only vehicle used in Persia.

This efficient assistance from the English ambassador was rendered thus speedily, in a country, it should be borne in mind, where despatch, with the existing modes of conveyance, is almost as impracticable as it is uncommon. About half an hour after the courier, the takt-rawân also arrived. This easier mode of conveyance was very timely for Mrs. Perkins. She had already rode on horseback and with comparative comfort, between six and seven hundred miles; but the exchange of her saddle for the litter was now most grateful. The vehicle, however, and the other comforts mentioned in the letter as accompanying it, were as unexpected as they were welcome. In the few lines which I hastily wrote the ambassador from our confinement, I had not intimated our need of any thing of the kind; and the whole coming thus promptly from an entire stranger impressed us the more deeply, standing in such vivid contrast with the studied oppression, which we had experienced for so long a period.

Nor should I omit to acknowledge the kindness of the Russian ambassador at Tabréez, in his efforts to effect our release. He acted, as appears from Sir John Campbell's letter, with great promptness; and, as I have since learned, he expressed much surprise at our detention and deep solicitude for our speedy relief. His letter to the governor of Nakchevân was very decisive. "I know not," he wrote, "under what authority you act, in detaining that gentleman and lady; but be that authority what it may, I request you to release them immediately; and if you have any apprehension that you may be blamed for so doing, I hold myself fully responsible for the measure."

Lest it should be difficult to reconcile this promptness in the efforts of the Russian ambassador, to effect our release, with the desire to embarrass us, which was almost uniformly manifested, as we travelled in the country which he represents, I may repeat the suggestion, that it is the boorish deputies and subordinate officers, and not men of such intelligence as foreign ambassadors, that are usually the agents of oppression in the Russian provinces. The bad character of the lower Russian officers in the distant provinces of Georgia is proverbial.

About 9 o'clock in the evening, after the arrival from Tabréez, the moon having then just risen, we proceeded on our journey, and travelled incessantly, until 9 o'clock the next morning, when we reached the fertile district and large village of Morénd. This village, tradition says, was the burial place of Noah's mother. The alleged proof is, that in Armenian, *Morénd*, means, "mother there."

This long ride of near forty miles Mrs. Perkins sustained with tolerable ease, in the takt-rawân. Worn out with anxiety, during our troubles in Georgia, I was myself very weak and unwell and scarcely able to sit upon my horse. I frequently dismounted and walked a few rods, and would most gladly have stopped much sooner, but there is no village on the road, between Gergér and Mo-

rénd. Our road led up a high mountain, and then across a table-land, many miles in extent, on which I observed nothing, by the moonlight, except the ruins of an old caravanserái. As we were ascending the mountain, the forward mule of the takt-rawân became obstinate and suddenly ran back and pushed the hindermost one upon the very brink of the precipice along which the road runs; and had not an Almighty arm stayed them just *when* and *where* it did, mules, takt-rawân and Mrs. Perkins must have been dashed down the precipice together. At day-break, we found ourselves descending from the table-land and entering the plain of MoréND. In crossing this plain, the pack-saddles of the mules suddenly turned on their backs and capsized the takt-rawân, with the *side-door downward*, which confined Mrs. P. within, until the mules could be unharnessed and disengaged from the vehicle. But the same guardian Hand, which had so often protected us from dangers seen and unseen, shielded her in this instance also from injury and alarm. MoréND, where we stopped, is a large, fine village, containing near three thousand inhabitants, and is a kind of metropolis of the extensive and fertile district which bears its name, and in which are several smaller villages.

Aug. 21. We had halted but a short time when an English gentleman rode up to our tent, who proved to be none other than Dr. Riach, physician of the English embassy at Tabréez,—the same excellent man whom we had seen at Constantinople, on his way to Persia. Being apprized of our unhappy predicament, on the banks of the Arrás, he had procured a Russian travelling-passport, made the necessary preparations, and advanced thus far on his way to the Russian frontier, with the determination of entering the country and remaining with us, should he not find us liberated, and of accompanying us on the road, that he might comfort us and administer relief in case of sickness. Such generous kindness made an impression on our hearts, then bleeding with the fresh recollection of our recent trials, and throbbing with joy in view of our happy deliverance, too deep to be ever obliterated. We sat down, narrated our adventures, and took sweet counsel together, which was the more dear to us, after having met with no one, for so long a period, who treated us as friends. We lingered until 11 o'clock in the evening, when we started and rode until about 6 o'clock the next morning, crossing the *Kara Dagh* (*Black Mountain*) range, and reached Sofîân, a village situated at the base of the mountain, on the western extremity of the great plain of Tabréez. At this village, Martyn passed his second night from Tabréez. We were often interested to identify his stopping-places with our own, on the way; the more so, of course, as we were among the first to enter benighted Persia, after that eminent missionary had left it, to labor for the salvation of its perishing inhabitants.

Aug. 22. This morning, for the first time after we left Constantinople, Mrs. Perkins was taken quite unwell, and suffered much

pain. By medical prescription from Dr. Riach, she was at length relieved. We lingered there, trying to rest, as we had slept but very little after leaving the Arrás, until 1 o'clock in the morning of Aug. 23. Mrs. Perkins having then become comfortable, we proceeded across the vast plain, under the mountain-ridge which bounds it on the northern side, and reached Tabréez after a ride of seven hours. We crossed the *âjée chai*, *bitter* (*salt* or *brackish*) *river*, a little before reaching the city, by a venerable brick bridge of several arches, which is twelve or fifteen rods long. The stream was now almost dry. Here we met Mr. Nisbet, the commissary of the English military detachment in Persia, who had come out thus far to welcome us. To this pious, excellent man, we were laid under great and constantly increasing obligation, while we remained in Persia. Our hearts rose in tender thanksgiving to our Father in heaven, as we entered the city, for having delivered us from so many embarrassments and exposures, and brought us at length in safety to the place of our first destination. We were very kindly received at the dwelling of our christian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet. Owing to a large accession recently made to the European residents, it was almost impossible to procure a house. But Mr. N. had kindly anticipated our wants and rented us one near his own, as comfortable as most of the native dwellings. We therefore found ourselves happily lodged, the first night in Tabréez, in our 'own hired house.' But when the reader recollects *where* we now were, he will not be surprised to learn, that we became occupants of a *mud-walled* dwelling, without glass windows or wood floors. For such a home, however, we were heartily thankful.

Aug. 26. Just three days after our arrival at Tabréez, Mrs. P. became the mother of a daughter, of whose existence she was not conscious for several days. Her long previous exposures had prostrated her system, and this sickness carried her farther apparently across the stream of Jordan than any person I ever knew, who was brought back again to its nether shores. Incessant vomiting for several hours induced repeated convulsions, the severest I ever witnessed and apparently sufficient to shake the firmest frame in pieces; after which, the vital spark, for nearly a week, seemed almost extinguished. Three English physicians were in attendance, who happened providentially to be in Tabréez at that time, viz. Dr. Riach, who met us on the road; Dr. Griffiths, surgeon of the English detachment; and Dr. McNeill,—then first secretary of the embassy and now Sir John McNeill, the present ambassador. They all manifested the most anxious solicitude, and tenderly, but frankly, told me that they saw no probability of Mrs. Perkins' recovery. My feelings, in those circumstances, can be more easily conceived than described,—the perils and trials of our long and toilsome journey just terminated,—my companion for life, as well as in those trials, who had so happily survived them, now apparently in the agonies of dissolution,—and for myself, only the cheerless prospect of being

so soon left, a solitary pilgrim in that dark and distant land. But though no *American voice* was near to solace me in that trying extremity, a merciful Providence had not left me without friends. Parents and brothers could not have been more tender and assiduous in their kindness than were the English residents. The ambassador sent repeatedly to me, saying, "My house is open to you; spare nothing that can contribute to your relief and comfort." Mrs. Nisbet took home our infant on the day of its birth, and relieved me of all care respecting it; and Dr. Riach stayed five days and nights constantly at Mrs. Perkins' bed-side, not retiring from the house to eat or sleep, (the other physicians also repeatedly calling,) until by little less than a miracle of divine mercy, we were permitted to cherish the hope of her recovery. The reader will not wonder that after a short residence in Persia, we had become tenderly attached to the English in that country. And the treatment which we received from them on our first arrival, is but a specimen of their kindness to us, from that period to the present time.

In connexion with our exposures and sufferings, on the way to our field, it were grateful to offer a passing tribute to female fortitude in the missionary enterprise, might a husband be allowed to do it. I may at least be pardoned, for saying in general, that we witness, in many of the females sent out by our churches, not only the devotion that was 'last at the cross and first at the sepulchre,' but also a *heroism*, which is able calmly to meet and cheerfully sustain the trying emergencies that often almost crush our own sterner energies. It is preëminently on missionary ground that woman is a help-meet for man.

CHAPTER IX.

TABREEZ.

We are made acquainted with ancient Persia and its inhabitants by the classic historians and some of the sacred writers. The modern Persians retain the characteristics of their ancestors, to an extent unequalled, probably, in any other Asiatic nation that has remained in the same land in which their progenitors lived, and come down unbroken from so early a period. Not so, however, with the territorial limits of their country. These have varied like the ebbing and flowing tide, with every dynasty and almost every reign. "The limits of this kingdom, in its most prosperous period," says Sir John Malcolm, "may, however, be easily described; the

Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean to the south; the Indus and the Oxus to the east and north-east; the Caspian Sea and mount Caucasus to the north; and the river Euphrates to the west." * Vast territories, on every side, must be struck from this extreme outline of the celebrated historian, in looking for the present boundaries of Persia. It does indeed still reach the Caspian Sea on the north, and the Persian Gulf on the south. But the wild regions of Beloochistân shut it far from the Indian Ocean and the lower part of the Indus; Affghanistân places it at a still farther remove from the higher portions of that river; the formidable domain of the Osbégs and Turcomâns spreads out a broad barrier between the Persians and the Oxus; Russia has crowded them down on the north from the Caucasus and from Georgia and Armenia, as far as the river Arrás, and even below that river many leagues before it reaches the Caspian Sea; and on the west, so far from compassing Mesopotamia to the river Euphrates, the Turks have long restricted their Shîite neighbors to a natural mountain boundary, far east of the Tigris and of its tributaries, until we approach the Persian Gulf.

Modern Persia, thus circumscribed, may, to speak in round numbers, be from 800 to 1000 miles square,—though its shape is rhomboidal rather than square, being at least a third longer from north-west to south-east than in the transverse direction. Geographically, it lies between 26° and 40° north latitude, and between 44° and 59° east longitude. Its present population, though no accurate census is ever taken, may probably not vary far from ten millions. Its provinces are Fars, Irâk, Laristân, Kuzistân, a portion of Koordistân, Azerbijân, Ghilân, Mazanderân and the western sections of Khorisân and Kermân. Its present capital is Tehrân in the province of Irâk, situated toward the northern part of the kingdom, but nearly central from west to east.

Elâm is the most ancient name of Persia, from Elam the son of Shem, whose descendants are said to have been its first inhabitants. *Irân* is the term applied by the present Persians to their country; and Iranlóo, or Irânée, (as the appellative takes the Turkish or the Persian form,) to the people. Fars,† Pars, or Paras, from which Europeans derive the term Persia, and apply it to the whole country, as it was also applied by the Greeks and Romans and some of the sacred writers, is only the southern province of the empire, as that name is now used by the natives. Ajém, *clown*, (*βάρβαρος*,) and Ajemistân, *clown-land*, are names which the self-conceited Osmanlíes have given, as they think, to their less polished neighbors and their rustic home, back in the interior,—with how little grace or justice, is soon apparent to one who becomes acquainted with the two nations. The Persians, however, forgetful or regardless of the indignity of the titles, have also adopted them. Kuzzel-bâsh, *red head*, is another epithet applied to them by the Soonées. It origi-

* Malcolm's Hist. vol. I. p. 1.

† Heb. פָּרַס

nated in the time of Shâh Ismâíl.* Several tribes who became devoted promoters of the Shîite faith, under that champion of the sect, were distinguished in their dress by wearing *red caps*. The term thence attached to the Shîites in general, and has thus descended to the present Persians.

A physical sketch of Persia is well given in few words by Malcolm, in the connection from which I before quoted. "The most striking feature of this extensive country," he says, "are deserts and mountains, amid which are interspersed beautiful valleys and rich pastures." And again, "The valleys in the central provinces of Persia, abound with the rarest and most valuable vegetable productions, and might be cultivated to any extent. Trees are seldom found except near the towns and villages; but the luxuriance with which they grow, wherever planted, shows that the climate is congenial to them. The orchards of Persia produce all the fruits of the temperate zone; and its wilds abound with flowers, that can only be reared in the gardens of Europe by care and cultivation. The climate is very various. It is not more affected by the difference of latitude than by the remarkable inequalities of the surface in almost all the provinces. The greater part of the country is a succession of plains at the base of those ridges of hills by which it is intersected, and of table-lands nearly on a level with their tops. To pass from the lower valleys to the higher, is to change the temperature of summer for that of winter. But the climate, though various, is healthy; and few countries can boast a more robust, active and well-formed race of men. Its animals, (particularly the horses and dogs,) are of uncommon size, strength and beauty. In the mountains, some valuable minerals are found but none in abundance; and Persia has consequently been always indebted to foreign countries, for lead, iron, silver and gold." Rich mines of copper and iron have been opened in Azerbijân since Sir J. Malcolm wrote his history. Coal has also been found to a limited extent in that province and near Tehrân; and it doubtless needs but the aid of science and enterprise entirely to remove the dependence of the Persians on their neighbors for the more useful minerals.† And in speaking of the "central provinces," he does not include Mazanderân and Ghilân, lying on the Caspian Sea, which are clothed with vast and beautiful forests.

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* Malcolm's Hist. Vol. I. p. 326.

† I have sometimes made this statement, in answering inquiries on this subject, during my visit to the United States. And the Nestorian bishop who accompanied me, attempting to adopt it for the same purpose, but mistaking a *term*, has often said that "there are no men of *sense* (science) in Persia to discover mines;" and he adds, perhaps not less philosophically than piously, 'that inasmuch as "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of *wisdom*," he hopes, as this shall increase in Persia, the earth there will yield coal for fuel in place of stable manure and furnish to the inhabitants many other conveniences and comforts.'

Our home in Persia, as already stated,* is in *Azerbijân*, the north-western province. This name, in the ancient *Pehlivi*, means *house of fire*,† given to the province probably on account of the system of fire-worship having originated there,—Zoroaster, the founder, being a native of Oróomiah. Azerbijân is in the northern part of ancient Media and corresponds nearly to Atropaténe. It is perhaps two hundred miles long from north to south and two-thirds that distance broad. The river Arrás separates it from the Russian provinces on the north; Ghilân bounds it on the east, and Irâk, on the south; and on the west, it embraces the adjacent branches of the Koordish mountains, along the eastern declivity of the general range, to a rather indefinite line, that divides it from Turkey, where the head waters are supposed to begin to flow eastward toward Persia and westward toward the Tigris and Euphrates.

Tabréez, the chief city of Azerbijân, which was the place of our first destination, is supposed to be the ancient Gaza, or Ganzaca,‡ where Cyrus deposited the treasures of Croesus. It is now generally agreed, that the present name of this city signifies *fever-dispersing*, being formed from the Persian word *tâb*, heat, and *reektán*, to pour, or scatter; and that it took this name from its renowned salubrity. Many other definitions have been offered; but as its climate well merits this flattering epithet, and no other explanation, that I have heard or read, seems to possess more reasons in its favor than the one I have mentioned, I need not trouble the reader, as some others have done, with a chapter of speculations on the subject. The city is situated on the eastern side of a great plain, which stretches full thirty miles in its broadest dimensions, is bounded by mountain ranges of considerable height on the west, north, east and south-east, and skirts the lake of Oróomiah on the south-west. The interior portions of this plain are uncultivated, the soil being so impregnated with salt as to be capable of producing but little vegetation. A considerable belt under the mountains, particularly on the eastern and western sides, which is irrigated by small fresh-water rivulets, is thus rendered fertile and is highly cultivated. The soil, even here, *appears* sandy and barren; but it is in reality strong, and wherever thus irrigated, it yields excellent crops. The mountains around, like most mountains in Persia, are entirely bare, and present to the eye of the observer the personification of barrenness; but the dreary scene is greatly relieved, by the smiling, verdant fields and gardens below, which are rendered the more grateful and lovely by being in such vivid contrast with the naked desolations above. The eastern section of this plain narrows, as it extends back between the ranges of mountains, and near the extremity, a little elevated, sits Tabréez, like a monarch looking down from the head of a vast amphitheatre. And this general description of their

* Page 7. † Malcolm's Hist. Vol. I. p. 326.

‡ Kinnier's Persian Empire, p. 150.

relative location will apply to most of the cities and their adjacent plains, in Azerbijân and the other provinces of Persia.

The plain of Tabréez, and indeed the whole of northern Persia, is quite elevated,—at least four thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The winters there are consequently cold, perhaps as cold as those of our Middle States. The summers, however, in that clear atmosphere, where a cloud seldom appears in the heavens from early spring till late in autumn, are very warm, during the day; but the air becomes delightfully cool as soon as the sun leaves the horizon. At Tabréez, a strong wind blows daily from the Caspian Sea, which is very invigorating, and would be very agreeable, did it not fill the atmosphere during the dry season, with clouds of fine dust and sand.

The main part of the city is surrounded by a high double wall of mud and a broad deep ditch. The walls are in a state of tolerable preservation, and have strong bastions at regular intervals. The city is about four miles in circumference and is entered by eight gates. Outside of the wall, is an open space, nearly a quarter of a mile wide, extending entirely around the city, which is almost wholly occupied with cemeteries. Beyond this space, is a continuous range of suburbs, that probably contain nearly as many inhabitants as the city itself; and farther still, are extensive gardens, which sweep round the whole, and form the last and largest of these concentric circles that have the city as their common centre. These gardens furnish excellent fruit, as peaches, pears, plums, grapes, nectarines, etc. in ample abundance. They are usually secured by high mud walls and entered by a gate perhaps three feet high, and two wide, which consists of a single stone that swings upon hinges. Beyond the gardens, are the mountain ranges, on the east, north and south, and the vast open plain on the west.

One of the most striking objects without the city is a lofty sandstone mountain, which overhangs it on the north-east, and is of so deep a red color as to be even painful to the eye,—particularly as it is naked and presents the aspect of absolute sterility. A little farther north, about ten miles from the city, is an exhaustless mine of beautiful rock salt, from which immense quantities are quarried; and from a gorge near it, issues the *âjée chai*—bitter (*salt*) river—a considerable stream which flows across the plain and enters the lake. Tabréez, with its suburbs, may now contain eighty thousand inhabitants, of whom perhaps one thousand are Armenian Christians and the rest are Mŭhammedans. The Armenians are a privileged class. By threatening to follow the Russians to Georgia at the close of the last war, they extorted from the Persian government important immunities, as diminution of taxes, etc., as the condition of remaining. Unhappily, however, they profit little by these advantages. Like most of the Armenians in Persia, they are even more degraded and immoral than their Mŭhammedan neighbors. Tabréez was formerly far more populous than at present. The open space, now

occupied as cemeteries, is strown over with huge oblong blocks of black marble; and there are many other indications that this entire area, now the tabernacles of the sleeping dead, was once covered with the busy abodes of the living. Tradition says that the whole city was destroyed by an earthquake somewhat less than a century ago, which is probably true. Earthquakes are still very common in Tabréez. The year that we resided there, they shook our house repeatedly—caused our crockery to rattle on its shelves—and many walls in our neighborhood were thrown down.

There are few conspicuous remnants of antiquity in Tabréez, though the city is very ancient. A venerable mosk of brick-work, finely arched and beautifully decorated with mosaic, which stands a mile east of the city but was once doubtless within its walls, is perhaps the most interesting. A small part of its side walls and most of its front still attest its former magnificence. The *Ark*, (citadel, in Persian, *areg*,) a solid mass of walls, ninety feet high, which encloses a part of the fort that forms an offset on the southern side of the city, is also a noble structure. A considerable part of this too has fallen,—so much, that it is difficult to determine for what purpose it was erected. By some, it is supposed to have been a mosk, and by others, a royal palace. It is the first object seen, in approaching the city, from any direction. The present mosks of Tabréez—and indeed most of the mosks elsewhere in Persia,—are unpretending structures, built often of sun-dried bricks, one story high and without minarets. They make but a humble appearance compared with the mosks of Turkey, particularly those of Constantinople. And the waning zeal of the Persians in regard to their *places* of worship is perhaps no more than a fair index of the decline of their attachment to the worship itself.

Tabréez is the most important city, in a commercial point of view, in all Persia. It is the great mart of European merchandize. Its bazárs and caravanseráis are numerous and extensive; and some of them are of a very superior construction. They are built of brick and lime, finely arched, and are probably among the most durable structures in the world. Shawls and silks are manufactured by the natives at Tabréez, though not so extensively nor of so superior a quality as in some other Persian cities. Its trade is principally *transit*, and this is immense, almost beyond conception. It is a grand depôt, into which Europe pours the fruits of its industry and enterprise to be distributed throughout the whole country and vast regions beyond. The goods imported are mainly broadcloths, cottons, chintz, loaf sugar, crockery, glass, tea and various kinds of fancy articles. The principal exports from Persia westward are raw cotton to a limited extent, great quantities of silk, both raw and manufactured, carpets and shawls. Immense quantities of nutgalls from the Koordish mountains are exported for tanning and other purposes. These are generally purchased by the few European merchants in Persia, who are Englishmen and Greeks, at Sâkh-boolák, a Koord-

ish town at the south end of the lake of Oróomiah. Pipe sticks for the Turkish markets, from the Bâkhtiarée mountains in the south of Persia, the tobacco (tŏmbakóo) of Shirâz, yellow berries for dyeing, and various gums are also among the exports.—It is surprising with what skill the Persians manufacture some articles, with the simplest utensils. I have seen shawls valued at a thousand dollars apiece, and carpets very far superior to those of Turkey, though sold in Europe under that name, woven by hand and with the rudest apparatus in the form of a loom. Some of their silks and cottons, prepared in the same way, are also very fine. The process is of course extremely slow; and nothing could be more natural, than that the Nestorian bishop from that country, when he first entered a cotton manufactory in America, and saw its thousands of spindles, simultaneously whirling, without the aid of a human hand, should be struck with overwhelming astonishment, and pronounce the whole a display of ingenuity, far greater than the wisdom of Solomon!

There is an armory in the citadel at Tabréez, where small arms and cannon are very well manufactured. The Persians may in general be said to be enterprising and imitative, though not very inventive. Their skill in imitation may be illustrated by an instance. On a fine brace of pistols being shown at Tabréez, by an English officer, a Persian gunsmith (who had visited England) declared that he could make as good pistols, and those so nearly resembling the Englishman's, that the latter would be unable to point out the difference. A wager was laid; the Persian took one of the pistols home with him as a model, and not long afterwards brought back *two*, and presented them to the officer, who, to be sure, could not tell which was his own, until he found on one of them a small Roman *letter*, in the name of the English artizan, *inverted*. The Persian, not knowing the meaning or the use of the *mark*, had made that slight mistake, in his effort at imitation.

The Persians of Azerbijân are regarded as the finest race of men in the empire. They are far more athletic and manly than the inhabitants further south. They furnish the best of the king's troops, —most of them, indeed, on whom he places much reliance are collected from this, his native and favorite province. They are also a very fine looking people, being probably a mixed race, combining, perhaps, Georgian beauty with Tartar size and Persian gracefulness. Like all Persians, they have bright, inquisitive minds, very social dispositions and affable, insinuating manners. The inhabitants of Persia doubtless surpass all other nations in external ease and artificial politeness; and it is with great propriety that they are often styled "the French of Asia." But, sad to tell, Persian politeness is little more than *external*. Their real character is that of treachery and falsehood in the extreme. The prevalence of *lying* among them is universal,—so much so, that the practice is hardly regarded as a sin, or a disgrace, in the general estimation. It is therefore necessary, however painful, while you listen to their smooth com-

pliments and their loud professions of friendship, to keep in mind that their hearts are preëminently deceitful, and "the poison of asps is under their tongues." And the general degradation of their morals is appalling. Almost all the sins forbidden in the decalogue, are fearfully prevalent among them; and to these many add the yet more abominable sin of Sodom. They are, as a people, however, by no means destitute of kindness and hospitality,—particularly towards strangers.

Lest I should be suspected of coloring either the bright or the dark shades of Persian character, I ought perhaps to adduce testimony which fortunately is not wanting. Says Kinnier, in a passage that has met my eye since writing this paragraph, "The Persians are a remarkably handsome race of men; brave, hospitable, patient in adversity, affable to strangers, and highly polished in their manners. They are gentle and insinuating in their address, and as companions, agreeable and entertaining; but, in return, they are totally devoid of many estimable qualities, and profoundly versed in all the arts of deceit and hypocrisy. They are haughty to their inferiors, obsequious to their superiors, cruel, vindictive, treacherous and avaricious, without faith, friendship, gratitude or honor."*

Abbas Meerza,† the father of the present king, who was long heir apparent, resided at Tabréez; and the management of most of the country being committed to him by his father, he made that city, much of the time while he lived, the residence of the English and Russian embassies. From this circumstance, and from its extensive commerce with Europe, it has become far more civilized than any other city in Persia. Its inhabitants, by coming so much in contact with Europeans, are much less bigotted Mŭhammedans than the people of other parts of the empire; and the rapid influx of general intelligence and European manners and merchandize has given to the place an air of comfort and security not to be found elsewhere in Persia. This is doubtless by far the most eligible situation for a mission designed exclusively for the *Mŭhammedans*, that exists in that country. Every blow struck there, will be felt quickly and deeply on all other parts, through the channels of commerce and civilization that emanate thence as from a fountain-head, in all directions; and indirect efforts can be made and influence exerted there, by the Protestant missionary, to enlighten and reform the people, with safety to himself and acceptance to them, which would almost anywhere else soon rouse the jealousy and rage of the priesthood, and bring upon him the fury of a mob. There are, however, obvious and important advantages in operating indirectly on the Mŭhammedans of Persia, through the medium of missions sent expressly to the nominal Christians.

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* Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, p. 22.

† Meerza, when it *follows* a name, means a *prince*, when it *precedes* the name, it means a *secretary* or *scribe*.

The first in rank, at Tabréez, as in all other parts of Persia, are the *Shâh Zâdéhs*, and *Emeer Zâdéhs*, i. e. those of royal blood,—the former, princes, and the latter, remoter descendants of the king. Though proud of their origin, they are commonly very fond of European society, and entirely accessible to foreigners, but loose in their principles and still looser in their morals.—Next to those of royal blood are the priesthood, who as a class, are bigotted, haughty and exclusive; though there are individuals among the *Moollâhs* who are not only free and social in their intercourse with foreigners, but are even downright *Soofées*, (infidel speculators). The Moollâhs usually live in a humble, parsimonious style, regarding this as most befitting a religious order. Their influence is commanding and often terrific when developed in the excitement of the mobs, who move like vanes before the wind, at the slightest breath of hierarchal dictation. The king even must promptly yield when the priesthood are opposed to him. And the chief Moollâh is so much revered, that the dust where he treads is sometimes collected and administered to the sick as a medicine.

Next in grade are the *khâns*, who are the hereditary nobility of the country, though the rank is also frequently conferred by the throne, on individuals of the lower orders, for distinguished merit or service. The khâns keep large trains of servants, live in luxury and splendor, affecting often more than princely magnificence. Unhappily, they live in a style so much above their means, as to be always embarrassed and tempted sorely to oppress the peasantry in the villages which they own, or those belonging to government and committed to them to farm; as a class, they are consequently hated and dreaded.—The *bêgs* (beys) are a rank of nobility a grade lower than the khâns, and are their humble imitators, in style and equipage, so far as their circumstances and means will allow.—The merchants (Tâjîr) are the men of business and the depositaries of wealth. They are also more religious, in their way, than either of the other classes, unless it be the moollâhs. Numbers of them make the pilgrimage to Mecca and acquire the dignity and the sanctity of *Hâjées*. Their style of living is frugal, never extravagant, and not often beyond their means.—The *hâjées* are proverbially the rich in Persia, whether merchants, landholders or usurers. Many of them follow the latter profession; and so high is the rate of interest—at least twenty-five per cent.—that they soon become rich, however small the capital with which they commence business. As the rate of interest is not limited to any sum by law, they often take advantage of the necessities of the needy and grind the face of the poor, practising enormous extortion, particularly on the nominal Christians, from whom even one hundred per cent. is sometimes exacted. No wonder that such a class should in Scripture be reprobated and ranked with adulterers and murderers. The *Meerzas* are professional secretaries. They are satellites in character as well as profession; and their importance is graduated by the compass of their

orbits, revolving, as they do, respectively around the king, the princes, moollâhs, khâns, bêgs, merchants or hâjees.—The mechanics and cultivators of the soil, though lowest in rank, are, as in most other countries, the most moral, or rather, the least immoral, and the worthiest of the whole population; and nowhere are the peasantry more active and laborious, small as are their encouragements to industry, than in Persia.—The *Dervishes* are a set of religious vagrants, resembling in character and pretensions the miserable mendicants of another faith on the continent of Europe; and, like them, they are the most worthless dregs of society. They are, however, dreaded as well as detested. The common impression is, that they hold so intimate and mysterious a communion with the Deity, that to offend them would be sure to incur terrible calamity. Their expedients to obtain charity are often curious and amusing. They sometimes seat themselves before the gate of a rich noble, under a small portable awning, which they carry about with them, and no persuasion will induce them to retire for days or weeks even, till the sum of money demanded is given them. They are seldom driven away, in such cases, through fear of their imprecations.

The *Seyéds* are the reputed lineal descendants of the Prophet. Many of them are found in the priesthood; and in whatever grade or condition they appear, they are always regarded as a sacred class and treated with great veneration. They are distinguished by a green or blue turban. Only the religious orders wear a turban. The other classes, from the king (except on state occasions) down to the beggar, wear the black conical cap made from the lambskins of Bokharâ, whose fineness and value are in inverse proportion to the age of the animal,—the dam being sometimes killed, the earlier to secure the skin of its young. The drawings of these several classes, scattered through this volume, will give the reader a good idea of their respective costumes and general appearance.

I mentioned, in the last chapter, that we entered our 'own hired house' on the day of our arrival at Tabréez, and that it was without wood floors or glass windows. Lest the reader should infer from this statement too much in relation to the discomfort of the houses in Persia, I will briefly describe them. The general aspect of cities and villages in that country is very sombre and uninviting,—far more so than that of any human abodes I have seen elsewhere, except the subterranean villages in Armenia. The streets, which are narrow, crooked, irregular, and but roughly and partially paved, present nothing to the eye but dead mud walls from eight to fifteen feet high. These are penetrated by gates or doors, small and low, in proportion to the prudence as well as the standing of the owner. For, high, large gates are a token of wealth, which provokes the envy of equals, who will not be slow to find accusations, or the cupidity of superiors, who can as readily find pretexts, sufficient to relieve the thrifty owner of his surplus revenue, if to strip him of

nothing more. "He that exalteth his gate," as Solomon warns us, "seeketh destruction."

These doors, that penetrate through the mud walls lead to open courts, or squares, on the further side of which, and sometimes on all sides, is the dwelling. If the buildings occupy but a part of the square, the remaining portions are enclosed by high mud walls, forming a kind of fort, for security against robbers and the intrusions of curiosity. At Tabréez, this open court is several feet lower than the streets, the earth on the spot having been used to construct the edifices and the walls that enclose them. This, however, is not the case in all Persian cities.

The houses in Persia are of three general orders, corresponding in appearance and expense to the higher, middle, and lower classes of the people. The two former are built of sun-dried brick. Palaces of princes and rich nobles are sometimes built of burnt brick and lime, like the arched caravanseráis; but these are so few as to form only an exception. In regard to height, the houses are neither one story nor two, or rather they are both; or, more strictly still, a part of each is one story and a part of it two. It consists of a range of rooms with alternately high and low ceilings; and over the low rooms, that are usually the halls through which the others are entered, low upper rooms are built, whose roofs rise but little, if any, above those of the high rooms of the lower story. The windows commonly fill the whole front of the rooms, except the spaces occupied by two pillars in large rooms; and they open from a few inches above the floor to a height of five or six feet. A room, thus thrown open, is delightfully cool in summer, especially when shaded by the spacious canvass awnings used in Persia. The window sashes are constructed in polyagonal spaces, in appearance like the compartments of a honeycomb,—one, two, or three inches in diameter. In the houses of the higher class, these sashes are filled with small diamond-shaped pieces of Persian glass, which is translucent but not transparent, corresponding in size to the interstices, and of various bright glaring colors,—and the whole window gives to the room a very brilliant, imposing appearance. A single window of a Persian parlor, thus glazed, costs from 100 to 150 or 200 dollars. The middle class of the Persians cover their sashes with oiled paper. And another circumstance in which their houses differ from those of the higher class is, that the latter are mounted in front with a projection from two to five feet wide, which consists of jutting rafters, inclining a little upward, on which jointed plank are fitted, and the whole is often tastefully painted and perhaps curiously carved. This projection adds much to the beauty of the edifice, as well as protects its walls and windows from the weather. The middle class have, if any, only the less expensive and less imposing, projection, of a row of wide tile or brick.

The outside of the houses is plastered over with a mixture of

mud and cut straw,* which gives them a somewhat neat and agreeable appearance, especially if, as is usually the case, the margins of the windows and doors are skirted with borders of white plaster, which, alternating with the spaces of brown mud, impart to the front a lively variety.

When we enter the house of a Persian noble, we forget that its walls and exterior surface are of mud. The rooms are beautifully plastered with the whitest gypsum, which is abundant in all parts of the country, and the floors are spread with the richest carpets of the East. It is no penance to a European to sit on such floors, except the constraint to which the novel position subjects his limbs, particularly when girded in tight pantaloons. The *floors* of these houses are first plastered with a mixture of lime and earth, and thus rendered level and hard; then covered with a thin mat, made from a reed resembling the stalks of broom corn, upon which the carpets are spread.

Instead of the walls being dead surfaces, in the interior of the rooms, they are relieved by a row of *recesses*, about three feet square, the same height from the floor, and a few inches deep,—at intervals of a foot or more from each other. High rooms have *two* rows of such recesses, with a ledge projecting two or three inches, to separate them. The primary purpose of this arrangement is *taste;* but the utilitarian can make the recesses serve also the convenient use of book-cases, and cup-boards. The plastering, in Persian rooms, is also often wrought into diamond and other shaped figures, and flowers and elegant cornices. And the walls are not unfrequently painted; sometimes painted and gilded; and in rare instances, they are almost wholly lined with mirrors. I have never beheld better mason work, whether of walls or plastering, than is common in Persia. The *courts* of the higher classes are nicely paved, on the borders and through the centres, with smooth stone or tile; and the intervening spaces are decorated with flower-beds, rose-bushes and other shrubbery, and often with bubbling fountains.

As I have beheld princes and nobles, in their mansions, reclining and lolling on their soft carpets, under the shade of their broad canvass awning stretched above the windows, of a hot summer's day,—supported by soft cushions and pillows under their arm-pits, gurgling the *caleeóon*,† or sipping the iced *sherbét*,‡—regaled by the fragrance of the flower-garden and the chirping and cooing of birds in their cages suspended from the shrubbery or skipping free in its branches, my early conceptions of an eastern paradise have seemed to be realized. When however we remember the corroding apprehensions that incessantly prey upon their minds in the uncertain tenure of their wealth, and the peril of their lives in that land of des-

* This mixture is perhaps similar to that mentioned in Scripture, as used in Egypt. The straw is cut up fine, in the process of threshing.

† Water pipe. ‡ A drink, resembling lemonade.

potism, the burning passions that war in their bosoms and the poignant stings of a buffetting conscience for their ill-gotten gain if for no worse crime, which embitter the sweetest cups of their luxury and implant thorns in their pillows of down,—there is little in such a paradise to covet or envy.

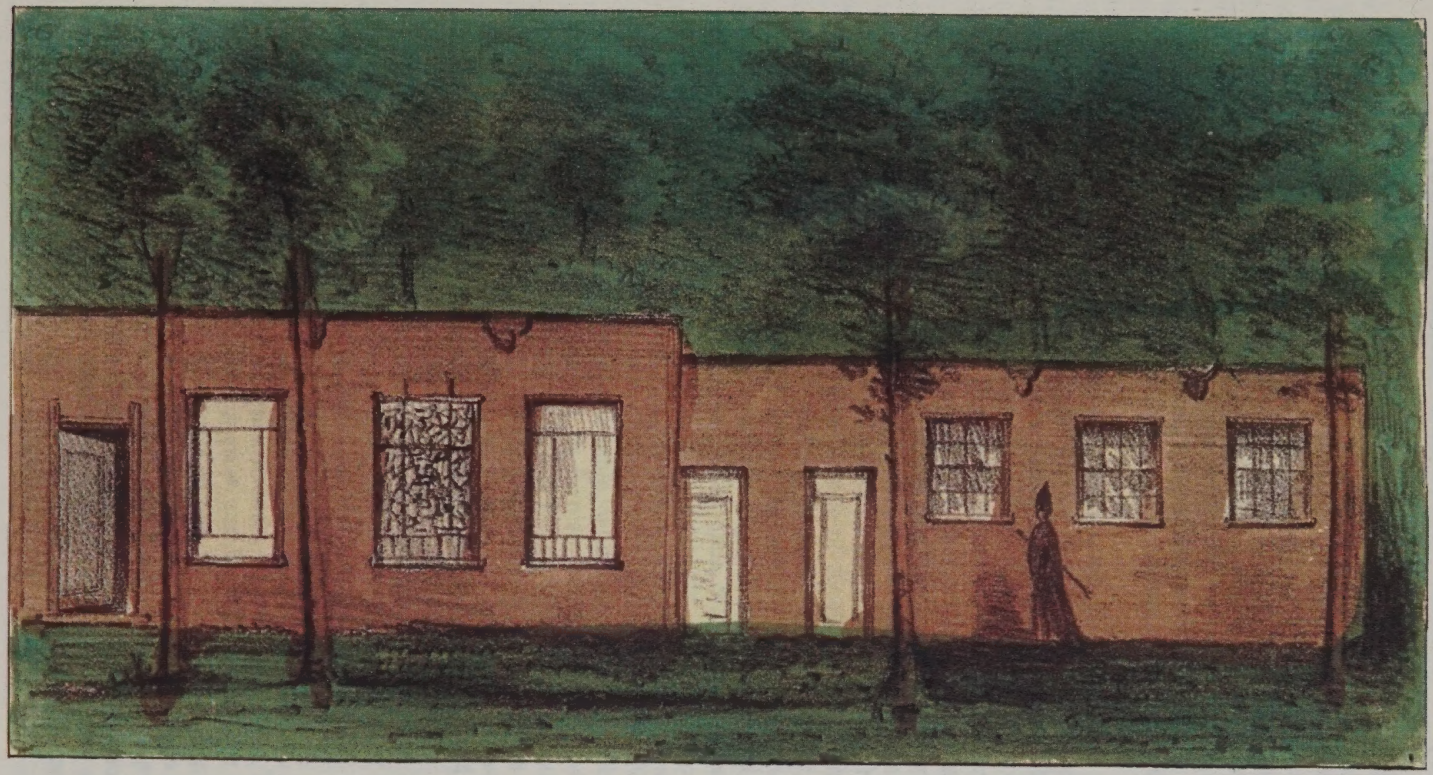
The *middle class* plaster their rooms often with the simple mixture of straw and mud,—the same as is used on the outside; and their floors are spread of course with carpets of an inferior quality. They content themselves also with rude pavements, or the naked earth, in their courts, and a small open rill taken from the larger canals, in the place of marble fountains.

The *roofs* of the houses in Persia are flat, and terraced over with earth. Stout timbers are first laid across the walls, about two feet apart. These are covered over with small split sticks of wood, at intervals of perhaps three inches, on which are spread rush mats, like those I have mentioned as used on the floors. Then succeeds a thick layer of a rank thorny weed which grows abundantly on the mountains, in a bushy, globular form, a foot or two in diameter. This weed is so resinous as not soon to decay—is an excellent article of light fuel and is much used for burning brick, heating ovens, etc. It may be that "grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," as mentioned by our Saviour. Upon the thick layer of this weed, is spread a coat of clay mortar and trodden down; and next a stratum of dry earth, six or eight inches deep, over which is plastered a layer of the mixed straw and mud. An occasional depression, on the back edge of the roof, furnished with a spout a few feet long, conducts off the water. The soil is so tenacious, in all parts of Persia, that there is little danger that a roof, thus constructed, will be pervious to the rain, if kept in a state of good repair. It should be annually plastered over with the straw and mud, which will be worn and washed off, by the exposure of a season, and snow must be thrown off with a shovel as soon as it falls. These flat roofs are pleasant promenades, for summer evening walks; and the natives usually sleep upon them, during the warm season, for the sake of the cool air and freedom from vermin. There is no exposure in thus sleeping out, as there is no dew in Persia. The roofs should be secured with balustrades, that one family may not gaze upon the other's premises. Persian law sanctions the stoning, without trial or mercy, of all who are guilty of such an offence; and the reader will recollect the sad misfortune and sin into which king David fell, in consequence of indulging an idle curiosity, while walking upon the terrace.

I mentioned *three* orders of houses, and have as yet described but two. In the third class, or that of the peasants, the walls are built of *mud*, (not of *un*burnt *brick*,) but one story high, and that is commonly low. The soil is so strong, in Persia, that water has only to be conducted upon almost any spot, to form tenacious mortar, which is dug up with a spade and slightly worked by the feet of men, and

then laid into a wall, (piece being thrown upon piece by hand,) four feet thick and three feet high. This is allowed to harden and dry a few days, when another layer, of similar dimensions, but a little thinner, is laid upon it, and the same process is repeated until the wall is carried up to the desired elevation. These walls, when thoroughly dried, are very hard, and if kept dry by being plastered over with mud and straw, may last for ages. The walls that enclose the courts of the houses and the walls of the towns in Persia, are of this same construction, the thickness at the bottom being commenced in proportion to the intended height. The roofs of the peasants' houses have no projections; nor have their houses any windows, except a hole in the roof, which is an outlet for the smoke, and admits a few rays of light.

The oven (tannóor,) in the villages of Persia resembles the ovens in Armenia. It consists of a circular hole in the earth, about three feet deep and perhaps two in width at the top and three at the bottom, with a flue entering it at the bottom to convey air to the fire. This hole is internally coated with clay, which soon hardens into tile. The bread is drawn out into cakes from two to three feet long, eight or ten inches wide, and of scarcely the thickness of a common dining plate. It assumes this shape almost in a moment by the wonderful tact of the matron, who simply tosses a piece of dough rapidly from hand to hand. Thus drawn out like a membrane, it is laid upon a cushion and stuck upon the side of the oven, where it attaches and crisps in a few seconds, and another, as quickly made ready, succeeds to the same place. Bread in the cities differs from this, only in being made of flour more finely sifted and in cakes perhaps twice as thick, which are baked on the bottom of larger ovens paved with pebbles. The thin bread soon dries and may long be preserved. Except in case of journeys, however, it is usually baked every day and eaten fresh. And the thicker species very soon becomes heavy and unpalatable. Bread is always leavened in Persia by a small piece of dough, preserved from day to day. The *tannóor*, or oven of the peasants, serves also the important purpose of warming their houses in winter. To do this the more effectually, it is converted into a *Tandóor*, by laying a flat stone, or a large earthen cover made for the purpose, upon the top, and placing over it a frame, resembling a table, four or six feet square and perhaps a foot high, and covering the whole with a large quilt that extends to the earth on the sides. The oven is heated only once a day, for baking and cooking. But the hole in the roof being closed after the smoke passes out, and the warmth retained in the oven in the manner I have described, a single fire is made to suffice for twenty-four hours. The whole family, or rather the household, consisting of three, four, or five generations as the case may be, and commonly not less than twelve, fifteen, or more individuals, encompass the tandóor with their feet under the quilt, and at night, spread their couches around it and form a circle by placing their



MISSION SEMINARY AT OROOMIAH.

feet near the fire while their heads radiate from it, and thus they socially sleep.

Each house of the peasants in Persia has its open courts, enclosed by walls, and the stables, barns and store-rooms, unlike those in Armenia, are entered by different doors from that which conducts to the apartment of the family. The traveller, however, there, as well as in Turkey, finds his lodging-place in the corner of the stable, except among the native Christians, who will generally give him his choice between the stable and the quarters occupied by the household.

The premises, in the villages, are contiguous to each other for the sake of security. But the roofs of the houses, among the peasants there, where the manners are more simple and the morals better than among the higher classes in the city, are seldom guarded with balustrades, though the families sleep upon them in summer. Their courts are usually their farm-yards. But such is the fondness of all classes in Persia for *flowers*, that a small patch in the court of even the humblest dwelling is often kept as a flower-garden. And another circumstance, in which the villages in Persia differ widely from those of adjacent Turkey, is, the existence of clusters of *trees* in or near them, which afford a most grateful contrast to the traveller, as he enters that country, from the dreary regions on the west, where a tree may not have met his eye for many a wearisome hundred miles. The force of this contrast is fully felt, when one descends into the vale of Khoy, on the route from Erzróom.

Our house at Tabréez, according to the division I have made and the description I have given, was of the middle class. And Mr. Nisbet lent us four chairs and a small table, which served us comfortably until we found it convenient to furnish ourselves. A few of my largest boxes were our only bedstead for several years,—though after removing to Oróomiah, we taught the Nestorian joiners to make very good chairs, tables and bedsteads. The want of temporal comforts, whether in houses, furniture or food, in that land of plenty, is among the least of the self-denials of the missionary.

Having with me no other drawing of a Persian house than our Seminary, I give that to the reader. It presents the common appearance of a rude mud-walled building, though it does not fully answer to either class of the *dwellings*.

"Did you try the virtue of *bribes* in Georgia?" was one of the first inquiries, made by our English friends, on our arrival at Tabréez, while they expressed their sorrow and their sympathy, for our sufferings in that country. It occurs to me, that the same inquiry may have arisen in the mind of the reader, particularly if he is acquainted with travelling in wild countries. I will, therefore, answer it. But lest the term, *bribe*, from the pen of a missionary, should startle him, I will premise, that when used in the East, it may signify the purchase of mercy from an oppressor, as well as of favor or injustice from an unprincipled magistrate.

Bribery, or presents, as a means of purchasing kind treatment, is one of the first dictates of common feeling, which a traveller recognizes on entering Georgia, almost as naturally as he would resort to it to purchase life, among savages. But money, though doubtless the best of all expedients to obtain favor in that country, is not always effectual. There are cases where the love of lucre, even there, is over-ruled by conflicting motives. Officers sometimes make a desperate effort, rejecting all presents and disregarding the sufferings of the traveller, particularly if he be an obnoxious character, as a Protestant clergyman is so likely to be, in ultra exactions, in the hope of thereby redeeming their characters in the view of their superiors, which is notorious for bribe-seeking extortion. Such seems to have been their policy in their treatment of us, and English travellers have sometimes been made examples in the same way, though few are in circumstances to suffer to the *extent* to which we suffered. Had I been alone in Georgia, I should have little regarded a much longer stay, among my European acquaintances, as they so much desired it. But the presence of a lady gave to our situation an aspect, especially to a husband, distressingly tragical.—The strong motive of missionary economy, as well as of our relief from perilous exposure, urged me to make trial of pecuniary offers; for I dreaded the expense of sending back our effects to Erzróom, and re-transporting them to Persia. But money even could procure for us neither favor, mercy nor justice in Georgia.

From my experience and knowledge on the subject, I could recommend no one to attempt to travel in that country, without more influence than either money or a passport from a Russian ambassador at a foreign court will secure. A few of the first officers there, as I have suggested, are generally men of intelligence and kindness. If a traveller can seasonably procure letters from them to their inferiors, he need apprehend no serious embarrassment. But the subordinate officers into whose hands he naturally falls, are probably as bad a set of men as disgrace the world. I have repeatedly been informed, by German missionaries, who long resided in that country, that, to be appointed to common offices in those remote provinces, is considered, in European Russia, as nearly tantamount to degradation from like offices at home, and in fact as little short, in the common estimation, of the dreaded punishment of official delinquents—an exile to Siberia,—that worthy men are extremely reluctant to occupy those places, so great is their seclusion and so meagre the remuneration,—and that it is regarded as no matter how bad is the character of those who go there, if they only have zeal enough for their government to guard its interests with rigorous asperity. This is probably a fair statement of the case; and hence it is, that the poor natives in Georgia, are writhing under an oppression, hardly felt in either Turkey or Persia, and almost every traveller must have occasion to utter a tale of annoyances.

I have sometimes regretted that I did not test the value of my

American *citizenship*, in the affair, by reporting it to our minister at St. Petersburg. For I have the presumption to hold, that the modern missionary does not forfeit his citizenship, any more than did Paul, by the nature of his profession, the logic of certain French jurists to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor has he less right to make use of his citizenship than had an apostle. Nor is passive quiescence under wanton oppression from wicked and unreasonable men the way to prevent its future recurrence. Such quiescence is in fact just what they desire, as imposing no restraint on their conduct. They ought at least to be reported to the world, that they may have the benefit of cognizance at that tribunal. There is moreover so much collusion, among the subordinate officers in Georgia, that the traveller's report may be the only medium through which the story of their evil deeds could reach the ears of their superiors and lead to a reformation. At the same time, so far as the missionary himself is concerned, it is, we know, a blessed privilege to suffer in the cause of Christ and for righteousness' sake, even without any human redress.

Takvóor, our Armenian interpreter, went back from Nakchevân, and accompanied my prohibited loads from Gümry to Erzróom. But instead of coming on with them to Persia, according to agreement, he left them there and made the best of his way to Constantinople. This act of treachery I could have excused in him on the ground of cowardice, (and I certainly had little to regret in the loss of his assistance,) had he not shown himself even a greater *rogue* than *coward*. I had before had reason to suspect this of him; but he fully proved it in the end, by bringing in exorbitant bills, both at Erzróom and Constantinople, of expenses on the way which he could never have incurred. The locomotive interpreters, in the Levant, whether Armenians or Greeks, are in general worthless fellows and but miserable assistance. The traveller in the East will almost invariably find to his cost, in employing them, that "confidence in an unfaithful man, in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint." Their prompt activity and flippancy when seeking employment, will soon be exchanged for tardy inefficiency when the service is commenced. Back in the interior,—at least, as far as among the lawless Koords and wily Persians, their imbecility and cowardice disqualify them for the roughness and difficulties of a journey. And wherever employed, the fact will sooner or later be revealed, that their main object and chief study is, to transfer as much as possible of their employer's purse from his pocket to their own.

My loads were forwarded by Mr. Zohráb, in the course of the autumn, after the Koordish disturbances had been quelled. They reached Tabréez uninjured, with the exception of single volumes having been taken from several valuable sets of books, whether by officers in Georgia or by Takvóor, I have never ascertained.

The reader as well as myself is now, doubtless, glad to dismiss

our troubles in Georgia and turn again to other subjects. I hardly need remind him that as this volume, which in design and in fact is very miscellaneous in its contents, is principally made up of journals and letters, I shall find it convenient, as I have already done, to preserve in general the journal and epistolary form, often using the *tenses* as they were used when the matter was first penned. Nor need it detract from its interest, to have incidents and impressions given as they were originally recorded; provided, that when the original statements are found by revision or increased acquaintance with the subjects, to be imperfect, proper corrections and qualifications be made.

Sept. 13. The appointment of Mŭhammed Meerza,* son of Abbas Meerza, by the old king, to succeed his father, as regent of Azerbijân and heir-apparent to the throne, is regarded as quite auspicious for the country. This prince sustains an excellent character for a Persian. He is much less inclined to the practice of polygamy and its attendant evils, than has been the case with any of his ancestors. The great bane of Persia, during the present reign, has been the multitude of royal descendants. Every tribe and almost every town in the empire has had its petty despot of royal blood. The king, to secure his throne from constant assault by his own children, has found it expedient to keep them in perpetual wars among themselves. Nothing is more common than to hear it said, "prince A. is raising troops;" and to the inquiry, "for what purpose?" it is as often replied, "to go to war against his *brother*, prince B." Thus the country has been systematically harrassed and impoverished, a considerable part of the long reign† of Feth Ali Shâh, who, in the multitude of his wives and descendants,‡ probably falls little short of king Solomon of old. The heir-apparent has but three wives, and it is said that he is very desirous, for the best of reasons, of reducing that number to one.

Prince Mŭhammed is reported also to be much less addicted to prevailing vices than the mass of his countrymen. He is regarded as a man of veracity, for instance; and the Persian is rare indeed who possesses this character. He is also remarkably modest and averse to gorgeous display. It is even with reluctance that he appears in his costume of state on public occasions. And he seems, in his measures, to recognize the good of the subject, and not merely royal emolument, as the proper object of government.§ He

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* The present king.

† More than forty years.

‡ Prince Malek Kâsem Meerza has repeatedly informed me that his father left just one hundred children.

§ My impressions of the present king, here given, have not been materially modified by the developement of his character since his accession to the throne. His reign is much more vigorous and efficient than that of his predecessor; and if the condition of the lower classes of his subjects has not been ameliorated to the extent anticipated, it is owing, I believe, to his want of sufficient energy to cope with the almost insurmountable difficulties in the

is a vigorous Mŭhammedan, not particularly intolerant towards his christian dependants, but singularly punctilious* in the observance of all the formalities which his religion enjoins. The majority of the Persians, particularly those of elevated rank, are becoming more or less infidel.

Persia's best hopes, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, now hang upon this young man. But there is fearful probability that these hopes will fall to the ground. The death of the reigning king, who, (though he was married to a young girl a few weeks ago,) is more than seventy years old, and who scarcely survived the last winter, is confidently predicted by all parties, as near at hand. And in the event of his death, numerous aspirants will be likely to conflict for the throne. The heir-apparent, though duly appointed, holds his appointment by quite an uncertain tenure. Nothing but an army, sufficient to sustain him in a vigorous struggle, seems likely to secure for him the empire. Such an army he has not, and the prospect is small that he will be able seasonably to collect one. A large detachment of English officers arrived here, not long ago, from India, to aid the prince in disciplining his troops, but nothing has yet been done.

Oct. 11. To-day an English officer entertained the Prince royal with an exhibition of throwing bombs, on the plain south of Tabréez. Mr. Nisbet kindly invited me to accompany him to the scene, and furnished me with a horse for that purpose. All the English party were out on the occasion, and perhaps two thousand Persians were in the train of the prince. He is a large, portly, fine looking man, but his features do not indicate remarkable talent. And while he looks healthy and robust, he is unfortunately much troubled with the gout.

The prince sent a horse to the foot of the mountain, about three-fourths of a mile from the mortar, to be tied there as a mark for the bombs. The poor animal was more frightened than harmed by the entertainment. The prince and his retinue were highly amused with the exhibition. He is said to possess much of his father's strong passion for war. At the close of the exhibition, he rode off over the plain, followed in courtly order by his great train, in the dignified, princely gait of a walk; while the English party, with the ambassador at their head, not to lose so good an opportunity of impressing the Persians with their horsemanship, skipped onward like deer before them. On coming to the base of the mountain, they started up

way, in a country overrun and scourged with a corrupt, oppressive nobility, rather than to any want of desire to correct abuses. He is also unfortunately blindfolded and misled by the counsels of a bad minister, for whom he cherishes an almost idolatrous regard, from his belief in the minister's superior religious sanctity.

* It is believed that the present king is at heart a *Soofée*, and practises the forms of Mŭhammedism merely that he may be acceptable to the mass of his subjects.

a hare, which they pursued at full gallop up steep precipices and through ravines, till, by the aid of a dog, they ran it down. The present Persians think as much of horsemanship as did their ancestors in the days of Cyrus of old; and foreigners, to have influence among them, must be possessed of this manly accomplishment.

Oct. 12. To-day, for the first time in Persia, (Mrs. P. still remaining feeble,) we had public worship at our house and our babe was baptized. We call her Charlotte Nisbet,—Charlotte being the christian name both of Mrs. P. and Mrs. N.—the infant's kind foster-mother, during her mother's distressing sickness. I administered the ordinance, and Dr. Riach presented the child at the font. I preached on the occasion from the 23d Psalm,—a portion of Scripture ever precious, but especially so to those in circumstances like our own. About a dozen persons were present, of six different nations, among whom were our German missionary brethren.

Oct. 13. Respecting the Nestorians, I have as yet learned nothing, except from conversation with the Rev. Mr. Haas, who came to Tabréez from Shooshá, some months ago. His companion, Mr. Hoernle, has just arrived. They are acquiring the Persian language with reference to the Mŭhammedans. Seeing the Nestorians, as sheep without a shepherd, Mr. H. has endeavored to do them good, as he has had opportunity. Some time since, he sent a load of Syriac New Testaments to Salmás, and a servant to superintend their distribution. They were disposed of mainly among the Nestorian Catholics of Khosrōvá, by whom they were received with eagerness; but a priest, on the following Sabbath, forbade the people to read or retain them, until the subject should be referred to the Pope and his permission be obtained. The servant reported this prohibition to Mr. H. who instructed him to wait on the priest and request that the people might make trial of the books one week, and if they did not find them good, they might return them, and those who had purchased should receive back their money. The priest, who is a native and seems not to be as wily as some of his calling, complied with Mr. Haas' request and made a public proclamation to that effect, the next Sabbath. The servant waited ten days and not a book was returned. The Papists, at this distance from Rome, possess a much less bigotted spirit than European Catholics.

Reports have been circulated here of great success recently realized by the Papists in making converts among the Nestorians. It was even asserted, that the Patriarch at Jûlamérk, desponding in view of their low estate, had declared his intention of soon surrendering himself and his people to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. Mr. H., startled at the frightfulness of such a purpose, immediately addressed a letter of respectful but earnest remonstrance to the patriarch, which I give to the reader. His foreign idiom in the use of our language and the German practice of inserting the chapter and verse in the references to Scripture, will of course be understood and not impair the interest of the letter.

" *Tabréez, December* 31, 1833.

To his Eminency, Mar Shimon, at Jûlamérk;

From thy people many have come to me of late, to ask me for Syrio-Chaldean books. I have given to them the gospel, which the English Bible Society has printed, out of love to the Nestorians. Many Christians in England and Germany are of opinion that the Nestorians are not carried about with divers and strange doctrines, (Heb. 13: 9,) nor tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, (Eph. 4: 14).

So likewise I myself have been accustomed to believe, and have greatly rejoiced that there were also a people in Asia, who esteemed the word of God of the Old and New Testaments of higher authority than the traditions of men. But how was I suprised and grieved, when I heard from thy people, that thou hadst declared to the Pope at Rome, in a letter forwarded three months ago, that thou desirest, with thy people, to pass over to the Roman Catholic religion. I cannot believe that thou wilt, with thy flock, turn off thus unto those who teach for doctrines the commandments of men, (Matt. 15: 9). Beware, reverend Sir, of the leaven of those Pharisees, (Matt. 16: 12,) who lade men with heavy burdens, grievous to be borne and will not touch them with one of their fingers, (Luke 11: 46,) who aspire to rule over all people and countries, while the apostles themselves would not *exercise dominion* over their flocks, (2 Cor. 1: 24); and have given direction to the Pope at Rome as well as to all bishops, not to be lords over God's heritage, (1 Peter 5: 3).

I cannot conceive what advantage the Nestorians can hope to derive, from becoming Roman Catholics. Is there Paul, or Peter, or the Pope, at Rome, crucified for us? Or are we baptized in their name? (1 Cor. 1: 13). No, surely. And for this very reason, neither bishops nor people are ever to rely on the words of men, but on the words of Christ and his apostles. The words of the Pope at Rome will pass away; but the words of Christ will never pass away although heaven and earth shall pass away, (Matt. 24: 35). Nor shall the word of the Pope at Rome judge us, at the last day; but the words which Christ has spoken, (John 12: 48,) and which have been transmitted to us in the New Testament. If we but have this precious word of God, all things are ours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas (Peter,) etc., (1 Cor. 3: 22).

But perhaps the Nestorians say in their hearts, we are despised and forsaken of all other Christians; have no learned men, no schools, no books; and thus are we ready to perish. Do not imagine, my friends, that Christians of the *West* have forgotten you. There are many who like you do not receive the commandments of men, but build their faith only upon prophets and apostles and Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life, (John 14: 6). These

Christians have long remembered you with great affection; and that their love is not in word only, the gospel which they have prepared for you is an evidence.

There is also a prospect that next spring, two deputies from these Christians will come to Oróomiah, to render you brotherly aid, in distributing Bibles. They will also, if you wish it, establish schools for you; print the necessary school books, etc.

Pardon my boldness, revered Sir, in which I thus venture to address thee,—and now venture in conclusion to remind thee of the fearful words of the apostle, "Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God," (2 John 9). And again, if any man teach otherwise and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing, (1 Tim. 6: 3); and finally, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed," (Gal. 1: 8).

Allow me also to remind thee of these excellent promises: "Verily, verily I say unto you, if a man keep *my* saying, (not the saying of men,) he shall never see death," (John 8: 5). Again, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall *teach men* so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called *great* in the kingdom of heaven," (Matt. 5: 19). And finally, "Because thou hast kept the word of thy patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth," (Rev. 3: 10).

With sincere reverence and love,

I remain thy Eminency's obedient servant,

(Signed) FREDERIC HAAS.

Evangelical preacher—a German by nation."

No answer has been received to this letter, and it may not have reached Jûlamérk. From subsequent inquiries, however, Mr. H. is now inclined to believe, that such a purpose never entered the mind of the Patriarch, but that the reports were fabricated by the Catholics, to frighten the simple hearted Nestorians and prepare them the more readily to receive the Papal yoke as presented by themselves. My own impression is, that the Nestorians are in much the same state as when visited by Messrs. Smith and Dwight. A Protestant missionary should of course reach them, with the least practicable delay.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY TO OROOMIAH.

I had resolved not to attempt a residence in the remote city of Oróomiah, until I should be joined by an associate, as no Europeans resided there, and the experiment of living there alone was deemed imprudent by all our English friends as well as by ourselves. I was, however, desirous of visiting the Nestorians, as soon as practicable, to obtain a teacher from whom I might learn their language while remaining at Tabréez, as well as to become better acquainted with the state of the field; and I had been deferring a journey for this purpose, after my arrival in Persia, only until Mrs. Perkins should be raised to a state of health that would render it practicable for me to leave home. Mrs. P. had only partially recovered, but I left her in good hands. Mrs. Haas took her into her family and nursed her with the tenderness of a sister, and Dr. Riach continued his medical assiduities during my absence in the same manner as before.

Though my particular object, in visiting Oróomiah, so soon after reaching Persia, was little more than to obtain a teacher, I must, in doing this, be brought more or less in contact with the most influential of the clergy, as well as with many of the people. I therefore took with me a considerable quantity of Syriac books for distribution, and in the place of an interpreter, the good German brother, Mr. Haas, had the great kindness to accompany me. He is himself familiar with the Armenian language, and he took with him an intelligent Armenian servant, through whom we were able to converse with tolerable ease and confidence, alike with Nestorians and Mŭhammedans.

Sir John Campbell, the English ambassador, kindly procured for me a passport from the *Kâim Makâm*, (acting minister,—literally, pillar of state,) to enable me to secure comfortable lodgings on the road, and letters from the prince and vizier, and wrote himself also, to the governor of Oróomiah, commending me to his kindness and aid while I should remain among his people.

Oct. 15. Thus furnished, we set off about 10 o'clock, A. M. for Oróomiah. Our company consisted of myself and servant, and Mr. Haas and his servant. Three horses, in addition to those we rode, were required to carry my books intended for distribution, and our travelling baggage. The weather was delightful—like summer,—yet not so oppressively warm. As a general rule, September and October are the months for travelling, in the north of Persia. In spring, the roads are extremely muddy. The heat, in summer, is almost intolerable; and about the first of November, the fall rains commence,

which continue, more or less, until snow and severe winter weather succeed.

We rode across the great plain, a little to the south of west, six *fŭrsákhs*,* and stopped for the night at the village of Ali Shâh, *king Ali*. It is a Mŭhammedan village; contains about one hundred houses and pays an annual tax of six hundred tomâns ($1,500) to government; and this is probably about the usual rate of taxation in the north of Persia. The villagers seemed frightened at our arrival, apprehending that we had come to take away either them, their property or some of their rights; and many shut themselves up in their houses. The *Ketkhŏdéh*, (lord of the village,) who is obliged to provide lodgings for travellers, was absent, and we wandered about in vain, in search of a comfortable shelter, until near sunset. Nothing but stables were offered us; and those, the most filthy and wretched in kind. We had nearly concluded to encamp in the open air, when the Ketkhŏdéh came home. I showed him my order from the Kâim Makâm, and he conducted us to a very comfortable room, white-washed and carpeted.

In crossing the great plain, which is most of the way uninhabited and uncultivated, we observed a striking example of the optical illusion so common in eastern countries, called the *mirage*. For many hours, we could hardly persuade ourselves, that the lake was not directly before us and near at hand,—the authority of our maps and the living testimony of our servants to the contrary notwithstanding. It, however, receded just as fast as we advanced, until we approached so near the western mountains, that it gradually vanished from before us.

Soon after our arrival at the village, a funeral procession marched out in front of the mud-walled mosk and recited prayers. The corpse was borne upon a bed, gaudily ornamented with silks and shawls, and placed upon a frame resembling a common bier without legs. The deceased was a female, and of such rank, wealth, and liberality to the moollâhs, as to entitle her to an interment, within the precincts of Kĕrbulá, a town near Bagdâd, hallowed by the ashes of Hooséin and Hăssân, sons of Ali, patron saints of the Shîite Mŭhammedans. Thither, a distance of many hundreds of miles, and over mountains frightfully infested by Koords, the corpse, as they told us, was to be soon transported, or an eligible place in Paradise might be lost.

In the course of the evening, the owner of the house where we lodged, came into our room to make our acquaintance. Observing me taking notes, he inquired whether I should not record the name

* The *fŭrsákh*—the *parasang* of Xenophon—which is still the common measure of distance in Persia, is usually reckoned equal to about four English miles; but it is probably more; I think it at least four miles and two thirds. The distance is seldom performed by a smart pace, in an hour. *Aghaj*, *tree*, is a Turkish term, which is also used in the north of Persia, to express the same distance.

of our host! a point which I omitted to note down at the time, and I have it not therefore in my power to pay him the attention. His house, he said, was the only comfortable one in the village,—that gentlemen of distinction who pass that way always become his guests,—that Prince Abbas Meerza had lodged in the same room which we then occupied, and was so much pleased with his entertainment that he bestowed on himself a pension of fifteen dollars annually for life. All this, it was not difficult to perceive, was intended to impress us with his consequence, and remind us of the propriety of being generous, with our own purses, on our departure. Mr. Haas, to change the theme, told him that I was from the New World. But he had little conception of the New World, and said that nothing is known of the name even here, only as it is incorporated in a proverb. When one has wandered from his home, he continued, and is supposed to be dead, on his ultimate return, the question is asked, "where have you been, to the New World?"

In our flippant host, we had a very fair specimen of Persian politeness in general. As he introduced us into our lodgings, he repeatedly declared that the whole house was no longer his but our own; and himself and all his family were our humble servants. Whenever we had occasion to ask for anything, he would respond, with a most submissive bow and both hands covering his face, *Cheshmeh*, (my eyes for it); or in Turkish, when he found that we did not comprehend his Persian, *Bâsh-ûstâ*, (upon my head); *Corbân-olâm*, (may I be your sacrifice). If he did not understand us in any case, he would intimate it, by a rising inflexion of voice and an obsequiousness of tone peculiar to a despotic land, as though begging leave to be, *Bóoyoor, Jânum?* (Command me, my soul); i. e. dear to me as my soul, (life,) condescend to repeat your orders. In attempting to make purchases of the Persians, as we had repeated occasion to notice, on the road as also at other times, the article desired is always at the outset, *peshkesh*, a present to you; and its owner, your *servant* and your *sacrifice*. And if you request his terms, he reiterates the same assurance, until you strongly insist on his naming the price, when he at length tells you, that since you will not take the article without paying him for it, you must set your own price; for he can *sell* nothing to *you*. Name a reasonable sum and he will flatly reply that you shall not have it for that; and by this time, his interest has got so much the better alike of his modesty and generosity, that he will demand twice or thrice its known value, which you must pay or take the trouble of beating him down. This is done by simply leaving him, as he will quickly call after you to take the article at the price you had offered. I know not how often I have, in imagination, stood by the side of Abraham, negociating with the sons of Heth for a place to bury his dead, when I have been purchasing even the most trifling article in Persia. As illustrating Eastern manners, and these in turn throwing light upon Scripture, I may quote a part of the passage which records that cel-

ebrated transaction. "And Abraham stood up before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth saying: I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, saying unto him, Hear us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us; in the CHOICE of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." "And Ephron, the Hittite, answered Abraham in the audience of the children of Heth, even all that went into the gate of the city, saying, Nay my lord, hear me; the field I GIVE thee; and the cave that is therein, I GIVE it thee; bury thy dead. And Abraham bowed down himself before the people of the land. And he spake unto Ephron in the audience of the people of the land saying, but if thou wilt *give* it, I pray thee hear me; I will give thee money for the field; take it of me and I will bury my dead there. And Ephron said unto Abraham, My lord, hearken unto me; the land is *worth* four hundred shekels of silver. What is *that* betwixt me and thee! bury therefore thy dead. And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron; and Abraham weighed unto Ephron the silver which he had named, in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."* This contract exhibits less formality than business transactions commonly possess, in Persia, at the present time. The bereaved patriarch was little disposed to be particular, in relation to the price he should pay for a place to bury his deceased Sarah; and his neighbors would not probably be apt, in those mournful circumstances, to practise all the finesse that was common in trade or fully develop their avaricious propensities. The general resemblance, however, to Persian transactions, is very striking.

On journeys, as well as at our home, in Persia, we frequently receive *presents*, for which an extravagant sum is always expected in return. When the bearer approaches you, he will almost deluge you with a flood of fulsome compliments and expressions of devoted attachment as a token of which he brings you the present, though he had never seen you before; and if you meet his wishes from your purse, he will leave you with the mellifluous stream still flowing, though a little checked, because, as he tells you, you have so *mortified* him by paying him anything, that he can no longer look you in the face and can scarcely utter a word; whereas, if you offer him only a fair price for the article, he will manifest the deepest displeasure, reject with disdain the proffered remuneration, and carry away his *present*, loading you with a copious measure of at least secret maledictions.

Oct. 16. Our course continued westward. A ride of two fúrsákhs brought us to the large, beautiful walled village of Deezéh-khaléel. It contains about 2,500 inhabitants, and has a more

* Gen. 23: 3.

cleanly, inviting appearance than any village I had seen, in either Turkey or Persia. After passing Deezéh-khaléel, we advanced and soon came quite near the western mountain; and rising a little upon undulating ground, we were in full view of the beautiful Oróomiah lake.* This lake, as I have before stated, is about eighty miles long and from twenty to thirty broad. Its water, in parts where the shores are low, is only a few feet—perhaps six or eight—in depth. The whole lake has been stated by travellers to be thus shallow, but this is a mistake; where the shores are mountainous, and at some distance from the land, in all parts, it is quite deep. The water is very salt, some of the tributaries from the surrounding mountains being brackish, and the evaporation, in this climate, and from so large a surface, being immense. A thin incrustation of salt is deposited on some parts of the shore, which, in our distant view, dazzled under the bright rays of the sun, like a broad belt of glittering diamonds, blending with the skies.

A fürsákh and a half from Deezéh-khaléel, brought us to Kuzá-khânáh, (quarry of drinking-cups,) where we stopped for dinner. On our road this morning, as also during our whole journey, we noticed cotton and the castor-oil plant, growing in vast quantities. Both are cultivated in the same field. The oil plant grows upon the ridges, and the cotton in the small enclosed patches, into which the whole field is cut up, for the purpose of irrigation. Castor-oil is the principal article used by the peasants in Persia for lights. We did not enter the village of Kuzá-khânáh, but encamped near the wall of a garden, under a wide-spreading walnut, sent our servant to the village for fuel and fruit, and in the grateful shade, cooked and ate the provisions which we had brought with us. This village was once inhabited entirely by Armenians. It was, as its name implies, an earthen ware factory. A Mŭhammedan one day entered the village, and reproached the Armenians, by telling them that their ware was all *Hărâm*, (*unclean*). The Armenians, enraged at the insult, murdered the Mŭhammedan on the spot. And the inhabitants of the surrounding villages—all Mŭhammedans—conspired and in retaliation put to death every Armenian in Kuzá-khânáh, even to the last child. The village is now inhabited by Mŭhammedans, and about half of the old Armenian houses are still vacant and falling to ruins.

We proceeded three and a half fürsákhs farther and stopped at Karátapá, (black hill, thus named from a small hill near by,) situated in a valley that extends up from the lake between the mountains toward Khoy. This district is called Güneh, and Tesooch is its principal village. The view of the lake became more and more charming, the nearer we approached to it. Innumerable ducks were flying with singular vivacity, over and around it. And seve-

* Called also Shâhi, i. e. the king's; it is the Spauto of Strabo and the Marcianus of Ptolemy.

ral mountain islands, lifting themselves from the quiet waters at some distance from the shore, appear in fine relief and impart grandeur to the beautiful scene. *Shâhi*, the largest of these islands, which is much of the year a peninsula, is many miles in extent and contains a number of Mŭhammedan villages. Large quantities of a kind of hard wood, resembling somewhat *Lignum vitæ*, are exported from several of those islands, for fuel and some other purposes, particularly for making the handles of joiners' tools. It was on one of those islands also that the celebrated Hoolakóo Khân, (grandson of Jhengis,) who overthrew the throne of the Caliphs, built his treasure castles.

For about two miles before reaching Karâ-tapâ, we passed over marshy uncultivated ground, impregnated with salt. The shortest road here runs near the lake and is almost uninhabited. Back under the mountains is another, on which are several flourishing villages. Karâ-tapâ has only about thirty families. The Ketkhodéh conducted us to the common Menzíl, (lodging place,) which we found a comfortable room. The villagers gathered around us and we entertained them with some account of the New World, of which they had before heard nothing. We make *Yengy Dunia*, (New World,) the rallying theme among the Persians; and their curiosity thus becoming excited, it is easy to lead them into conversation on other subjects. I told the villagers here that a *liar* is, in my country, classed with the dregs of society. They replied that their countrymen are all liars and rascals, the inhabitants of their own village excepted. I asked them what report I should then make of the Persians when I write home. "Report them just as you find them," they answered. They immediately proceeded to apologize, however, for the prevailing vices of their countrymen, referring them all to their civil oppression. "We, for instance," said they, "cannot taste a morsel of wheat-bread, though our soil is so rich. We can reserve nothing but millet for ourselves; the wheat all goes for taxes."

Oct. 17. We started early and rode eight fŭrsákhs. The first four were on the bank of the lake, over soil the same as yesterday, marshy and uncultivated. The villages being back under the mountains, we encamped by the road-side, at a small brook, and cooked and ate our dinner. The last half of our ride led us back from the lake, up the beautiful valley of Salmás. This valley is almost perfectly level, studded with numerous villages and gardens, and watered by canals taken from the river Zooláh, which is a considerable stream. We passed through the walled town of Dilmân, the capital of the district, and reached Khŏsrôvá, our stopping-place, about sunset. We were conducted to the house of the Georgian prince, (who is usually called Wally Khân,) for lodgings. A brother of this prince was the last native regent of Georgia. He delivered up his country, by treaty, to the Russians, and this prince then fled into Persia, where he enjoys a pension from government, and is still encouraged to cherish the vain hope of one day obtaining the

throne of his native country. The prince himself was now at Tabréez; but a number of his servants and other villagers gathered around and welcomed us to his dwelling. The Ketkhōdéh inquired what *he* should provide for us? We replied that we had provisions with us, and needed nothing. He said it was his duty and privilege to serve us; and went home and sent us chickens, butter, yogóord and fruit. He and his brother were present when our meal was ready, and we invited them to partake with us. They ate in eastern style, with their fingers, and we with knives and forks. This village is principally inhabited by *Catholic Nestorians;* and here my ear was first delighted with the sound of the *Syriac,*—or rather, a modern dialect of it,—as a vernacular language.

Oct. 18. In the morning, we visited several of the gardens, near the village. Khosrová is the residence of a priest and a monk, educated in the Propaganda at Rome. The Catholic bishop, whom Messrs. Smith and Dwight saw here, is dead. The priest had now gone to Tabréez to perform mass for the Russian ambassador, who is a Catholic, there being no Papal ecclesiastic in that city. The monk stood by the road-side, as we were passing to the gardens; but knowing us to be Lütrâns, (Protestants,) and seeing a number of the villagers accompanying us in a friendly manner, he turned his back upon us and retained that attitude until we had passed by. We little regretted the loss of his acquaintance. Just at evening, we visited the old Armenian town of Salmás, situated two miles west of Khosrová, quite under the mountain. It has a very venerable appearance, but now contains only about three thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Mŭhammedans and the rest Jews and Armenians. There are two lofty brick towers near the town, that bear the marks of considerable antiquity, on which are inscriptions in the Arabic character.

It being Saturday, and we preferring to spend the approaching Sabbath among Nestorians rather than among Catholics, we started about seven o'clock in the evening for Gavalân, which is one of the first Nestorian villages in the province of Oróomiah, about twenty-five miles distant from Khosrová. A ridge of the Koordish mountains was to be crossed to reach the province of Oróomiah, and our muleteer and servants expressed great apprehension of an assault from the Koords. We prevailed upon them, however, to proceed by taking with us an armed horseman to serve as a guard and a guide.

The full moon rose just after we started, and our ride was delightful. As we began to ascend the mountain, a very amiable-looking young man, on horseback, overtook us, announced himself a Nestorian, and requested permission to join our party. By a moment's conversation, I identified in him the very young man, whom Messrs. Smith and Dwight had met at Tiflís, on their way to Persia, became much interested in him, and commended him to my particular attention, should I ever meet with him. The circumstances which interested Messrs. S. and D. in him were as follows:

On their arrival at Tiflís, they employed some porters to carry their effects to their lodgings. Among them, one young man, of more apparent activity and intelligence than are common among porters, arrested their notice. They, however, said nothing to him, at the time. After the porters retired, this young man came back, bringing with him a copper drinking-cup, belonging to them, which he modestly set down and was about to go away without saying a word. The explanation was, that when the effects were distributed among the porters, more articles fell to him than he could carry in his hands; so he put the cup in his pocket, and forgetting it when he delivered the other things, carried it away; but as soon as he perceived it, he hastened back with it of his own accord. The missionaries were deeply interested with such an exhibition of integrity in *Asia*, called him back, inquired who he was, and found him to be a solitary youthful adventurer from that oppressed and degraded, but venerable people, to an acquaintance with whom they had looked forward with lively interest, from the commencement of their tour. When this young man overtook us, on the mountain, he inquired of my servant who *I* was; and on being told that I was from the New World, he replied that he had seen two men from the New World at Tiflís, and proceeded to relate the anecdote of the cup. That the *first* Nestorian with whom *I* met should thus prove to be the amiable young man with whom *they* first met—the places of our meeting being hundreds of miles distant from each other, and a period of about five years having elapsed between the two incidents—was to me a very interesting coincidence.

Gavalân, the village where we intended to stop, is the residence of Mar Yohannan, a bishop from whom Messrs. Smith and Dwight derived much of their information respecting the Nestorians, and of whom they purchased a manuscript copy of a part of the Bible in Syriac. At the time of their visit here, he was temporarily residing at Jamalavá, another village in the same neighborhood. We found our ride across the mountain much longer than we had anticipated, and became intolerably sleepy on the way, so much so as effectually to disqualify us for meeting the Koords, and little less for sitting upon our horses. Two of our party, therefore, concerted a device, at once to drive away the untimely intruder sleep, and afford a little amusement. They rode forward, unperceived by their comrades, intending to retire into a ravine and make their appearance when the rest of the party should come up, and give them a momentary surprise. But the stratagem recoiled upon themselves. As they rode up a ravine for the purpose I have mentioned, they found themselves in the midst of a party of Koords, who lay there asleep, having chosen that ravine as their night quarters. They seemed not to be observed by the Koords. The affair, however, had well nigh proved tragical. For as our adventurers suddenly retreated and fell back to join our party, our armed horseman drew up his musket and had he not instantly recognized them, would

ܡܪܝ ܝܘܚܢܢ ܒܝܫܦ ܕܐܘܪܡܝܐ .

MAR YOHANNAN, A BISHOP OF OROOMIAH

How can you make books for us in your country, when you do not know our language? p.173.

Thayer & Co.ˢ Lith Boston

have fired. I hardly need say that the device, especially when they reported what they had seen, proved an effectual antidote for the sleepiness of our whole party.

It was about four o'clock in the morning of Oct. 19th, that we reached Gavalân. The villagers were all in a profound sleep. We went directly to the house of the bishop and sent our Armenian servant to the door to announce us. The bishop recollected Messrs. Smith and Dwight with lively interest, and when told that *I* was *their* friend, he seemed to recognize in me an old acquaintance, rose quickly, came out and very cordially welcomed us to his country and dwelling.* His recollections of Messrs. S. and D. were so vividly associated with a Syriac New Testament which they had left with him, and with their conversations about schools and Bibles for his people, that, before he had received an intimation of my object or been informed that I had a book with me,—indeed, before the first salutation of welcome had fairly dropped from his lips,—with an animated tone he artlessly inquired, "how can you make books for us, in your country, when you do not know our language?"

The bishop conducted us to his house,† which is the best in the village, and a room was immediately vacated for our accommodation. We now found him, (for it was so dark in the yard, where we had already conversed some time, that we had not been able before to mark his features,) a fine looking man, naturally quite dignified and, according to his own statement, thirty years of age. He is probably somewhat older; as ages are seldom recorded in Persia, they can only be approximated. After a little farther conversation with the bishop, we intimated that we were quite tired and that sleep would be very grateful to us. He therefore soon left the room, and we retired to rest.

In the morning, the bishop conducted his father, who is the priest of the village and a large number of the villagers, into our room and introduced them to us. They all appeared poor, oppressed and cast down, but very friendly. I explained to them in a measure the object of my coming here, as being to aid them, if they wished it, in the circulation of the Scriptures, the establishment of schools, etc. "Welcome—most welcome," was the simultaneous acclamation; "this is just what we have been hoping and praying for; the Lord has indeed heard and answered our prayers." I showed them copies of the Syriac books which I had with me,—the gospels, prepared by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Nestorian

* I could not help recognizing, at the time, the good hand of the Lord, and have often since done the same, that led me thus at the outset, to an acquaintance with this influential bishop, who was destined in providence to hold so important a place in the subsequent history of our mission. He is the same who is now on a visit to the United States.

† This, like nearly all the houses of the Nestorians, is one of the mud-walled structures, which I have described under the *third* class, as being unplastered and lighted only by a hole in the roof.

Spelling Book, which was lithographed for me at the press of the Church Missionary Society at Malta. All kissed the books and pronounced them excellent. The bishop then brought to me the copy of the Syriac New Testament, which Messrs. S. and D. had given him, and pointed me to their signatures on the blank leaf. It had been kept enveloped in a shawl as a choice treasure. And his father proceeded to state, that they had not only read it carefully, comparing it with their Ms. Testament, to ascertain whether it were a true copy, but had *counted* the *letters* in each of the two and found them perfectly to agree. The last part of this statement might possible be true of the whole, but more probably of a few verses, or even chapters. It savors much of the wanton and painful exaggerations that everywhere meet us in Persia.

We spent most of the day in conversation with the bishop and priest. The topics discussed were of their own choosing, and much the same with those on which they had conversed with Messrs. Smith and Dwight; as their fasts, crosses, orders of priesthood, etc. They seemed in general to be very well satisfied with my account of Christians in America, though they could hardly perceive how we obtain clerical ordination without bishops; and Mar Yohannan humorously remarked, that it might be well for him to learn English of me and then go to America and preside over our clergy. They, however, appeared pleased, when I gave them an explanation of our system of ordination.

Mr. Haas inquired whether they were *Catholics*, knowing the contrary to be true, but wishing to ascertain in what estimation Papists are held by them. They earnestly shook their heads and repeated, with deep indignation—"no—no—no;" and then put the question to us, whether *we* were Catholics, which they began to suspect, from Mr. Haas' inquiry. We echoed their own negative declaration, if not with all their vehemence, with at least as much satisfaction.

In the course of the day, I also inquired respecting the late increase of Catholics among the Nestorians of this region, which had been so loudly proclaimed at Tabréez, by Catholics themselves. The bishop and priest denied there having been any such increase. On the contrary, they said, the Catholics, throughout the Chaldean nation, are fast losing ground; and added that Mar Elias, a Patriarch resident at Elkóosh,* who was formerly a Catholic, had lately revolted from Rome and returned to the Nestorian faith; and that numbers of the people, who had also been Catholics were following him. They, moreover, stated that the Nestorians of Oróomiah would now again recognize that Patriarch more particularly as their spiritual head, having been attached from time immemorial to the see of Elkóosh, until they revolted from it on account of its

* For an account of the Patriarchate of Elkóosh, see Researches in Armenia, Vol. II. p. 175.

becoming Papal;* and they added yet farther, that Mar Elias, the said Patriarch, was now on a visit to the churches of Oróomiah.

This Elias is not the regular Patriarch of Elkóosh, but a nephew of that papal prelate, and was one of the candidates for the succession. On his embracing the Nestorian faith, Mar Shimon ordained him as a bishop; and some time afterward, a council of Nestorian bishops consecrated him as a Patriarch, to reside at Elkóosh, in the hope that he might be instrumental of recovering that venerated see back to the Nestorian church.

I was much gratified to find that the recent increase of the Catholics, in these regions, exists only in their own fabrication, as subsequent inquiry confirmed, and with the prospect of being permitted to make the acquaintance of a spiritual head of the people, for whose benefit I had come to labor thus early in my mission. Mar Shimon, whom the Nestorians have acknowledged as their head since the papal predominancy over the see of Elkóosh, has his residence in a point so remote in the Koordish mountains as to preclude the hope of my being able to make my way to him, without more or less peril, in the present lawless state of the Koords. And it is hardly less hazardous to attempt a journey across the mountains, on the direct routes, to Elkóosh. The Lord, it seemed, had brought me to Oróomiah just in time to meet Mar Elias there, and secure his confidence, before he should become prejudiced against me and my object, by papal misrepresentation.

In conversation, Mar Yohannan objected to my calling him and his people, *Nestorians*. I asked him what I should call them, and he answered, *Chaldeans*. I inquired, whether the Catholic Nestorians are not called Chaldeans. He acknowledged that they are, but added, "shall a few Catholic converts from our people arrogate to themselves the name of the whole nation? and must we surrender up our name to them? *Nestorius* we do indeed respect, as one of our bishops; but our nation are under no particular obligation to be called by his name, and no reason exists why we should cease to be called Chaldeans." This objection to being called Nestorians probably arises from an apprehension that indignity may attach itself to the name, in our estimation, the Nestorians having always been stigmatized, by the Papists and other oriental sects, as very flagrant heretics. The people usually call themselves, *Syriánee*, and less often, *Nŭzránee*, for the purpose of designating both their religion and their nation. Frequently, during the day, the bishop expressed a strong desire to learn the English; and it occurred to me that he might be the man whom Providence designed as my Syriac teacher, though I had no real expectation that he would be willing to leave his people. Being pleased, however, with his amiable deportment and apparent desire to learn, I at length made the inquiry, whether he would return with me to Tabréez and become my teacher, where

* See Researches in Armenia, Vol. II. p. 219.

he might also learn English; and he promptly answered in the affirmative. He proposed too that his younger brother, a boy of fourteen, should go with him and act as his servant, who would also like to learn English. "As for remuneration for teaching you Syriac," he added, "I am not a *secular* man; if I have food and clothes, I am satisfied." I inquired whether he would like to live in my house and board at my table; and he replied that he should be much pleased with that arrangement, though he would of course consult my own convenience.

I let the matter rest there until evening, and then inquired whether he would be ready to proceed with us, the next morning, as we were not expecting to return by his village, but should proceed around the east side of the lake, on our way home. He hesitated a little and then proposed to decide the whole question by *lot*. The book of Daniel, an old Ms. copy, was brought forward; the finger of my servant was placed at random on a figured card; the page of the book thus indicated was consulted and the result soon announced, which was, that he "must not be *hasty*, but *deliberate*." It was easy to perceive, that the result was accommodated entirely to the will of the experimenter. Nor was it doubtful that a pecuniary offer, for his services in teaching, would, to the bishop's own mind, be a much more satisfactory test of the expediency of going with me, than any mystical decision, from the ancient and sacred page, his disavowal of the love of money notwithstanding; nor did I deem it expedient to employ him without a stipulated remuneration. So I left our Armenian servant in the room, having instructed him how much to offer, which was no sooner proposed than accepted, and the bishop declared himself ready to go with us the next morning. The lesson of deliberation, imparted by the lot, was forgotten as readily as it had been discovered, and had a new trial been made, there would doubtless have been found a positively affirmative indication.

In the absence of a church, in the village of Gavalán, religious worship is performed in the house of the bishop,—or rather of his father, with whom he lives as a member of the family. We were present at evening prayers. The forms were simple. Crossings were frequent, but we saw no images nor pictures. The whole service, however, performed in a dead, obsolete tongue, seemed heartless and painfully void of even the appearance of devotion.

Oct. 20. We rose early and found the bishop still resolved to go with us; though we could hardly believe it, the step was so adventurous for him; besides, he seemed to be making no preparation. I directed our servant to suggest to him the desirableness of having all his effects put in readiness, which he would of course wish to take with him, for a year's residence at Tabréez. "I want nothing but my blanket and three books," he replied, "and they are soon ready." And so it proved; for thus equipped, he was mounted and ready to start before the rest of us. His father, the priest, objected to his younger son going with me at present. "Let the older one try first,"

he said, "and if he is prospered, the younger may go afterwards." The mother wept much and was unwilling that either son should go.

When the Russians invaded Persia, some years before, they sent a deputation from Tabréez to Oróomiah, to induce the Nestorians to emigrate to Georgia. After considering the subject, the people of the province delegated some of their clergy—Mar Yohannan among the rest—to Tabréez, to communicate to general Pascavitch a negative decision. The general was not satisfied without farther trial; so he retained them some time, thinking that the people would follow their spiritual leaders. It was natural, therefore, that the parents should feel solicitude respecting the bishop, in prospect of his going again to Tabréez. Their simple overflowings of grief reminded me of Jacob of old when bereft of his children.

We started at 8 o'clock, the bishop proposing to find a servant on the road, who must be an ecclesiastic and able to read, because *two* are necessary in reciting their devotions, there being frequent responses,—and he wished occasionally to celebrate the Lord's supper at Tabréez. When we left the village, I gave away a considerable number of books to the priest and two of his sons and one or two others in the village who could read.

We rode about twelve miles, our course being south, over a gravelly section which was but partially cultivated. There the mountain shuts down quite near the lake; and a few miles beyond, the plain begins to expand towards the east on the one hand, swelling into the lake, and to the south-west on the other, stretching away under the mountains to a great distance. This plain is almost perfectly level, extremely fertile, highly cultivated, amply irrigated by canals from several small rivers, and enlivened by almost countless gardens, vineyards, orchards and villages.

The city of Oróomiah is quite near the south-western extremity of the plain. It was nearly dark when we reached it. The bishop conducted us directly to the Nestorian corner, and gave us as a room for lodging, one of the porches of the church, taking an adjoining one for himself. The church is a large edifice, built of stone and brick, on, or rather *in*, an elevated spot, all but the roof being imbedded in the ground. The building is divided into several apartments, all of which we entered by extremely small doors. The church itself is considerably larger than the other rooms, and back of it are the baptistry and the *sanctum sanctorum*—or apartment for consecrating the elements of the communion. We found in the church no images or pictures; but its entire walls were most untastefully—not to say ridiculously—hung with old shawls and pieces of calico of every conceivable description and color, for the purpose of ornament. The church is surrounded by an ancient cemetery, some of whose stones—huge oblong blocks of gypsum—are very large and all are inscribed with Syriac characters. In the centre is a beautiful fountain, surrounded by wide spreading shade trees.

The city of Oróomiah—the ancient Thebarma,—as already sug-

gested, is renowned as being the birth-place of Zoroaster, *Zerdusht*, as the Persians call him. It is situated on a slight elevation of ground, about ten or twelve miles west of the lake and within two miles of the mountains. It is in nearly 37° 20″ north latitude and 45° 15″ east longitude. Its proximity to the lake and eastern exposure from the mountains, give it a milder climate than that of Tabréez; but being so near the lofty Koordish ranges, it has considerably more snow in winter than that city. The most interesting remnant of antiquity, in Oróomiah, is an immense mosk—the only one in the city that is surmounted with a dome and cupola—which was once a christian church. It is an arched structure, finely built of brick and lime. The upper portions have been rebuilt, but the lower walls of the main part appear to have belonged to the original building and bear marks of considerable antiquity. Without the city, about a quarter of a mile from the wall, on the southern side, is an ancient cylindrical tower, perhaps fifty feet high, the origin of which is unknown. On its upper part are figures, which, however, are not sufficiently distinct to enable one to determine whether they are a written character, or merely ornamental appendages. The tumuli of the fire-worshippers, on the plain, will be noticed elsewhere.

On every side of the city are gardens of vast extent, surrounded and interspersed with shade-trees of such size and in such numbers as to give to the whole region much the appearance of a great American forest. The city is surrounded by a high mud wall and a ditch, like those of Tabréez, but not kept in as good repair. The number of inhabitants is about twenty-five thousand. Vast multitudes,—some say, one half of the population,—were swept off by the plague and cholera that raged here in 1829. Of the inhabitants, about two thousand are Jews;* six hundred only are Nestorians—the mass of the Nestorians residing in the villages—and the rest are Mŭhammedans. There were a few Armenians, in the city and the province; but nearly all of them followed the Russians to Georgia. The city within has a very venerable and rather inviting appearance. It has much broader streets, more shade-trees and gardens,

* The language of these Jews, is a corruption of Hebrew or Chaldee, and is so analogous to that of the Nestorians, which is a modern Syriac, that the two people can, to some extent, understand each other. Says Dr. Robinson, "The Jews also cultivated the Aramaean, in the form of the Chaldee tongue, of which we have a few specimens in the Bible, and more in the later Targums or Chaldee versions; and this continued to be their peculiar language, under the name and form of the Talmudic and Rabbinic, in all their great schools of learning in Tiberias, Babylon, Persia and Safed,—i. e. more or less, throughout the East, down to as late a period as the sixteenth century. We thus find the two great branches of the Aramaean stock, Jewish and Christian, Chaldee and Syriac, both originally kindred with the Hebrew, continuing to flourish side by side, throughout the East, for many centuries, until a date comparatively remote. At the present day, in like manner, the Jews resident among the Nestorians and in other parts of Persia, speak a dialect having much resemblance to that of the Nestorians."—*New York Observer*, Vol. XX. No. 45, Nov. 5, 1842.

and a greater air of general comfort, than most other cities that I have seen in Asia. In the extensive bazárs, I observed some of the finest fruit I ever beheld. European goods, as broadcloths, cottons, chintz, etc., are also finding their way to this distant city.

On our arrival, we were informed, that the Patriarch Elias was in a village five miles distant, but was expecting to depart the next day. I therefore immediately despatched our servant to apprize him of my arrival in the city and of my wish to see him.

Oct. 21. The servant returned, about 9 o'clock, A. M., saying that the Patriarch would defer his departure one day for the sake of seeing me. About the same time, Mar Gabriel, the bishop resident at Ardishái, called to see me. He is a young man—about twenty-five years of age—of a careless air, but of a pleasant, intelligent and energetic countenance. I stated to him the object of my coming here, and he responded a hearty welcome and pledged his own efficient coöperation in the furtherance of that object. "The two priests in the city, (in whose church we then were,) do not receive me," said he, "with much cordiality, as you notice. Being metropolitan of this province, I recently put them under penalty of excommunication for marrying a man to *two* wives, which you know," (he added, appealing to me,) "is forbidden in the gospel." Polygamy is not allowed among the Nestorians; nor is the seventh commandment much violated among them, which is the more interesting and perhaps remarkable, situated as they are in the midst of corrupt Mŭhammedans, among whom little less than the abominations of Sodom prevail. I gave Mar Gabriel some of my Syriac gospels and spelling-books, with which he seemed much pleased, and he departed, uttering, as he left me, a tale of complaints against the Mŭhammedans.

The Nestorians are all very ready to ascribe their degradation to Mŭhammedan oppression; and it is true that they are severely oppressed. Besides being often wantonly stripped of their honest earnings, seizure of their children and coërcive conversion of them to the Mussulmân faith sometimes occur. Two instances of this kind had just happened in neighboring villages. In one, a young girl, of noted attractions, was seized by twenty armed men, carried into the city and delivered to a Mussulmân, who, hearing of her beauty, wished to marry her, but could not, while she remained a Christian. Torn thus from relatives and home, she was frightened into a profession of the faith of the Prophet and compelled to become the wife of a Mŭhammedan. The bishops of the province were endeavoring to rescue the girl, but had little prospect of success. Here, most emphatically, "justice is turned away backward and judgment standeth afar off."—In the other instance, a boy of sixteen had been seized and compelled to profess himself a Mŭhammedan. As soon as an opportunity occurred, he absconded and fled into Russia. On the road to Oróomiah, we overtook him, slyly making his way home. Under our protection, he reached his native

village, but was in constant apprehension of being again seized. Mr. Haas, compassionating his condition, brought him to Tabréez as a servant. In addition to these seizures, there is a strong inducement held out to the nominal Christians in Persia to profess the Mŭhammedan faith from mercenary motives. The fact of becoming a Mussulmân entitles a Christian to the property of his family relatives, on the death of the father. But notwithstanding the force of this diabolical motive, when addressed to an unsanctified heart, the horror of abandoning the christian faith is here so great, that instances of voluntary conversion are very rare.

About noon, we set off for Gĕog-tapá, (cerulean hill,) to visit the Patriarch Elias. Mar Yohannan accompanied us, as guide and friend. It was interesting to observe the Nestorians, as we passed them on the road, approach their bishop and kiss his hand. From habit, I often unconsciously repeated the term, *Nestorian*, in our conversation; and the bishop humorously remarked, "we shall very soon be at war, if you do not cease calling us *Nestorians*."

When we reached the house of the chief man of the village, where the Patriarch was stopping, we were detained at the door, some time, until a room should be put in suitable order to receive us. We were at length conducted into a large apartment, at the upper part of which the Patriarch was seated, on cushions. Mar Yohannan approached him and kissed his hand and then introduced us. He welcomed us with much cordiality. He is a young man—perhaps thirty-five years old—has piercing black eyes, but a very amiable countenance. I was quite charmed with his whole appearance. It was that of lofty, yet mild and simple dignity. His dress resembled that of the bishops, except that the shawl of his turban is black, while theirs are of several colors. A stool, about four feet high, for want of a chair, was spread over with a quilt, on which I was invited to sit.

I was obliged to converse with the Patriarch through three interpreters.* Not knowing Turkish, the bishop addressed him in Syriac. Our Armenian servant spoke to the bishop in Turkish. And Mr. Haas communicated with the servant in Armenian and with me in English. But notwithstanding the many links in our chain of communication, we conversed fluently for three hours, and it was one of the most interesting interviews I ever enjoyed with any personage. I had felt great solicitude respecting the impressions I might leave on the mind of one of the spiritual heads of the Nestorians; and was happy, as we proceeded, to find him seconding all that I said. Providentially we came upon no topic, except those so *general* in their character, as the superior authority of the Scriptures over human tradition—the desirableness of schools among his people, etc., that our ground was all the way common.

* In the region of Elkóosh, Arabic and Syriac—principally the former—are the languages spoken by the christians.

Soon after our introduction, the Patriarch remarked that his people were very poor and degraded. I seized the opportunity thus offered, to make known to him my object in coming here. I told him that it was a source of grief to Christians in America, that his people were so. He expressed his gratitude for their sympathy. I added, that, hearing such to be the condition of the Nestorians as he had stated, and that they still made the Bible their rule of faith, exalting it above the traditions of men, Christians in America sent two messengers, a few years ago, to ascertain whether these things were so,—that these messengers confirmed what had before been heard respecting the Nestorians; that the good people in America then felt interested more than ever for the welfare of his nation; that it was their earnest prayer that the Nestorians might continue to reverence the Holy Scriptures and never yield to the temptations to abandon Christianity. Moreover, that Christians in our country had not felt satisfied with merely *praying* for the Nestorians; that they remembered the words of the apostle, "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food and one of you say unto them depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," etc.; and that they had accordingly sent me to see if I could aid his people, by circulating the Scriptures, establishing schools among them, etc.

As the successive steps of this explanation were communicated to the Patriarch, I observed the kindling emotion, gleaming from his countenance, and I had scarcely quoted the above Scripture and fully announced my object, when he raised his eyes toward heaven and exclaimed, "thanks to God,—this is just what I have been praying for and we so greatly need." He desired me to present his heartfelt gratitude to American Christians for sending me here for such an object, and expressed the same to me for coming,—promising, at the same time, to help me in every way in his power, in my labors among his people.

I told the Patriarch that I had brought with me two books which I should like to submit to him. They were the Gospels and the spelling-book. He had two copies of the Gospels already lying by him and seemed much rejoiced to find that mine were of the same kind. The spelling-book, too, he said, was very well prepared. Little was faulty in it except the location of some of the points, and some of the letters were not sufficiently square. But those, he continued, were trifles. He expressed a strong desire that American Christians would send us a *press*. He would appoint one of their best scholars, he said, to aid me in the preparation of books.

During our conversation, the great room was nearly filled with listening Nestorians, who seemed to be enraptured at the idea of having the Scriptures and school-books *printed* in their language. Printed books were a wonder that few of them had ever heard of, and less had ever seen. The chief man of the village took up the spelling-book, which I had brought as a specimen to show the Patriarch, and began to teach his little boy who stood by him the al-

phabet; (of which he himself knew nothing except the *names* of two or three letters;) and Bibles, books and schools at once became the engrossing theme. A dinner was spread before us, consisting of yogóord, bread, cheese, butter, walnuts and raisins, all dainties of the land, which we ate in Asiatic style with our fingers. While at dinner, the Patriarch remarked, that several hundred families, in the region of Elkóosh, who were formerly Catholics, have within three years come back to the Nestorian faith. I did not revile the Catholics, but embraced the opportunity to assure him that neither I nor my patrons have any sympathy with Rome.

Soon after dinner, we took our leave, and with the satisfaction of being permitted to believe that the Patriarch heartily welcomed me to my missionary work. My heart swelled with gratitude to God, that He had brought me to Oróomiah so opportunely. Mar Yohannan remained in the village to pass the night with the Patriarch. We returned and our ride back to the city, just before sunset, was delightful.

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT AT OROOMIAH AND RETURN TO TABREEZ.

I HAVE already stated, that on our arrival at Oróomiah, we took lodgings in the Nestorian church. We were early awaked, Oct. 22d, by the priests, and some of the villagers coming to their morning devotions. Their service consisted of chanting portions of the Psalms and reciting their liturgy, bowing, kneeling and crossing themselves. They continued about three quarters of an hour. When I went out of my room, I found Mar Elias, the bishop, (*not* the Patriarch of that name,) from Gĕog-tapá, with the priests. He appeared to be a captious old man—perhaps fifty years of age—who prides himself exceedingly on his reputed learning. He gave me a formal welcome to his people, but I was less pleased with his appearance than with that of the other bishops. Our Armenian servant saw him the evening he went to apprize the Patriarch of my arrival in the city. He questioned the servant on some matters of doctrine, as whether Christ has a successor on earth; who was the oldest disciple, etc.; probably to ascertain whether *I* were a Catholic. The servant felt quite embarrassed, and on his return, told Mar Yohannan what reception Mar Elias had given him; and Mar Yohannan replied, "We know him very well; he is a little warped in the brain." Our interview this morning rather confirmed Mar Yohannan's remark. Mar Elias's influence is, however, con-

siderable among the people, as they consider him the most *learned* bishop in the province. I therefore regarded it important to secure his confidence. A copy of my spelling-book being brought, he opened to the alphabet and after entertaining his own people present for some time, he turned to Mr. Haas and myself and said it would be extremely entertaining and instructive to us, if he only had the time, to sit down with us, and instruct us into the profound meaning of each letter of the Syriac alphabet. "Alef, (a.) for instance," he said, "stands for Allâha, (God,) Arra, (earth,) Abha, (father); and Baeth (b.) stands for Bróona, (son,) Bréeta, (world,) Bâhra, (light,) and so on. His people were astonished at such marvellous displays of learning. When Mar Elias rose to depart, I invited him and the priests who were present, to take coffee with me, which my servant had prepared. They all appeared to be gratified with the invitation, sat down with us, and ate bread and melons and drank coffee. The simplicity of our meal suggested the Scripture that Christ had not where to lay his head, which led to some interesting conversation. The bishop, of his own accord, repeated a short prayer, both at the commencement and close of our meal. All soon retired, apparently pleased with our visit. Mar Elias, however, was rather captious* toward me, notwithstanding Mar Yohannan's constant effort to conciliate him, until the day before I left the city, when I discovered and removed the remaining cause. Finding that I had engaged Mar Yohannan as my Syriac teacher, without having first applied to him, he appeared to be apprehensive that my estimation of himself as a learned man was not sufficiently exalted. As soon as I perceived the source of his trouble, I told him that Mar Yohannan and numbers of the people had from the first spoken of him to me as the most learned Nestorian in the province; but it was understood that it would be in vain for me to apply to him to go to Tabréez, as he could not transfer the important duties which his superior age and experience imposed on him among his people. With this explanation, he seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and from that moment his whole appearance was changed, and he was evidently very studious to secure my confidence and good opinion.

This morning, I sent the letters which I had with me from Sir John Campbell, and the prince and vizier at Tabréez, to the governor. His Excellency returned an invitation that I should visit him, and we immediately called on him. We found the governor occupying a splendid mansion, and surrounded by numerous attendants. He is a sprightly looking man, about forty-five or fifty years of age. The accompanying drawing will give the reader a very good idea of his appearance in his official attitude and dress. He received us with

* We have since found Mar Elias an excellent old man, as I shall have occasion to notice; and I now suspect that the chief source of his captiousness toward me at that time, may have been his apprehension that I was a *Catholic*.

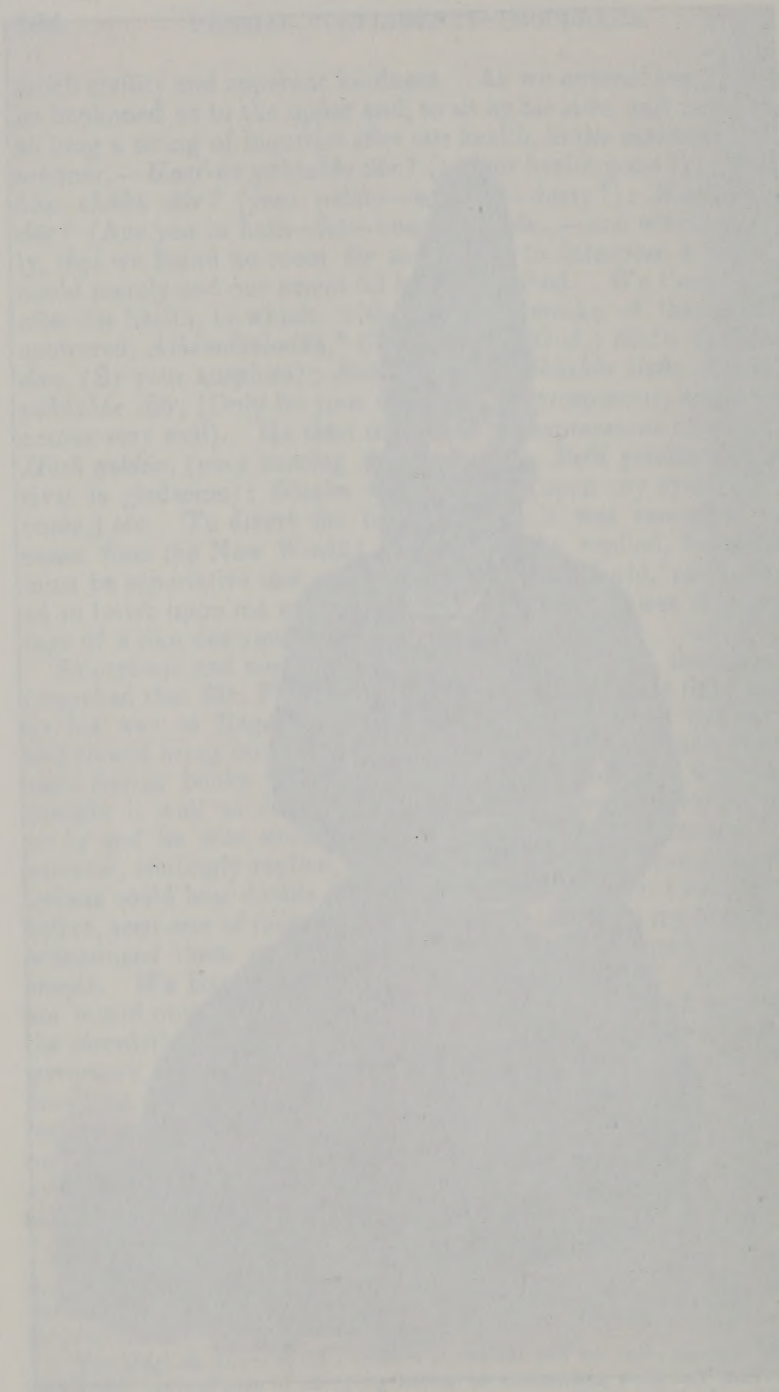
much civility and apparent kindness. As we entered the great hall, he beckoned us to the upper end, to sit by his side, and ran through so long a string of inquiries after our health, in the common Persian manner,—*Kaef-üz yŏkhshée dŭr?* (is your health good?); *Dâmâghún châkh dŭr?* (your palate—appetite—lusty?); *Kaef-üz koek dŭr?* (Are you in hale—fat—keeping?) etc.,—and withal so rapidly, that we found no room for some time to interpose a reply, and could merely nod our assent till he had finished. We then inquired after his health, to which, with a solemn stroke of the beard, he answered, *Alhémdooleelâh,** (Thanks unto God,) *Sizín devletavüzdan*, (By your auspices); *Sizín Ahvâlüz yŏkhshée ŏlsŭn, v'menimke yŏkhshée dŭr*, (Only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well). He then reiterated his expressions of welcome: *Hŏsh geldüz*, (your coming is delectable); *Sefâ geldüz*, (your arrival is gladsome); *Güzim ûstâ geldüz*, (upon my eyes you have come,) etc. To divert the luscious tide, it was remarked that I came from the New World; but to this he replied, 'everything must be superlative that comes from the New World,' and proceeded to lavish upon me and my country a copious shower of fine sayings of a like description.

Salutations and compliments being at last ended, the governor remarked that Mr. Fraser† had been his guest, three days before, on his way to Bagdâd and had informed him that I was coming and should bring books with me. I told him that I had brought some Syriac books for the Nestorians and asked him whether he thought it well to distribute books among them. Two moollâhs sat by and he was evidently embarrassed by their presence. He, however, smilingly replied, that the learned clergy among the Nestorians could best decide that point. I told him that I had, the day before, seen one of their Patriarchs, and showed him my books, who pronounced them good and suitable to be distributed among his people. His Excellency said, "it is then very well." This governor would probably never object to the establishment of schools or the circulation of books, among the Nestorians. Like all Persian governors, however, he is, doubtless, more or less a creature of the moollâhs. While the latter are quiet, the missionary can have protection and pursue his labors; but he must expect to desist, or depart from the field even, if they demand it. They watch with eagle eyes and sound the alarm at the least indication of danger. I am satisfied, that the time has not yet come, when open, direct efforts

* The Persians, in northern Persia, commingle Turkish and Persian terms, more or less, as in these specimens, in speaking each respective language,—the natural result of using two vernacular tongues. The Arabic enters largely into salutations and other common words, in both those languages.

† The English novelist on Persia. It should not be inferred that Mr. F. mentioned my purpose of carrying books to Oróomiah, with any unfriendly intention. He had kindly invited me to accompany him and tendered to me all the aid in his power to render; but I found it impracticable to leave my family in season to start with him.

GOVERNOR OF OROOMIAH.
In his official attitude and dress



can be safely made, for the conversion of *Mŭhammedans* in Persia. A German missionary,* who was understood to be preparing a book against the Mŭhammedan religion, came near losing his life in Tabréez, about two years ago, and still more narrowly escaped, some time before, for distributing the Scriptures at Kermân-shâh. Mr. Haas and his associate very wisely attempt nothing except in the circuitous way of secular instruction. In this indirect manner, however, much may be done. When the governor found that I had brought with me no Persian books, he seemed to labor to conceal his previous apprehension. He inquired how I was pleased with Oróomiah. I replied, that I was highly pleased with it,—so much so that I even thought of coming there by and by to reside. "Most welcome will you be," said he; "the whole city shall be yours." He inquired where we were stopping. "In the Nestorian church," answered our Armenian servant. "What are they doing in the *church?*" asked the governor, with an expression of mingled mortification and surprise, as we had been commended by the authorities at Tabréez to his special care; to which the Armenian, who was not a whit behind the Mŭhammedans in the arts of palaver and evasion, promptly replied, (in Persian, which we did not then understand,) that, being very *learned* men, we were attracted to the church and its cemetery, as objects of antiquarian interest. His Excellency ordered a house to be immediately procured for our lodgings, during our stay, and directed a young beg to accompany us over the city to visit its ahtiquities and curiosities.

We returned to the church and had our effects removed thence to the house provided for us by the governor. Mar Elias—the bishop, and a priest or two soon called again to see us. Several applicants for books came also from distant villages; and among the rest, four little boys, on foot, from Gĕog-tapá, five miles distant. They belong to Mar Elias's small school. They had heard of my being in their village yesterday and having books with me; and all started immediately to procure books for themselves. They sat down around me and I gave to each a copy of the Gospels and a spelling-book, which they reverently kissed and folded to their bosoms and then read from them in a very pleasing manner. Mar Elias seemed little less gratified than myself with the exhibition. He and a priest were with us at dinner. It being Wednesday—one of their fast days†—we had nothing they could eat but bread and grapes. In the course of the afternoon, the governor sent us presents of tea, sugar, fresh fish and bushels of grapes and melons. We were sor-

* Rev. Mr. Pfander.

† Nestorian bishops, as has before been stated, never eat flesh. They ordinarily eat fish, eggs and the productions of the dairy, as well as vegetables. On fast days, bishops, priests and people eat nothing but vegetables. Every Wednesday and Friday are fast days—besides the numerous other special seasons—the former being the day on which Christ was betrayed, and the latter, the day of his crucifixion.

ry to see the presents, as an exorbitant return is commonly expected, corresponding in amount to the rank of the Persian donor. The governor, however, had the real politeness to charge his servants who brought the articles not to receive from us a farthing,—a precaution frequently taken, among the better educated of the Persians.

At evening, Mar Yohannan returned from Gĕog-tapá. I inquired of him what the Patriarch said, respecting his going to Tabréez. "He told me," said he, "to go home with you and do just as you say." And the bishop at the same time took from his pocket two impressions which the Patriarch had given him of his seal, directing him, inasmuch as he would himself be situated at a great distance from us and the road was often rendered impassable by Koordish hostility, to aid me in his name by the use of those impressions, in any undertaking in which I might need his influence, as in the establishment of schools, the printing of books, or in other ways. Such a mark of his confidence in me and approbation of my object was equally unexpected and gratifying. Mar Yohannan took lodgings in the same room with us. About 9 o'clock, we informed him that it was our practice to have worship, morning and evening, and we would submit the point to his pleasure, whether we should listen to him, or he to us. He replied, that *we* had already seen how the Nestorians pray, and now he should be very happy to see how we pray. I read a chapter from the Bible and we kneeled down and prayed. As soon as we closed, the bishop abruptly exclaimed, "it is very well." Observing Mr. H. and myself to kneel in different directions, however, he inquired which way we turn our faces, when we pray. We told him, that we are not particular on that point, as God is in all places. "God is everywhere," he repeated, "that is your reason is it?" He appeared satisfied with our answer, but added that the Nestorians direct their faces to the *East*, in prayer, because they expect Christ to come from that direction, basing this expectation on the passage in Matt. 24: 27, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the son of man be."

Oct. 23. Two bishops and priests were again with us at breakfast. In the course of the forenoon, we walked awhile in the bazárs and called to take our leave of the governor. He again received us with much cordiality and attention. In the course of our conversation, I remarked that I had some expectation that a physician might come with me to Oróomiah, in case I should reside there; and he appeared much gratified with such a probability. Our muleteer was engaged and we had intended to set off that day on our return. But the governor wished to send letters by us, which were not yet prepared, and he had invited us to visit his gardens back of the city; and, on the whole he rather insisted on our staying until the next day. We therefore deferred our departure, and in the afternoon visited his gardens. They are about a mile in ex-

tent and very tastefully laid out. Two rows of thickly studded poplars surround each, with a stream of water running between them. The gardens are also covered with thrifty fruit trees, arranged in rows and squares, and they are ornamented with rose-bushes and other flowers, and fountains were here and there playing in them. We wandered through several other gardens and vineyards beyond, till our ramble brought us to the foot of the Koordish mountains. We still proceeded and ascended two or three heights, from which we enjoyed a commanding survey of the most enchanting scenery I ever beheld. We had a perfect view, first of the gardens at the foot of the mountain; next, the city; beyond that, the vast plain, gleaming with a grateful harvest and decked with orchards and villages; and finally, the silvery lake, melting away into the blue mountains beyond, and both rising in the distance and apparently meeting the skies. Forgetting, for the moment, the moral night that broods over this beautiful scene, I could hardly resist the impression, as I gazed from the mountain-top, that my eyes were resting upon the garden of paradise.

This evening, Mar Yohannan informed me, that he had engaged, as his servant, the most intelligent priest in the province, belonging in Gĕog-tapá, who had always sat at the feet of Mar Elias. I inquired why he had engaged a man of such prominence as his *servant*, and he replied, 'in the first place, I wish to take with me a Nestorian who shall prove a worthy *companion* as well as servant, for me; and in the next place, I wish to take one, who shall show himself worthy also of *your* attention and instruction.' I could not object to either of these reasons, especially, as the bishop remarked that no additional salary would be expected, in consideration of the character and standing of his servant.

Two bishops and one priest dined with us, after our late return from our ramble, with whom we continued a friendly conversation, until 9 o'clock in the evening. They proposed to celebrate the Lord's supper to-morrow morning, for our gratification.

Oct. 24. We rose before day and went to the church. We found the bishops and priests engaged in reciting their prayers. They continued about half an hour after we arrived, and then commenced the communion service. A bishop and priest, garbed in white cotton robes, chanted the service in the *sanctum sanctorum*, which laymen are not allowed to enter. This service is usually performed by a priest and a deacon, but no deacon happened now to be present. The bread, at the close, was received from the hand of the superior officiator at the altar, and the wine from the inferior one, in a lower position, by the side of the altar. The wine at their communion is diluted with *water*, not on temperance grounds, but because *water*, as well as *blood*, flowed from the side of the Saviour. Both elements are extended to all the communicants. Though the whole service was far more simple than the disgusting routine of

ceremonies which attend it in the other oriental churches, still, it was but too evidently a heartless form.

The boy, who had been forced to become a Mŭhammedan and recanted,—the one whom Mr. Haas had taken into his service,—embraced the occasion to be formally restored to the christian faith. The ordeal was this. The boy kneeled down before the altar and placed his lips upon the New Testament, and the bishop who officiated at the communion, repeated a confession to which the boy assented, and the bishop then prayed over him. After we had listened about two hours to their mummery in a dead, obsolete tongue,—the ancient Syriac—Mar Elias, as if to apologize for it, called us to the altar, read a chapter of the New Testament and translated it quite intelligibly into Turkish. We set off for home about eight o'clock in the morning, amid the reiterated benedictions of bishops, priests and people. If *real piety* were to be estimated by the amount of *pious talk*, we might infer the existence of much more general and more exalted piety, in all these regions, than exists in the most devoted christian communities. The governor furnished us with an armed horseman to act as a guard and a guide, as far as Sûldóoz, the next district. We rode about six and a half fŭrsákhs, that day, and put up at the village of *Dâsh-oghúl*, stone-son. Our direction was south-east, the first half of the way, during which we passed several charming villages. We then came to the lake, where the mountain shuts down quite near the water's edge, and our direction changed to south, leading around the south-west corner of the lake. The soil, during the last part of our ride, was gravelly and uncultivated, except here and there a small Koordish hamlet, under the cliffs of the mountain. We noticed also a few black tents, at a little distance from the road, and saw almost numberless Koords, in the course of the day, returning home with their flocks from their summer rambles. The nomade Koords, who are subjects of the Persian government, are entitled to temporary homes in the villages, with their agricultural neighbors, whether Christians or Mŭhammedans, during the winter.

On our way, we called at Gĕog-tapá, the village where we had visited the Patriarch, for the priest, Mar Yohannan's servant. The whole village gathered around to welcome us. The aged father of the finest boy in Mar Elias's school led his little son—ten years old—to me and said, "I present this boy to you; you may take him with you to Tabréez." Fear of the responsibility of taking care of the boy before I could speak his language, was the only thing that enabled me to resist my inclination to receive him. I satisfied the father by proposing to take his son when I should remove to Oróomiah. He is a remarkably fine looking boy, and I think missionary bounty would be well applied in his thorough education.

The priest at length made his appearance, with his bed and prayer-book. He is a young man—about twenty years old—modest,

PRIEST ABRAHAM OF OOROOMIAH.

and apparently amiable and intelligent.* His parents,—and indeed nearly the whole village—were deeply affected in view of his departure,—though they professed to be very well satisfied and happy in the prospect of his living with me. His mother came and kissed my hands, threw herself down at my feet, and with many tears entreated me to take good care of her son, and shield him from the Mussulmâns; and when we proceeded, almost all present embraced their priest, wept aloud and followed us far on the road. It is quite affecting to notice the simple, warm overflowings of attachment, among these uncultivated people, but few of whom ever leave sight of their native villages. My heart rose in thanksgiving to God, as we rode on, that I was permitted to conduct home with me two of the most promising and influential ecclesiastics that are to be found in the province, or among the entire people.

Two hours' ride from Gĕog-tapá brought us to Ardishái, the village of Mar Gabriel. We halted to see the bishop, and on entering his house we unexpectedly found with him the Patriarch, Elias, surrounded by a large collection of his people. Our baggage had gone on, and our visit was necessarily short; but to me it was very gratifying. The Patriarch received us with the cordiality of a brother, and repeated his assurances that I had his hearty welcome, and should always have his utmost coöperation in my efforts to benefit his people. For a little amusement, he brought forward an old Syriac Bible with a Latin translation, given him by a Papal missionary; and we read, alternately, he the Syriac, and I the Latin. A priest of the village brought to me 'Assemán,' complete in four folio volumes, and most of the works of 'Ephrem the Syrian,' with a Latin translation, both of which he offered for sale.† I had little expected to find books of that description and value, in a Nestorian village. The explanation was, that the owner had recently come to that region from Elkóosh, where he had been a Papal monk; but had now abandoned Rome and embraced the Nestorian communion. His uncle, who was now dead, had been sent to the Propaganda and educated there as a missionary, and had brought these books with him on his return to his native country. At his death, they fell into the hands of this nephew, who knew little of their contents or value. Bishop Gabriel rode on with us about four miles. He is a wild-looking young man, but energetic, and may become an instrument of great good to his people, if qualified by the Spirit of God. We reached Dâsh-oghúl, our stopping-place, not until it was quite dark. The villagers were frightened, fled into their houses and fastened the doors. After much entreaty, we induced a man, who happened to be out in the street, to seek for us a shelter, and were

* The reader may be gratified to know, thus early, that this is Priest Abraham, who has from the first been one of our most valuable native helpers.

† We subsequently purchased these very rare and valuable works for a moderate price, and have them in our mission library.

conducted by him into a stable, at one end of which was an elevated earth platform, spread over with an old carpet, and on this we very comfortably lodged.

Oct. 25. We rode six fûrsákhs, our course still continuing south. About two miles from our stopping-place, we passed *Sheitán-abád*, Devil's (Satan's) habitation. It is a kind of metropolis of the district of Dŏl, which embraces the few villages under the mountains, on the south-east corner of the plain of Oróomiah. It is partly surrounded by a wall which is now falling to ruins. Whether the Koords here, like the Yesîdéez in the province of Bayazéed and elsewhere, cherish special veneration for the Devil, I did not ascertain. There can be little doubt, however, that such was the origin of the name of this village.

At Sheitán-abád the mountains again close down near the lake, and our road led over them. Upon the sides of the mountains, we noticed many black tents of the Koords, numerous herds and flocks grazing, and occasionally a hamlet. In passing from the limits of Oróomiah, we entered Sûldóoz. Its villages are mostly in an extensive valley among the mountains. A considerable stream—the Jeddér—runs through this valley. We put up at the village of Neghadéh, which is the residence of the governor of the district. It is built around a conical hill, on the top of which is a citadel and the governor's palace within it, overlooking the whole valley. The soil of this district is extremely fertile, but the villages are wretched. Vast quantities of wheat and barley are produced there, as also excellent fruit, particularly peaches. The ketkhodéh of the village where we stopped, conducted us to the palace, and a room was soon vacated for our reception. The governor was absent with the Persian army, on the expedition against the Jellalée Koords. The letter sent to him by the governor of Oróomiah, commending us to his protection and aid, was delivered to his son.

Prince Malek Kâsem Meerza,—a son of the old king of Persia,—happened now to be in Neghadéh, on a tour in Koordistân.* He and the son of the governor were out hunting when we arrived. Immediately on his return, he sent us an invitation to visit him, which we did, and passed the evening with him, dining on the game he had taken. He is very friendly and social in his disposition; and he has so long been acquainted with gentlemen connected with the English and Russian embassies, that he has himself become quite European in character. He speaks French fluently and knows some English. His object in making his present tour, he told us, was to aid him in preparing an accurate map of Koordistân of which so little is known. This map, he added, he intended to present to the Asiatic Society at Paris, of which he had the honor to be a member.

* This was my first acquaintance with this prince, whom I shall have frequent occasion to mention as a friend of our mission.

On the mountain, by the road-side, we noticed, to-day, a solitary thorn-bush of considerable size, completely covered with small strips of rags which had from time to time been tied to its limbs and twigs as tokens of votive pledges made by travellers. The rag is usually torn from the girdle or a garment worn by the traveller. It is still a very common practice in the East, as it was in Scripture periods,* to erect standing mementoes of religious pledges. The Koords make those pledges on almost all occasions, even when some diabolical plot, as robbery or murder, is to be perpetrated. In their religious system, they find but ineffectual barriers to the commission of such deeds, particularly with the aid of their own explanation. When, for instance, they remember that it is forbidden, in the Koran, to rob any *living* man, if they are pious enough to yield to scruples, it is reported that they kill the man and rob him after he is *dead.*

We were now fairly in the country of the Koords. Here, however, we felt little apprehension. About eight years before, Abbas Meerza had caused a thousand Persian families to emigrate from the province of Erivân, then under his jurisdiction, into the district of Sûldóoz, with the design of taming the frightful Koords. This object has in a measure been accomplished, though it may be a question on which class the reciprocal influence has been greatest; for the Persians of that district are now almost as notorious robbers as the Koords themselves. These Persians enjoy important immunities. Sûldóoz, on their coming to occupy it, was made a province with a government separate from that of the Koords among whom they dwell and subject to no taxation from the general government, except the outfit of five hundred horsemen in time of war. They are called, by the Koords, *Karâ-papâks—black caps*—in reference to their black lamb-skin caps,—the common covering for the head in Persia. Perhaps also in contempt of these, when compared with their own imposing head dresses,† which are huge turbans, composed of a very large shawl, striped red and white, coiled around a red broadcloth cap until the whole assumes the shape of a great shield and is attached to the back of the head obliquely and almost perpendicularly and fastened thus by a handkerchief or belt passing around the forehead. These turbans give to their naturally wild, lofty air a very impressive appearance. Their rude simplicity reminded me much of the aborigines of our own country. They had not often seen European travellers and showed us much respect as such. They frequently dismounted at a distance, when about to meet us, and made their obeisance. They are not destitute of interest to the missionary. Though *Mŭhammedans,* they are far less influenced and injured by their religion than are the Persians. Their private morals are less corrupt and they are more tolerant towards nominal Christians. And it is interesting to know

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* Genesis 28: 18. † See Drawing, p. 5.

that they have not been entirely forgotton in the sympathies of Christendom. The Rev. Mr. Hoernle, of the Basle Missionary Society, has commenced the study of their language with reference to a Koordish translation of the New Testament.*

As the Koords, however, are nomade tribes, all efforts exerted for their religious benefit must of course be much more precarious than if they possessed a permanency of character. Their language has rarely been written.† It has the character of Persian or Turkish—radically the former—more or less as a given district is situated in proximity to one or other of those countries. They have men who are learned, we were told, in the Arabic, Persian and Turkish languages. But of whatever language they speak a corruption, they make it in a sense their own. To an ear unaccustomed to hear them, the sounds are singularly novel and amusing. They have a kind of trill which, added to their earnest, impetuous enunciation, reminded me most of anything of the rumbling of machinery.—I may remark, as another consideration unfavorable to missionary efforts of a literary character for the Koords, that it is the wish, alike of the Turkish and Persian governments, to bring them gradually down from their wild mountain fastnesses and amalgamate them with the rest of their subjects. And any efforts to give *permanency* to them, as a distinct people, as putting books into the language might be supposed to do, (though in fact the very best way to tame them,) would probably incur the jealousy and opposition of those governments.

Oct. 26. The son of the governor of Sûldóoz importuned us to remain a day and be his guest; but our apprehension of the commencement of the fall rains forbade us to linger. He directed two of his men, who were just starting off for Tabréez, to accompany us as guides. Our direction now changed to north-east,—our way leading around the south-east corner of the lake. We started early —before sun-rise—and the morning, in that damp valley, was quite cold. As we were crossing a deep muddy brook, Mar Yohannan's horse fell and plunged him and his effects into the stream. Most of our party had rode on; but on observing the accident, we all hastened back to sympathize with the bishop and aid him if we could,—expecting of course to find him as sad as his dripping condition was comfortless. He had crawled out upon the bank, as we rode up; but instead of our meeting the sombre visage we had anticipated, he looked up at us and laughed,—and with an air so peculiar as to leave on my mind a vivid and indelible impression of his remarkable good-nature, as well as of the disposition to make the best of a hard matter that cannot be helped, which is far more

* Mr. Hoernle, on thoroughly examining the subject, decided that it was not expedient to make the contemplated translation. He ascertained that there were between one and two hundred distinct tribes and as many dialects, which it would of course be a fruitless task to attempt to harmonize.

† Zeitschrift der Kunde des Morgenlandes, Vol. III. p. 13.

characteristic of Orientals than of Europeans. His first concern was to look for the safety of his prayer-book, which, on opening his bundle, he found to be soaked; and while I was struggling to find words (in a strange language) to express my sorrow for the misfortune, he was deliberately pulling open the wet leaves and reiterating —"There is no one to blame—do not feel sorry—there is no one to blame." We passed several villages in proceeding through the valley. The Koords here seemed not to understand Turkish, and we were obliged to employ Mar Yohannan who knows their language, as our interpreter. On leaving the valley of Sûldóoz, we crossed a small rocky ridge, and entered a plain of vast extent which opens to the south end of the lake. As we descended from the ridge to the plain, we passed a soda spring, which boils up from a rock in the middle of the road. The gas, issuing with the water from an orifice about an inch in diameter, produces a vivid effervescence; and the water tastes much like soda artificially prepared. This water gradually deposits incrustations which appear to be in a process of becoming marble. Around the spring, a conical mound has thus accumulated. The surface is *tufa*, but the stone as we thought grows harder, as you descend.

On the plain, we passed several Koordish villages. Many of the houses are covered with thatch which consists of a reed that grows abundantly here, much taller and larger than the stalks of rank broom-corn in America.* The thatch is wholly or in part covered with earth, but is still very combustible, and nearly half of one of the villages, when we passed it, was on fire. After leaving these villages, we travelled over a vast uncultivated country which is perfectly level. The high grass, rushes and the weed above mentioned were even with our horses' backs and sometimes much above them, waving like the ocean on all sides of us, and stretching to an almost interminable extent, in every direction. In some places, large herds and flocks were grazing, while other parts of the plain were swept perfectly clean by recent fires which are lighted at this season, that the dry stalks may not remain to impede the future crop. Several fires were now in progress, on different parts of the plain, and presented scenes of sublimity perhaps not unlike those often witnessed in the western wilds of America.

We missed our road, and still attempted to make our way through the forest of grass and reeds. After travelling some time, we reached a considerable stream—the Tattavóos—which appeared to be deep, with high banks and a muddy bottom. The grass prevented our observing the stream, until our horses had well nigh leaped into it. We were now obliged to follow the bank of the river a long distance. At length, we came to a place where the water appeared so shallow that we ventured to force our horses in and rode safely

* The same from which the mats are constructed, for the floors and roofs of Persian houses.

through the stream. Our cowardly Persian *guides*, who had proved to be sad *mis*leaders, long and loudly remonstrated against our presumption, in attempting to cross the river, and hardly dared follow us when they saw us safe on the opposite shore, and after I had stopped in the middle of the current and allowed my horse to drink, to embolden them.

On the bank of this river and near the spot where we crossed it, a Russian officer, as our guides told us, was murdered many years ago. He had been in the Persian service, at Tabréez, and offended the prince, Abbas Meerza, who in retaliation, directed the governor of this district to invite the officer here to hunt with him, and embrace the opportunity thus presented of assassinating him. The unsuspecting officer complied with the invitation of the governor, as soon as it was given. They were fishing together in this river. A servant of the governor, according to previous instruction, requested the dirk of the officer, to cut away some high grass. The dirk was delivered to the servant and in a moment was lodged by him in the body of its owner. This may probably have happened. The Persians, however, are wonderfully given to tragical as well as marvellous narrations, which, with their dressing up, often become alike ridiculous and incredible. Two English travellers, for instance, were many years ago murdered near Bagdâd; and a member of the present embassy happening recently to pass that way, was pointed by the people to the very spot where, they told him, *eleven English ambassadors* had been murdered in a single day! And one travelling in Persia soon learns to give credence to the statements of the inhabitants only in proportion as they are authenticated by concurring circumstances or the testimony of Europeans who reside in the country.

An hour's ride from the river brought us to the village of Chilléek, our stopping-place, which is seven fürsákhs from Neghadéh. This village is situated in the centre of the small district of Meandâub, belonging to the province of Maraghâ. It is the property of the prince, whom we saw at Sûldóoz, and is inhabited partly by Armenians and partly by Mŭhammedans. The district takes its name from its location, lying between two rivers, which are about six miles apart,—the one already mentioned and the Jăghatée,* which, where we crossed it, is about six or eight rods wide; the name, *Meandâub*, signifying *between two waters*. At some distance to the east, under the mountain, is an ancient village of the same name—Meandâub, now much in ruins, but still the residence of a son of the governor of Maraghâ, who acts as deputy governor of the district. Our muleteer, with our baggage, also lost his way, and did

* This river is celebrated for its fish. Says Kinnier, "fifty-three miles from that town, (Maraghâ,) on the road to Sennáh, I encamped for several days on the banks of the Jăghatée, which is here upwards of 200 paces wide, and full of fish, some of them almost six feet in length."—*Geog. Memoir*, p. 150.

not reach us until quite late, so that we ate nothing from 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 in the evening.

Oct. 27. We were early on our way and continued our course, north-east, over the great plain, which soon again became uncultivated. The sameness of the scene was much enlivened by the zeal for learning English, manifested by our Nestorian companions. We became mutually instructers and learners,—the bishop and priest teaching me the names of things and to count, in Nestorian ; and I, teaching them in English. Three hours from Chilléek brought us to the north-east corner of the plain, to the large village of Yoolgûnlée. This village takes its name from Yoolgûn,—a wild weed, which is an abundant product of the plain. Here our road changed its direction to north-west, leading along under the mountain, until it brought us, after two fûrsákhs, to a broken ridge, through a defile, in which we passed and entered the narrow valley of Maraghâ. Our road there changed its direction to north-east, and two fûrsákhs more brought us to the city of Maraghá, making our ride, that day, seven fûrsákhs.

A little before we reached the city, we passed a threshing-floor, at some distance from the road, and one of the laborers came running towards me with a full sheaf of wheat for my horse. Europeans are seldom seen here, and when seen are always supposed to be loaded with money. And in all parts of Persia, productions of the field, as well as fruits, are thus presented to the passing traveller with the expectation of receiving many times their value, though the article be not taken. Some of the early English embassies to this country sowed the seeds of endless inconvenience to European travellers, by their lavish career, to impress the Persians with the idea of their superiority in wealth and character, to the Russians. I have heard a peasant at Tabréez speak of having received seventy-five dollars from Sir John Malcom for a basket of fruit ! English gentlemen have long since greatly modified this course, from motives of policy as well as economy. I have usually taken the liberty to decline presents, on the road, unless they were articles which I needed, and then have paid but a fair price for them, the breach of established etiquette notwithstanding. A quota of such attentions may, however, be regarded as the foreigner's police taxes in Persia ; and the general respect, freedom and security which they procure for him, are perhaps a full equivalent for the contribution under which they lay his purse.

Maraghâ is pleasantly situated about ten miles from the lake, at the eastern extremity of a narrow valley. Near the lake, in the same valley, are several beautiful villages, one of which is Sheeshawân, a favorite residence of Malek Kâsem Meerza. The city has the common sombre appearance of Persian cities. Its site is uneven, and its streets and avenues are very irregular. It has one large caravanserái, and several smaller ones, none of which are cleanly or in good repair. It contains eight or ten baths, one of which is very

superior. It has also a glass-manufactory. Maraghâ was the capital of Hoolahóo Khân, the emperor who overthrew the caliphs, and there his tomb is still standing. Its foundations are of stone and its superstructure of brick, about forty feet high and twenty wide,—once a splendid structure, but now fast yielding to neglect and decay. The tomb itself is even used as a stable, and the tower over it as a dove-cote. So fades the memory of the mighty conqueror. How different were my feelings, while standing by his ashes, from the impressions which I had of ever-enduring and brightening *moral* grandeur, as well as of military and political glory, on visiting the tomb of Washington!

The inhabitants residing near, observed us taking a sketch of the tomb, and gathered around us, with hearts palpitating between fear, indignation and joy, some supposing us Russians, towards whom the mass in Persia cherish inveterate hatred; and others supposing us Englishmen, who are regarded in the light of future deliverers. Our object, on our first arrival, as our servant afterward told us, was whispered around as political. "These *Frangées*, (Franks,)" * said the people, "have come to guage the city." This restless apprehension is the natural offspring of the general discontent which arises from oppression, and prevails throughout the country, but which we always endeavor to allay. The scarcely-distinguishable ruins of the old observatory, erected by Hoolakóo, on a mountain-top near the city, for his celebrated astronomer, Nasser-i-Dîn, is the only other object of interest which we noticed at Maraghâ. On the western brow of the summit on which was the observatory, there is, we were told, a remarkable cave, forty or fifty feet long and one-third that width, hewn out of a solid rock; and about two miles south-west of the city are medicinal springs. Maraghâ contains from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. Of these, all are Mŭhammedans except twenty or thirty Armenian families. The plague and cholera, in 1829—30, made terrible ravages there, as well as in other parts of Persia.

Oct. 27. We started an hour before day, and hardly dismounted from our horses until evening twilight, when we reached the large village of Dehkhorgân, ten fŭrsákhs from Maraghâ. Our road led over an undulating and mountainous country. Our course was first north-west, about thirty miles, where we came quite near the lake, and there, doubling a promontory, the road bears away north-east, in the general direction of Tabréez. We observed several more soda springs, boiling up from small orifices in the road, with an effervescence almost as vivid and perfect as can be produced in a chemical laboratory. Is it not from the incrustations of the overflowing water of these fountains, that the beautiful Tabréez marble is formed around and near them? We passed one great quarry, within a few rods of a spring, from which vast quantities of this marble

* The general term, applied to all Europeans and Americans, in the East.

have been taken. This quarry is but a little above the level of the lake, and about half a mile distant from its eastern shore.

In one of the villages which we passed to-day, we witnessed an encounter between a Koordish horseman and a Persian. The Koord had with him a servant, who, like himself, was well mounted and gorgeously dressed. In their native loftiness, the servant had entered the yard of the Persian lord of the village, without first obtaining permission. The owner uttered harsh words alike to the servant and his master; upon which the latter seized a fine horse belonging to the villager, and was in the act of leading him off, when we rode up. Seeing us, the Koord desisted from his purpose and halted. And the Persian, frantic with anger and emboldened by our presence, took the horse, and at the same moment a huge club from the hand of the Koord, and laid upon his back fifteen or twenty blows as severely as he could apply, with both hands. The Koord took little more notice of the flagellation than if he had been a block, but sat quietly upon his own horse until the Persian was ready to return him his cane; and then he pranced away, playfully brandishing his long spear, as though nothing had happened. The Koord, however, will remember it, and wo will betide the Persian, when he happens there again, unrestrained by the presence of Europeans.

Dehkhorgân, the village where we stopped, is a kind of metropolis of a district of the same name, in the northern part of the province of Maraghâ. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, and better deserves the name of *town* than village. We lodged in a new, spacious caravanserái; and nowhere on this tour did I see indications of thrift and enterprize, to equal those in Dehkhorgân. The eastern side of the lake is in general far less regular and fertile than the western. It is, however, very interesting for its mineral treasures and geological phenomena.

Oct. 28. We again started early, and after riding about three fûrsákhs to the north, between the mountain and the lake, we entered the great plain of Tabréez. Five fûrsákhs more in a north-east direction, much of the way through fertile gardens, brought us to the city, just two weeks after we left it. We found our families well,—Mrs. P. having rapidly improved during my absence; and our hearts warmed with gratitude to God, while we sat down and recounted his tender mercies to us and to them, during every hour of our separation.

Nov. 1. Our Nestorian friends, the bishop and priest, on our arrival, took a room in my house and seats at my table. They were from the first very studious to keep themselves clean and to conform to our habits and regulations. Though they had never before sat in chairs nor used knives and forks at their meals, they begin to use both to very good advantage.* They had never heard

* As I was revising these pages, on our passage home, I reminded Mar Yohannan of his commencement of using knives and forks. "We were so

our style of singing, and were singularly delighted—at first almost to audible laughter—with this part of our devotions. They soon requested me to teach them to sing; so I repeated to them a verse of an English hymn, which they wrote down in their own character, preserving quite accurately the sounds and the metre, and were in half an hour able to sing it very well. The verse was the following:

"Look up, my soul, with glad surprise,
Towards the joyful coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright and glorious day."

May such a day dawn upon their fallen church, now sitting in the valley and shadow of spiritual death! I afterwards gave them the meaning, as well as I could in Turkish, and they have often since repeated it with great apparent satisfaction. They next requested me to teach them our devotions at the table. I told them that we were not limited to a single form. "Teach me then," said the bishop, "all the forms which you use in one week." I told him that we were not limited to a week, but that our devotions, at the table, as elsewhere, are varied according to our feelings, wants and circumstances. "Prepare us then at least *one*," said the bishop. So I gave them a short form, which they wrote down in the same manner as the verse of the hymn, and they now repeat it, in a whisper, at the commencement of every meal. At the close of the meal, the bishop dismisses the table with a service in his own language. The Nestorians are accustomed to have two services at meals, which they perform in a sitting posture. The zeal and success of the bishop and the priest in beginning to learn English, are very gratifying. The latter has sterling talents. The former has less, though highly respectable abilities, and his naturally amiable character and winning manners give him extensive influence among his people. In many things they appear as yet truly like untutored children of nature. Last evening, I walked out with Mrs. Perkins, to call on Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, and they accompanied us. As we entered the street, Mrs. P. as usual, took my arm, on observing which, the bishop and priest instinctively turned their faces backward, covered them with their hands and broke out into immoderate laughter, so novel and ludicrous—in fact almost indecorous—was the scene to them.

Though my actual acquaintance with the Nestorians has as yet been short, my interest in them cannot be inconsiderable. When I think of the universal artlessness and friendliness which I find among the people—of the character and history of the Patriarch Elias, whose acquaintance I have made—a man of the finest talents,

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frightened in our first attempts," he artlessly replied, "that we often left your table hungry, fearing that we should drop our knives and forks, or commit some other blunder."

born and educated a Catholic, yet now in the meridian of life breaking away from the deadly embrace of "Holy mother church," and toiling to rescue his people from the same thraldom,—and especially, when I see before me a bishop and priest from that people, young, enterprising, eager for learning, and among the most docile pupils I ever instructed, I cannot but regard the prospect of missionary usefulness, among the Nestorians, as far more encouraging than I had supposed could be found in any field in Asia. I deeply feel, however, that success in the work is all of the Lord. Though we may plant and water, and though there be prospect of abundant harvest, unless He "give the increase," we shall reap nothing but blasting and mildew. And standing as I do *alone*, I am often ready to sink under the responsibility which my work imposes, until I find relief in rolling my care upon an Almighty arm.

If the reader has sympathized much with the writer, he feels sufficient interest in the Patriarch Elias, to desire to know more of him. His subsequent experience has been a very trying one. He persevered in his efforts to recover the *Chaldeans*, (Catholic Nestorians,) back to the Nestorian fold, with very commendable zeal, in the face of opposition and persecution, several years. But when the Koordish beg of Ravendóoz overran the region of Elkóosh, the Papists, who are the predominant christian sect there, instigated the Koordish beg to imprison Mar Elias, and farther oppress him, until, apprehending that he might lose his life, and unable longer to stem the torrent, he recanted his conversion to the Nestorian faith, and renounced his patriarchal and episcopal claims, as the purchase of his freedom. It was a severe ordeal, and unsupported probably by real piety, it is not strange that he should yield. But few of the Nestorians of Oróomiah had formally transferred their ecclesiastical relation from Mar Shimon to Mar Elias, and those who had done so, returned to the former on this event being known, so that none in that province were affected by Mar Elias's recantation. It is said also that a considerable number of his converts, in the region of Elkóosh, not being subjected to the severe persecution which befel their Patriarch, still remain attached to the Nestorian church. And it is a circumstance of deep interest and great encouragement, that the mass of the *Chaldeans*, or Papal converts from the Nestorians, on the western side of the Koordish mountains, having been reluctantly drawn away from the fold of their fathers by compulsory means, are *changed*, not in *fact*, but only in *name*. Says the Rev. H. Southgate, who has visited that people, "Upon the whole then, it appears that the conversion of the Nestorian church to Romanism does not imply an understanding reception of the peculiar rites and usages of the Papal church. In the multitude of cases, it is not founded upon an intelligent assent. It has not imbued the Chaldeans with a narrow and bigoted spirit against European Protestants. It has not subverted the foundations of their church."*

* Tour through Armenia, etc. Vol. II. p. 237.

These *Chaldeans* then need only the helping hand of Protestant missionaries, who are already among them, to be led back to the enclosure from which they have been driven astray. And with such encouragement and aid, among the earliest to return, we trust, will be the unfortunate Mar Elias.

CHAPTER XII.

RESIDENCE AT TABREEZ.

Allusion has repeatedly been made to the advanced age of the king, the precarious state of his health, and the general apprehension that his death was near at hand. Yesterday, Nov. 5th, intelligence of the death of Feth Ali Shâh, reached Tabréez. The same arrival reported also that a prince, resident in Tehrân, has got possession of the royal treasury and the throne. It was most fortunate for me—rather it was a very merciful arrangement of *Providence*—that I made my journey to Oróomiah and reached home, in time to escape the fury of the pending storm. The intelligence of the king's death is like unchaining tigers, all over the country. In some parts, as we already hear, there is general anarchy; and in others, robbery, murder and other cold-blooded atrocities are committed. There is much greater quiet in Tabréez than in any other place in Persia, owing to its superior civilization; but even here, we are every hour apprehending commotion.

Nov. 8. Prince Mŭhammed Meerza, the lawful successor, is making preparation, with all possible speed, to set off for Tehrân. He is, however, singularly in the back ground, as most of his troops are beyond Khoy, a hundred miles in the opposite direction, not yet having returned from the Koordish war. The gentlemen of the English embassy, as well as the military detachment, are all to accompany the young king to Tehrân; and if the government becomes settled, they will henceforth reside in that city. We are therefore likely to be left with no English resident in this part of Persia, except Mr. Nisbet, the commissary, who may also remove to Tehrân, as soon as the stores of the arsenal can be safely transported. But here again the good hand of the Lord is to be acknowledged. We were permitted to reach Tabréez in season to make the acquaintance of these English friends—particularly of the Ambassador, which, from the great kindness of his character, and his interest in our work, cannot but continue to prove invaluable to us and our mission. He has made all possible provision for our security, before leaving this city. He kindly invited us to occupy his

own residence, which is considered the safest place in Tabréez; enjoined on us to remove immediately into it, in the event of any indication of special danger. He has also left with me letters of particular commendation to the governor, whoever shall succeed to that office, and charged me always to apply to him, with the utmost freedom, for any needed assistance. We very naturally feel, however, that our trust must not be in any arm of flesh, but in the living God. And under the banner of his protection, we hope to be permitted, in quiet security, to prosecute the work for which we have come to this troubled, benighted land.

Jan. 1, 1835. Our Nestorian ecclesiastics are still learning well and doing well. They are now able to read and sing with us, in English, at our family devotions. I feel deeply the weight of responsibility that devolves upon me by having them with us. The future prosperity of our mission will, doubtless, be much affected by the impressions which they receive, the present year. Yesterday, we had a new token of the friendliness of the Nestorians. An old man arrived, bringing a horse-load of butter, cheese and raisins to us from the friends of the bishop and priest. In Persia, however, as in other Eastern countries, we can depend little on the *permanency* of friendship. Still it were ingratitude to God not to acknowledge his goodness, in permitting us to enjoy such encouraging prospects. There is something deeply interesting, at the commencement of our labors, in being permitted to kneel daily in prayer with a Nestorian bishop.

Jan. 2. The prospect now is, that the government will soon be much more happily settled than all had apprehended. This morning I received a letter from Dr. Riach, physician, and now first secretary, of the English embassy, at Tehrân, respecting the present aspect of political affairs. The letter is under date of Dec. 22, 1834; and the extracts which follow will give the reader a better idea than I can otherwise impart, of the circumstances that attended the young king's accession to the throne.

"We have all great reason to be thankful for the really almost spring-weather with which we have been favored, since leaving Tabréez. Although we had some rain and a little snow, still, I believe that such another mild season at this period of the year is scarcely recollected. Few of our large party of English and Russians have been at all sick; and I myself with Sir John and all our mission, have enjoyed really excellent health. We yesterday entered this city, [Tehrân,] after having accompanied the young king to his palace in the Nagaristân, [a celebrated garden,] near the town, (where he must wait till the *stars* be propitious for his coming into town,) where he sat upon the smaller enamelled throne, with the royal amulets on, and the diamond plume, or *Jikká*, in his cap, and in fact where he ascended the throne; although the great public-day of the *Jalóos*, (coronation,) will not take place for some little time yet, I know not how long.

"After leaving Azerbijân, the progress of his Majesty has been like a triumphant march. For, those princes who left Tehrân as servants of the pretender—the Zíllah Sultân—joined our camp, then came the heads of the Eelîat tribes, who had either received money from Adíl Shâh,* (as the Zíllah called himself, when he was crowned, only *thirty-six* days ago,) or had remained neuter. About fifty miles from this, prince Verdét Meerza, who commanded his brother, the Zíllah's forces, sent to oppose us, came even and gave in his adherence to his Majesty, (almost the whole of his chiefs and captains having before joined us,) and the same night, all the artillery and about one thousand horse came over to Sir Henry Bethune's camp. Next day, information was received of the seizure in Tehrân of the Zíllah Sultân and his minister; and the same day, twelve guns, two hundred camel-artillery† and a number of horse, with some princes, all sent to oppose us, joined the Shâh.

"The business, so far as getting possession of the capital was concerned, was thus finished, without a single person being put to death, or a shot fired. And could we judge of the devotion of the people here to the young Shâh, by the numbers of camels, bullocks and sheep slaughtered, [to be cast in the path before him,] by the quantities of sugar presented to him on the road, and by the crowds of prostrate slaves [subjects] kissing the earth before him, we should think that never was there so beloved a king before. The fact is, that the people here, as in Tabréez, like the king personally. They admire his good moral character, and are pleased with his plain, honest demeanor, etc., but they fear his minister, the Kâim-Makâm, and also the *Asoufá Douláh* (uncle to the king,) who is certain to be a candidate for the premiership and an opponent of the Kâim-Makâm.

"I am really astonished to find ourselves in Tehrân, with so little trouble. And as the Zíllah Sultân, although he has spent, it is said, 700,000 tŏmâns, [$1,700,500,] has not dissipated the treasury of the late Shâh, we are all in hopes that the young king will now *pay* his troops, and put his military establishment on a proper footing. The princes of Shirâz, Mazanderân and Kerwân, have not yet sent in their allegiance, and it is said that the two former have declared themselves kings. But we do not anticipate a great deal of trouble in getting Shirâz, so that Mazanderân is now the only province from which we anticipate annoyance; although I myself think that no real difficulty will present itself to the settlement of the whole country. The Zíllah Sultân, (the usurper,) is still in confinement, and has not yet seen the king; and what will be done with him, I know not, though I expect to hear that he is kindly and perhaps honorably treated; for the king is a kind-hearted man, and will not

* The *just* king.

† This is a small species of ordnance, mounted on the back of a camel, the animal being taught to kneel down and remain quiet while the cannon is discharged.

be easily brought to punish his father's own brother. The money this prince has spent is said to have been taken from some of the queens, and not from the royal treasury. Nothing is yet known of our future movements."

The appointment of the young king, as successor to the Persian throne, had been ratified and sustained, by the English and Russian ambassadors. And under the wing of their protection, and of a detachment of English military officers, at the head of his troops, he marched from Tabréez to Tehrân. And it is entirely owing to this *European influence*, which is a great terror to the Persians, as well as to all other Asiatics, that Mŭhammed Shâh has found it so easy a matter to secure the throne. It may more strictly be said to have been chiefly owing to Sir John Campbell, the English ambassador, and to general Lindsley,—alias, Sir Henry Bethune,—the English officer who was wisely and fortunately placed by the king at the head of his army, that the succession has been so prosperously effected. The ambassador and the general have, in effect, taken up his Majesty like a helpless infant, and placed him upon his throne,—the former by his counsel and general influence, and by advancing money to relieve, quiet and encourage the discontented troops, who took advantage of the emergency to demur, proclaim their grievances in having been so long defrauded of their pay, and threaten to disperse to their hungry families,—and the general, by inspiriting them by his own activity and energy, and still more by the terror of his name. The Persians are much influenced by *appearances*. General Lindsley is remarkably imposing in his person, being, I should judge, from six and a half to seven feet high and very well proportioned. He had, moreover, been previously known in the country as a distinguished military officer, and had even acquired the reputation of being well nigh able, *single-handed*, to combat whole armies, like Roostâm, the Persians' fabled giant. It is the less strange, therefore, that the king, with this general at the head of his troops and the English and Russian ambassadors at his side, should, long before he reached his capital, cause most of the rival princes thus to send in, some their armies and others deputies, to make a formal surrender, acknowledge him as their sovereign, and implore mercy and pardon. It is to be hoped that the Shâh will requite his English benefactors and the government they represent, with at least a return of gratitude.*

* It is now generally understood, that this hope has been sadly disappointed. My own impression, however, is, that the disappointment is more owing to the king's fear of offending the Russian government, and the counsels of a bad minister, than flagrant treachery on his part. So ungrateful was the then acting minister, that it is said he even instigated the Persian merchants to charge a *very high rate* of interest to the English ambassador, on the money which the latter borrowed of them to advance to the troops and thus relieve both the minister and his royal master, in their imbecility and embarrassment. And this would be but a fair sample of the *in*gratitude of Persian character in general.

Jan. 20. Yesterday we committed to the grave our infant daughter. She died after a sickness of only three days,—a kind of lung fever, which is making great ravages among the native children here at the present time. It would have been an unspeakable comfort and relief to us to have had an American physician with us, in the sickness of this child; but Providence ordered otherwise, and it is our privilege no less than our duty, submissively to acquiesce. The English physicians were at Tehrân, a distance of four hundred miles from us. The Nestorian bishop and priest sympathize deeply with us, in the death of our babe, to which they had become much attached. And I hope that they, as well as ourselves, may be benefitted by the afflictive bereavement.

Jan. 23. The latest intelligence from Tehrân is, that the young king is in the city, but not as yet on his throne. He was still apprehensive that the propitious hour for his public coronation had not come. Astrology, in Persia, is in all the pristine vigor of the days of the Magi. Not only august occasions must be controlled by the movement of the stars, but also events of minor and even trivial importance.* A traveller, for instance, must commence his journey and complete it at the precise hour and minute prescribed by the astrologer. On returning, he usually halts at some distance from his home and sends forward a servant to consult the astrologer and ascertain the golden moment. The same system runs more or less into all the common concerns and occupations of life, and thus becomes at once a very important and lucrative profession. It must of course possess enough of *mystery* to maintain its power and satisfy the Persian relish for mysticism.

The astrologers have long been clamorous with their forebodings respecting the present king. Some predict that his reign will not continue more than a few months, when he will be superseded by an uncle,—a prediction requiring, to be sure, no very miraculous foresight to suggest it, in the general aspect of affairs as presented for some time past, even to the vulgar gaze in Persia. But it has made the king very cautious, and led him to the commission of some acts of cruelty. One prince—the king's *own* brother—i. e. by the *same mother*, who was suspected as a rival, has already lost his eyes, and many others may lose their heads. These occurrences, so shocking to us, are in Persia so common, that they are mentioned by the people as circumstances hardly to be regretted. How common is the practice of putting out the eyes of suspected rivals in this country, will appear from an anecdote related to me by lady McNeill, when we met her with lady Campbell at Erzróom. Lady M. visited, by invitation, the royal harém. A number of young

* A fine boy in our Mŭhammedan school, on one occasion, stopped abruptly, in the midst of his recitation, inquired the time and begged to be excused to go immediately to a tailor; for he was then to have a garment cut, and his *stars* would not be propitious, were it cut at any other time.

princes were at play in the apartment of their mothers, *blindfolded.* Lady M. inquired why the children were thus blindfolded; and their mothers composedly replied, that they were merely practising to acquire dexterity, that, in case their eyes should be put out when they became men, they might be able to walk about and be the less dependent, in consequence of this early training! What would we give for *royal birth*, in such a country, whatever be its value elsewhere? A heated iron rod, or spit, is the instrument by which sight, in such cases, is extinguished.

Feb. 25. I learn that the Persians are not entire strangers to the art of *printing*. A press which operated at Tabréez for several years, printing the Korân, was sometime ago transferred to Tehrân. A lithographic press is now in use, in this city, and books are bound here very well. The owner of this press was once ambassador to England, and speaks our language. Several months since, he invited the Rev. Wm. Glen, of the Scottish Missionary Society, then at Astrakhân, to remove to Tabréez, presenting as an inducement, the reasonable rate at which he would print christian books. His object was, doubtless, mercenary; but all this shows that the light of Europe is fast breaking in upon Persia.

Feb. 26. To-day I read with the bishop and priest the parable of the prodigal son, and the bishop proceeded to comment upon it. The elder brother, he said, represents the early believers, as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,—the same as are referred to in the parable of the laborers,—those who entered the vineyard in the morning of the day. The younger son might, in general, he said, represent all believers, inasmuch as all wander from God and must return with the penitence of the prodigal; but that he (the younger son) particularly represents such as enter the kingdom of heaven at the eleventh hour, as the thief on the cross. But this parable must be still farther applied and spiritualized. So he proceeded to what he styled a more exact interpretation. The fatted calf was the body of Christ; the ring for the prodigal's hand was baptism; and the shoes for his feet were gospel truth and instruction. This is but a specimen of the minuteness with which my learned teachers are able to explain the parables.

March 16. The bishop has repeatedly expressed a strong desire to go to America and study there. He conceived the idea of his own accord. I have never as yet given him the least encouragement on the subject. He and the priest are every day becoming more interested in their studies, and their general improvement gives me increasing encouragement. It is not their present goodness, however, nor that of their nation, but the broad, open door of access to them, which is the ground of our hope. They are, as a people, very degraded; and even the best of them are *morally* as weak as infants, and must be treated with great patience and forbearance, "as a nurse cherisheth her children." But their reverence for the Bible gives us a glorious field of common ground; and their strong

desire for improvement, of which we have the most satisfactory tokens, renders it doubly interesting to meet them on this common ground.

The following letter to Mr. Dwight of Constantinople, who visited Oróomiah with Mr. Smith, was lately prepared by the bishop and priest entirely of their own accord in their own language. They then requested me to assist them in making a translation of it into English, that Mr. Dwight might be able to read it, and from that translation, *they* transcribed a copy in English, and sent both the original and their copy to Mr. Dwight.

"*In the name of God:*

The mercy of God, the love of Christ, and that peace which he gave his disciples, after the resurrection, be with you, as the salutation of Khalaphá, Mar Yohánnan, bishop, and of priest Abraham.

Your love for us and your desire for the salvation of our people is reciprocated by us. We pray for you, thou blessed of the Lord, who art built on the firm foundation of apostles and prophets, and truly justified by Christ,—you who walk in that way which God has appointed from eternity. May God strengthen you to stand fast in that path, and may Christ save you from every contamination of sin. May He keep you from all the snares of the devil and shield you from all his temptations, and save you from all offenders and grant you an answer to all your holy desires and the most perfect fruition. May the Almighty exalt your family, your sons and daughters, as the king of Egypt exalted Joseph; yea, may he cause you to be approved and loved of all men who see and know you. But especially, may the Almighty bless you with that blessing which he granted unto the disciple Ananias, at Damascus, on the converted Paul,—i. e. may he give you success, that many who are blind (spiritually) may receive their sight at your hand.

To this end, may the Almighty God bless you, with the blessing of Jacob and his sons. May he be your God, as he was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and may the Holy Ghost come upon you, as He came upon the disciples, on the first *Fast* of Pentecost.

We desire much to see you; but we are too far distant from each other. In the spirit of love, however, we remember and see you always. Christ says, in the gospel, where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst. May the Lord dwell with us by his love, that we may love and esteem one another.

If you esteem us, send us also, if you please, a letter, that we may know how you are and how you do. We are at present at the city of Tabréez, with Mr. Perkins. And if you would like to know what we do here, the answer is, that *we* study English, and Mr. Perkins studies Syriac. If you would like to know more particularly how Mr. Perkins treats us, we would assure you, that we love him as God loved the patriarchs and Christ the apostles. May the Almighty shield him and his beloved household from all evil. Our

fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters are pleased with our living with Mr. Perkins. And our nation are very glad that he has come here to instruct us and teach us the way of salvation. We all esteem him as a gift from heaven; and we pray for you, your people and your king.

They that have understanding look to the future world, but fools think only of the present. A word is enough for the wise. Amen.

May you be blessed and joyful, as Abraham was joyful for his son restored, and the disciples for the resurrection of Christ. May your name be known in many countries, as the disciples, after receiving the Holy Ghost, went forth into all the world.

With these wishes, receive our salutation in Christ, now and forever, Amen.

Written at Tabréez, on the 5th day of the month of Ishwat, (16th of Feb.) and in the year 2146 *(of the Seleucidae).**

(Signed) MAR YOHANNAN, *Bishop,*
KASHA ABRAHAM, *Priest.*"

March 22. Sabbath. To-day the Persian festival of *Noo-rose,* (new year, literally, new day,) commenced. The whole city was in an uproar. The English gentlemen, who are in town, went to pay their congratulations to the Prince, and even the Nestorian ecclesiastics were drawn away by the current of festivity and curiosity; and I was thus left with only Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Nisbet as hearers, at our religious service. *Noo-rose* is not a *Mŭhammedan* festival, but is the only national one that has come down from the ancient Persians.† It occurs at the time of the vernal equinox, is the commencement of the civil year, and a joyous festival among all classes.‡

April 1. Intelligence reached Tabréez, of the capture of Shirâz, by the king's forces, under Sir Henry Bethune. A rival prince

* This is the era commonly used by the Nestorians.

† Jemshéd, the celebrated founder of Persepolis, whose ruins to this day are called, *Takt-i-Jemshéd,* is reputed to have introduced the solar year and instituted this festival.

‡ It is the custom for the king to march out of his capital on Noo-rose, attended by his ministers, nobles and as many of his army as can be assembled. The ceremonies of the day commence with a review; and then the tribute and presents of all the rulers and governors of different provinces are laid at the foot of the throne, which is placed in a magnificent tent pitched for the purpose in an open plain. The king remains in camp several days which are passed in joy and festivity. Horse-races are among the amusements,—and the monarch, whose favorite horses generally win, gives presents to the fortunate riders; he also confers dresses of honor on all the chief nobles and officers of his government; who give similar marks of their regard to their servants and dependants. This feast is kept with equal demonstrations of joy in every part of the kingdom. It continues nearly a week; but the first day is the most important. On this, all ranks appear in their newest apparel; they send presents of sweet-meats to each other; and every man kisses his friend, on the auspicious morning of Noo-rose."—*Malcolm's Hist.* Vol. II. p. 405.

had attempted to establish himself in that city, as king of Persia. Nothing now remains to be done, to leave Mŭhammed Shâh in quiet possession of his throne. The Lord has thus been far more gracious to us and to Persia in the event of this succession, than our fears, and has furnished us new motives to trust in him.

April 2. Our Nestorian bishop and priest started, to-day, for Oróomiah to visit their friends. They had studied nearly six months very well, and I am quite willing to give them a month of vacation, alike to gratify them and their friends and for my own relaxation.

April 4. As I walked out by the side of the city wall, I observed about a dozen corpses, starting off for Kerbulá, the hallowed cemetery situated near Bagdâd, many hundred miles from Tabréez. They were in long narrow boxes and slung up, two upon a horse—one on each side—and hurried along as carelessly as though they had been loads of merchandize. One of my English acquaintances, when travelling, put up for the night on one occasion, at a caravanserái; and on seeing a pile of oblong boxes lying near him, he directed his servant to adjust two or three and spread his bed upon them; and thus would he have slept, during the night, upon the sleeping dead, had not the odor of dust returning to dust given him seasonable intimation of the contents of the boxes. All who are interred at Kerbulá are supposed to be entitled to exalted seats in paradise. The poor cannot often secure the privilege, as a considerable sum of money is requisite to purchase it, as well as to defray the expenses of transportation.

April 11. I dined with Malek Kâsem Meerza, the prince whom we had meet at Sûldóoz, on our return from Oróomiah. He is very fond of European society and spreads his table in European style. He is one of the finest looking men that I have seen in Persia or any other country.

April 15. Two Italian play-actors performed in the public court of the palace, in celebration of the marriage of several young princes. The Persians are not very fond of such entertainments. A German ventriloquist was here, not long ago, and the people ascribed his performances to the direct agency of the devil and treated him with corresponding abhorrence. This evening, there was a very splendid display of fire-works, as a part of the marriage celebration. The Persians are very skilful in the preparation of fire-works, having learned the art of the English.

In riding around the city, a day or two since, I noticed multitudes of little boys with clubs, representing, in childish glee, the tragedy of Hooséin and Hăssân, in anticipation of the approaching celebration of Mŏharrém. Here the riddle was unfolded. I had often wondered how, from generation to generation, this annual celebration returns with such engrossing interest to all classes of the Persians, and with such power to perpetuate their hatred towards the Soonées—and especially toward the Turks. But now the mystery was solved. I saw the germ taking root in the infant mind.

Could the seed of the gospel be as effectually sown in this prolific soil, what a harvest might be realized from the next generation in Persia.

April 29. I rode out six miles to a beautiful grove and palace called, Khălât Pooshân—*putting on a robe.* The prince of Azerbijân and most of the inhabitants of the city went out to celebrate the festivities of the day. On this occasion, governors of provinces put on for the first time the robes of honor which they receive annually, as a token of approbation, from the king. From the occasion, the festival and the place where it is celebrated receive the name, Khălât Pooshân. The excursion was pleasant, except that the crowd was so great as to fill the atmosphere with clouds of dust and fine sand. When I reached home, I found that the bishop, Mar Yohánnan, had returned from visiting his friends at Oróomiah. I was much gratified with his promptness in returning. Two days of his month still remained, and he stated, that he had foregone the pleasure of visiting several of his villages for the sake of arriving in season to demonstrate to me, that he was a *man of his word.*

April 30. A little after noon, the Nestorian priest also arrived. He resides forty miles beyond the bishop's village and was in consequence a day later. They brought to me very friendly letters, from the other bishops of the province, and represent both ecclesiastics and people as extremely anxious to see me at Oróomiah. I wait here only for a missionary associate, but fear I shall at last be obliged to settle there alone.

May 1. A chappár, (runner—courier,) arrived from Tehrân. Capt. Todd, a pious English officer, sends for Persian New Testaments, stating that application for the Word of God, on the part of the Mŭhammedans there, is not unfrequent. There are many indications to encourage us to believe, that Mŭhammedism in Persia is on the wane.

May 2. The celebration of Moharrém commenced. The public performances, connected with it, continue ten days.* The tragedy, or parts of it, representing the death of Hooséin, is recited by the Moollâhs, each day, at their mosks or in other public places. My Turkish teacher requested leave of absence to-day, to go to a mosk and weep for their venerated Imâms. I inquired of him *why* he would weep? And he replied, that the Moollâhs say, the angels descend and catch the tears of those who weep, on this occasion, to be preserved and presented as passports into Paradise. I have been informed also that *tears* are actually preserved, during this celebration, by the Persians, as charms to ward off sickness

* Mooaz-i-Doulah, (a Persian monarch,) who was a bigoted adherent to the sect of Ali, when his power was fully established, commanded the first ten days of the month, Moharrém, to be set aside for a general mourning over the fate of Hooséin, the son of Ali, who was slain on the plains of Kerbuláh, in the 60th year of the Hejiráh.—*Hist. of Persia*, Vol. I. p. 169.

and evil influences. The idea of thus preserving tears is as ancient as the Bible. Says the psalmist, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?"

May 5. An old Nestorian, from the bishop's village, came into my study, and was greatly delighted in listening to us, while we translated Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria, into his own dialect, and hearing, probably for the first time, of that living water of which he and his people know so little. A young Meerza, who attends Mr. Haas's school, called also at my study. He spoke of the celebration of Moharrém in terms of disgust and ridicule. The bishop asked him whether he should not *go and weep?* "I never go but one half day in a year," he replied, "and then I go to *laugh*." He is a very sprightly, amiable young man, thoroughly disgusted with the follies and abominations of Mŭhammedism; in the same state in which multitudes in Persia are—turning with abhorrence from the religion of the Prophet—ready to give a hearing to any system that is offered in its stead—and, unsought for by the sympathies of Christendom, plunging into the infidel labyrinths of Soofeeism.

May 12. I attended the representation of the death of Hooséin,—the great engine of perpetuating the division and hostility between the two Mŭhammedan sects—the Shîites and the Soonées.* The Persians, who are Shîites, acknowledge Hooséin; and the Turks, Koords and Tartars, who are Soonées, acknowledge Omar to have been the rightful successor of the Prophet. The struggle which took place when Hooséin was slain by the opposing party, was represented to-day; but in a most rude and (as we should say) awkward manner. The persons representing *women*, for instance, were some of the tallest men that could have been selected from the multitude; and under their gaudy tinsel dresses appeared their brawny bare feet, which they occasionally tried in vain to conceal. The whole was a most consummate farce. Much of it, however, was interesting, as affording illustrations of Scripture. The actors often cast dust upon their heads; and they, and indeed the whole congregation, were dressed in sackcloth.† The representation, moreover, unskilful as it strikes a European, seems fully to secure the object for which it was originally instituted, viz. to inspire hatred toward the Soonées. Nor does it fail to produce deep emotion. The multitude wept to-day profusely—and many of them audibly and almost convulsively—during a considerable part of the recital, beating their breasts severely at the same time. None were actually killed in the representation of the encounters, which abates from the *tragical* interest that sometimes attaches to the celebration. I should, however, before dismissing this topic, record my wonder—

* Sheah or Shîite means a 'sectary,' while Soonée is its opposite, 'orthodox.'

† The Persians all dress in *black*, as a token of their grief, during this whole month.

I had almost said my admiration,—of what I am constrained to regard as a surprising phenomenon,—congregated thousands, listening with almost breathless interest to the same recitals which they have heard repeated all their life-time from year to year; and wrought up by them to a pitch of emotion that shakes their frames and melts them in tears;—while, too, the actors *read* their recitals, holding their notes in their hands; and with tones and manner certainly not the most pathetic, nor even fluent. The Persians must be far more susceptible of feeling than are Americans. And I could not help thinking, that were they spiritual Christians, they would rebuke the too heartless manner in which we are apt to approach the affecting emblems of the crucifixion.

May 14. I spent the day with the bishop and priest forming paradigms of verbs in the Nestorian language. I have found it an easy and delightful task to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the ancient Syriac, from its resemblance to Hebrew, and having grammars and lexicons at command. But for acquiring the modern dialect of that language, which is spoken by the Nestorians, I have but very imperfect helps. This language has never been reduced to writing, and it differs so much from the ancient Syriac, that the latter is not understood by the people. Scholars, in their studies in America, can form but a faint idea of the difficulties to be encountered in reducing such a language to regular forms, with no teachers except such as understand about as little of grammatical principles as they know of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The venerable bishop, for instance, sometimes talks about the *tenses of nouns*. They are both, however, very docile; and are often surprised that I know so much more of the forms of their language than they know themselves.

May 16. This afternoon I walked, in company with the bishop and priest, several miles, to the summit of the lofty mountain back of Tabréez. The view of the city, plain and villages, and the islands of the distant lake, from the mountain-top, is extensive and very delightful. On the pinnacle of this mountain is an ancient mosk, much resorted to by the Mŭhammedans for religious purposes. It contains the tombs of two venerated Imâms. The inside of the mosk is hung over with tawdry ornaments. Several tablets are also deposited there, inscribed with accounts of wonderful cures and other miracles, said to have been performed by the efficacious ashes of the departed Imâms. The building is kept by an old man who is nearly blind. "The Imâms are not able, or at least willing," muttered the old man, "to cure my eyes."

May 18. The bishop and priest have just commenced studying geography; and the effect is already very perceptible in exciting their inquiry and interest on various subjects. They appear, indeed, to be just waking up from the dreams of infancy. This evening, as they rose to leave my room, the priest inquired, "what does the sky consist of?" I told him that nobody has ever been up far

to examine, but that we suppose it to consist merely of air and space. "Nobody been there? How then could you tell us, the other day, the size and distance of the *sun?*" he shrewdly replied. I told him that these had been measured by the aid of optical instruments. He seemed highly entertained and quite satisfied with some account which I gave him of the process, merely adding, that Mar Elias had read to him, from one of their old books, a statement that the *sky* is formed of *ice*. This priest proves to be an excellent scholar, for a rude Nestorian. The bishop is less studious, though he learns easily and appears amiable. We may hope that both are destined, by Providence, to become efficient heralds of the living gospel, to their perishing fellow men. I would earnestly commend them to the prayers of American Christians, that the Spirit of the Lord may take possession of their hearts and dwell richly in them, and thus prepare them to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

July 1. Sir John Campbell is about to retire from Persia. We deeply regret his leaving the country, both on our own account and that of Persia. His kindness to us, in most trying circumstances, has been truly parental. Dr. Riach and Dr. McNeill are, however, to be connected with the new embassy, on whom we may rely as warm friends of our object; and for aught that I know, the new ambassador may, in this respect, resemble his predecessor.

I have just learned, with joy and gratitude, that the Board have resolved to send us an ordained companion. The harvest is fully ripe, among the Nestorians, for four, five, or even six laborers. Mr. Haas is succeeding well with his school for Mŭhammedans. The governor of the city is one of his pupils. Mr. H. attempts nothing *directly* but secular instruction. The Persians receive this gladly; and they are *now* prepared for nothing more. There are many indications,—and not the least, their own prediction and universal apprehension,—that the whole fabric of Mŭhammedism is destined, ere long, to fall. But the man who openly raises his hand, for some time, to precipitate its fall, will probably sacrifice his life and perhaps that of others, to his imprudence, and thwart, or at least greatly retard, the result which he would hasten.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL OF ASSOCIATES.

Of my journey into Turkey, referred to in this chapter, I give but brief notices, as I have repeatedly travelled the same route at subsequent periods, when I could make observations to better ad-

vantage, which will appear in their places in other parts of this volume.

We were cheered, Aug. 17, by intelligence of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Grant, at Constantinople, on their way to Persia. The Rev. James L. Merrick had been in that city several months, and together they were now to proceed onward and join us at Tabréez. I had myself the satisfaction of accompanying these missionary friends over most of their land-journey. When intelligence reached us of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Grant at the Turkish capital, I was on the eve of making a short mountain-excursion for the benefit of my health, which had become seriously impaired by a year's confinement in the city. Europeans in Persia must travel, to some extent, or soon sacrifice life to the neglect. Our friends had no interpreter, and I was fully aware that what knowledge of the Turkish language Mr. Merrick had acquired at Constantinople, would be of very little avail to the company or himself, during most of their land-journey, where a dialect so different from the Osmanly is spoken. The Koords, too, were at that time in a very disturbed state. From some supposed provocation, on the part of the Turkish government, they had just ravaged several villages near the frontier; and I felt extremely desirous to save this missionary party—fresh and buoyant from the peaceful land of our fathers—from being retarded and tortured by distressing apprehension, (as we had been on our way to Persia,) so far as I could contribute to their relief by going to meet them.

I left home Aug. 24th, taking with me an attendant for myself, another to accompany back our friends, and a muleteer to act as our guide and take charge of the horses. I carried so little baggage as to require no horses in addition to the four which we rode. I travelled to Erzróom—a distance of between four and five hundred miles—comfortably and safely in eleven days. I passed thousands of Koords on the road, rambling from valley to valley with their flocks. They were heavily armed with swords, spears and pistols; and they often thronged the road in such numbers that I was obliged literally to rub against them, for long distances, in passing them. But though entirely in their power—accompanied as I was only by two timorous attendants and a muleteer,—and though they were under the strong excitement to which I have referred, at the time, they showed me not the least hostility or incivility. My native companions manifested the most distressing apprehensions,—particularly during the stage in which we met the largest number of Koords; and their devices to ward off the dreaded danger were often strictly *Persian* in character. As we passed one tribe, for instance, my European costume arrested the attention of the chief, who, eyeing me sharply, halted and addressed my servant, demanding who I was. *Elchée*, (an ambassador,) promptly replied the frightened servant. "What is his name?" added the Koord. *Nisbet Sahib*, (Mr. Nisbet,) answered the servant, who,

having but just entered my employ, for the journey, had not yet learned my name, but happened to be familiar with that of Mr. Nisbet. "Has he no larger train?" sternly interrogated the Koord. "Of course," replied the servant; "he has a large body of armed men, hastening on, just in the rear of us." The Koords then moved on. I remonstrated with the servant for lying in that manner; to which he replied, "What shall we do?—Have our heads cut off?"

The embarrassments of my attendants, during that stage, were not a little enhanced by having a *live lamb* to carry. The monks, at the Armenian convent of Utch-kileesiá,* where we passed the previous night, had presented to me the lamb, in return for some small articles which, in their poverty and want, I had given to them. I declined the present, on account of the difficulty of disposing of it; but my attendants begged me to receive it and give it to them; to which I consented, on condition that they should relieve me of all care respecting the lamb. They promised to do so—their plan being to carry it alive to our next stopping-place, and there kill, cook and enjoy it. They therefore bound it upon one of their horses; but almost as often as we came in contact with a cluster of the frightful Koords, it fell off and obliged the trembling servants to dismount, in the midst of the enemy, and replace it upon the horse. And it was often highly amusing to observe the struggle between their desire to retain the lamb and their strong temptation to abandon the source of so much trouble and exposure. They, however, persevered; and in their joyous carnival, at our next stopping-place, in which the muleteer and a number of the villagers convivially shared, they seemed to forget all the difficulties and perils of the way.

European travellers have always more or less to fear on this route, unless they fall in with large caravans, or take with them a considerable military escort. A Russian commercial agent, who came on from Erzróom just after I passed, was obliged to pay to a Koordish chief a considerable sum of money to induce the marauder to desist from an evident intention to rob him of his baggage. And not long after we passed over the same road, on our return to America, two English travellers, whom we met at Constantinople, came very near losing their lives, on that same frightful stage where my attendants were so much embarrassed in carrying the lamb. A description of the adventure of those English gentlemen has just reached me in a letter from my esteemed associate, Mr. Merrick, which, as it affords a good illustration of the insecurity of that region, I give to the reader.

"A few days before we left Tabréez, Mr. Abbott† and a Mr. Todd

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* Greek, ἐκκλησία, *church;* Utch-kileesiá, *three churches.*

† The English friend mentioned on p. 87, and now British consul at Tehrân.

arrived on their way to Tehrân. Not far west of Utch-kileesiá, they were attacked by about twenty Koords, who issued from a defile and made, as Mr. Abbott expressed it, "a beautiful charge," on them, with levelled spears, one of which pierced Mr. Abbott's clothes, grazing his side. Two Koords, one on each side of him, aimed furious blows at his head, which he parried with his arms; and as the swords happened to be dull, his arms were only *bruised* by the blows. A spear now catching in his leather belt, unhorsed him, when instantly two Koords alighted, one of whom aimed at him a deadly blow, but the other interposed, saying, "Do not strike," (vóorma,) and took him prisoner. In the mean time, Mr. Todd, at the first charge, drew a pistol, fired, missed his man, who instantly returned the fire, but missed Mr. Todd, who was presently unhorsed. Both of them (the travellers) were now stripped to their shirts and pantaloons, and in this condition,—Mr. Todd barefoot and Mr. Abbott in his stockings,—they were driven, at the point of the spear, about a mile, over rough, briery ground, where they were mounted behind two Koords and hurried some six miles farther, up a lonely defile in the mountains,—Mr. Todd's Koord, a ferocious-looking fellow, occasionally pointing up the defile and then drawing his hand across his own throat, to signify the fate Mr. T. was to expect. Mr. Abbott, who, you know, speaks Turkish, in the mean time had informed his captor that they were *Englishmen*, going to join the embassy at Tehrân, and if they were missing, would of course be sought for, and the Koords might at length be punished. This announcement alarmed the Koords, who consulted in their own language what was to be done; and finally, after detaining Messrs. Abbott and Todd several hours, they told them that they should only take their money and allow them to depart with the rest of their property. They, however, kept Mr. Abbott's gold watch and some other articles; but, under Providence, *the English name* was apparently the means of preserving them from being deliberately murdered by those fierce and ruthless robbers. Two Catholic Armenian priests, going to join the Catholic mission at Isfahân, were with them, for whom, as well as for the servants of the party, Mr. Abbott interceded; so that they were allowed to take away part of their goods, but all the money was claimed and pocketed by the Koords. On being dismissed, Mr. Abbott and his party made the best of their way to Utch-kileesiá, where they remained three days; and having procured a guard from Bayazéed, proceeded on their way, grateful for such a Providential deliverance. The Koords had been plundering in that region for about a month, stripping travellers and villages."

When I left home, I thought of proceeding no further than Erzróom, expecting that our missionary friends, if not already there, would very soon arrive. I reached that city Sept. 5th, but they were not there. I forwarded information to the Rev. T. P. Johnston, our missionary at Trebizond, of my having advanced thus far;

and waited in daily expectation of their arrival, until Sept. 20th, when I received a letter from Mr. J. stating, that the party had been with him three weeks, and had as long tried in vain to procure horses,—a sufficient number to *ride* merely, while they would willingly leave most of their effects behind,—such was the pressing demand for horses for the transportation of merchandize. Stern winter was threatening to set in on the mountains. And the prospect was, that Mrs. Grant, if not the whole party, should they be delayed a few days longer, would be obliged to remain at Trebizond, until next spring. And in view of the general embarrassment of strangers in a strange land, unable to speak the language and transact business, Mr. Johnston advised me to proceed onward to Trebizond, or until I should meet the missionary company. With a *tartar*,* who had conducted the new English ambassador to Erzróom and was about to return, I started the next day about noon. And on the succeeding day, Sept. 22d, (having rode in a day and a half more than one hundred miles,) I had the happiness to meet our friends at the village of Balhóor, just about midway between Trebizond and Ezróom. The day after Mr. Johnston had written me, they succeeded in procuring horses and commenced their journey. Our meeting could not be otherwise than mutually grateful,—to me, who had not seen the face of an American, except that of Mrs. P. after leaving Constantinople, a year and a half before; and to them, in their novel and embarrassing circumstances, in that wild country. Nor was our meeting less *providential* than grateful. I reached the village in which they had encamped for the night a little after sunset. Just at that point, several routes to Trebizond diverge. Neither party knew of the other's being on the way; and I was to proceed at midnight, on the post route, a different one from that which they had travelled. On inquiry of some muleteers who had stopped in the village, whether they had seen or heard of European travellers, I recognized in one of them a boy who was attached to the caravan in which we had travelled over that region. He told me that he had seen two gentlemen and *Mrs. Perkins* a few days before, just starting from Trebizond. I found it difficult to persuade the boy that he had not seen Mrs. P. there at that time, but was satisfied that he must have seen Mrs. Grant. Being the only females whom he had ever seen in our costume, he very naturally confounded the two. Encouraged by this success, I prosecuted my inquiries, and soon found that my friends were snugly quartered in a stable within a few rods of me; and I of course was not long in becoming one of the party. Had they been a day later, or encamped in another village, or had I been an hour or two earlier and passed that village, we must have missed each other, and I have proceeded over the still long distance and the many rough moun-

* The tartar is a Turkish courier, who also acts as a convoy, alone or at the head of a party, to escort travellers and sometimes caravans.

tains, to Trebizond. It is delightful, in incidents like this, to recognize the guidance of a heavenly Father's hand.

This missionary party had a very comfortable and quick land-journey. From Trebizond to Erzróom, they were travelling only seven days. The Sabbath and an accident—the falling of a loaded horse down a precipice—detained them two days. We were hindered at Erzróom but two days to procure fresh horses, and from thence to Tabréez, were on the road seventeen days. The party arrived at that city on the 15th of October. Mrs. Grant endured—I might better say, enjoyed—the journey remarkably well; and my own health was perfectly restored, as I had hoped it would be, by the invigorating excursion. At Erzróom we, providentially, fell in with a caravan of about six hundred horses, carrying English merchandize to Persia, and escorted by a Turkish guard; and we were thus relieved of much apprehension of danger from the Koords. We were all fully convinced, from the general difficulties of the way, and the comparative ease with which this journey was accomplished, that it will always be expedient whenever new missionaries—especially if they have ladies—shall join us, for one of our number, acquainted with the native language, to go and conduct them over the most dangerous part of their land-journey, as I did in this instance. The expense of so much travel is, to be sure, considerable; but probably far less than would, in most cases, be paid to a treacherous interpreter. The journey, to the missionary who goes, will always be a very healthful recreation; and we know of no other so effectual means, by which to secure strangers coming to Persia from numberless embarrassments and constant apprehension, if not from danger and death.

While speaking of mercies, experienced at this period on the road, I should not omit to mention also divine protection at home. Though we were surrounded by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," they were not permitted to enter our dwelling. The plague had some time before made its appearance in Tabréez, and it prevailed, though not with great violence, until about the time of my leaving home for Erzróom. All was then quiet, and we were hoping that the special angel of death had passed by us, at least for the season. But I had been from home only a week, when that yet more terrific eastern scourge, the cholera, appeared there. Its ravages were awful—often numbering four hundred per day among its victims. Mrs. Perkins was at our house in that city *alone*. When I heard on the road of the prevalence of the cholera there, my suspense and solicitude respecting her were of course distressing, especially as I could hear nothing from her. After reaching Khoy, where the Koordish region ceases, I therefore left our missionary party to pursue their journey leisurely, and hastened on, accompanied only by my servant, and reached Tabréez, which is more than ninety miles distant from Khoy, with a dull though strong caravan horse, in a day and

a half. My servant's horse tired and I left them both a little short of half way, and performed the remaining fifty miles entirely alone, and the part of it which is considered somewhat dangerous, in the *night*. But I soon forgot the fatigue and exposure of my long and rapid ride, on reaching our dwelling, where I found Mrs. P. well, having been graciously kept during my absence, from attack and alarm, while thousands had literally fallen at her side. Never, she informed me, was she more happy in the confidence that God would preserve her from harm, than in her solitude during that frightful visitation.

One of the German missionaries—Mr. Schneider—who had recently arrived at Tabréez from Shooshâ, was laid upon the brink of the grave, by the cholera; but he was again mercifully restored. Mr. Haas, who knows something of medicine, was extremely active, among the suffering and dying, and the Lord greatly blessed his prescriptions. Probably no other circumstances could have given to him such access to all classes of the Persians and secured for him such general favor. When I reached home, the cholera had nearly disappeared at Tabréez, and had moved on northward and westward. While our hearts bleed in view of the multitudes, in the East, who are thus hurried under fearful condemnation into a miserable eternity, we find some relief in the evidence which we have, that God has used, and is using, these terrific scourges, the plague and cholera, to shake down the fabric of Mŭhammedism. It is during their prevalence, that we behold the most striking exemplification of the Scripture language, "men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

My journey to Erzroóm confirmed my previous impressions, in favor of the establishment of a mission in that city. The number of Armenians, there and in the region, is constantly increasing. Many of those who followed the Russians into Georgia are returning. The city is also fast rising in commercial importance. The number of European residents is increasing. And a circumstance which calls for promptness, in sending a missionary there, is, that Romanism is taking root and extending. The Papists are exerting their influence at Erzróom for the conversion of the Armenians from "bad to worse,"—a conversion, which adds to the corruptions of that church, the yet deeper darkness of Popery. Our mission in Persia also greatly needs a missionary agent at Erzróom. Though we have found Mr. Zohráb, the English consular agent, extremely obliging, it is undesirable to impose too heavy a burden upon secular men.

At Erzróom, I had a very favorable opportunity of making the acquaintance of the new English ambassador, the Rt. Honorable Henry Ellis, and his suite, who were then on their way to Persia. I boarded at the ambassador's table, the week which they spent in that city. They all appear to be excellent gentlemen. Mr. Ellis is the same who accompanied Lord Amherst, as his first secretary, to China, and published an account of that Embassy. He is a se-

rious man ; he expressed very deep interest in our mission and proffered me every assistance in his power to render. At his suggestion, I addressed to him a written request and obtained from him English protection. I will insert here a copy of my application, as also of the ambassador's official reply and an accompanying passport, that the reader may obtain a more definite idea of the kind and degree of encouragement extended to us by British representatives in Persia than general statements on the subject would convey.

"*Tabréez, 14th of Oct.* 1835.

To His Excellency, the Rt. Honorable Henry Ellis, His Brittanic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Persia;

Sir,—As a Prostestant clergyman, sent to this country by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with the design and hope, by the judicious use of appropriate means under the blessing of God, of reviving the spirit and practice of the gospel among the Nestorian Christians, I beg to request your Excellency's encouragement and protection, in the quiet prosecution of my undertaking, so far as so great a favor can be granted in consistency with the views of the powerful and revered government which you represent. I am encouraged to solicit this favor, by the well known enlightening and ameliorating policy of his Brittanic Majesty's government, in its foreign as well as its domestic relations,—but especially, by your Excellency's characteristic kindness, your philanthropic desires for the good of this and every other country, and your truly christian interest which I had previously known, but was happy, this morning, to hear you avow, in the extension of our holy religion and the salvation of men.

Sincerely desiring and praying for your Excellency's highest personal happiness and the smiles of heaven to succeed your present very important embassy, I have the honor to remain, with sentiments of heartfelt gratitude and great respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. Perkins."

THE AMBASSADOR'S REPLY.

"*Tabréez, Oct.* 15, 1835.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. and beg leave to enclose a Passport, which is the document by which I conceive that the acknowledgement of the official countenance of the British representative will be best conveyed to the Persian authorities. I feel confident, that in adopting this measure, I act in accordance with the views of His Majesty's government, to whom the proposed introduction of the pure doctrines of the Reformed church among the Nestorian Christians in this country cannot fail to be a matter of deep and serious interest.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out the indispensable

necessity of avoiding any interference* with the religious belief of the Mŭhammedan population. To such a proceeding I could not give any official sanction; and I am, moreover, convinced, that the attempt itself would be fatal to the prosecution of the reasonable and definite object for which your mission has been instituted.

I beg leave to return you my sincere thanks, for the manner in which you have expressed yourself respecting my sentiments on this very interesting and important subject, and to assure you of my most anxious wishes for the success of your exertions.

I have the honor to be,

Sir, your obedient humble servant,

(Signed) H. Ellis."

PASSPORT.

"We, Henry Ellis, member of the Privy Council of His Brittanic Majesty, and His Ambassador to the Shâh of Persia, request the civil and military authorities, entrusted with the maintenance of the peace of the country, to allow the Rev. Justin Perkins, of the United States of America, to pass freely through and reside without molestation, in the kingdom of Persia, and in case of need, to afford him aid and protection.

The Ambassador of His Brittanic Majesty,

(Signed) H. Ellis."

Mr. Ellis views the subject of the spread of the gospel in Asia alike as a philosopher and a Christian. In conversation with me, he remarked, 'I act no more as a philanthropist and a Christian, than as a *politician*, in protecting and aiding Protestant missionaries in the East. And when I say *Protestant missionaries*,' he continued, 'I mean *all*, of whatever Reformed Evangelical church. Though a *churchman* myself, I bid God speed to every pious Protestant, engaged in this work. I make no distinction, be he Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian or Lutheran.' What a glory is it to Britain and what a blessing to the world, that so much of her policy is thus identified with the extension of Christ's kingdom. And what a rebuke is here administered, by the noble-minded civilian, to those clerical men whose narrow hearts would limit their sympathies to names, forms or canonicals. I should not omit to mention, that Mr. Ellis had politely invited me to preach to himself and his suite the Sabbath which we passed together at Erzróom; and though doubtless naturally and innocently partial to his own forms, he thanked me and expressed himself gratified at the close of the service, though I wore no surplice and used no prayer-book.

The ambassador also tendered to the German missionaries in Tabréez—four in number—English protection, and they all availed themselves of it. It was an unexpected and very great relief to

* According to the Ambassador's verbal explanation, any *open attack*.

those brethren at that time. They had been thrown into distressing embarrassment and solicitude, by a late order from the Russian government, absolutely forbidding the missionaries at Shooshâ to proceed another step with their labors in Georgia,—a line of policy, as I have elsewhere suggested, introduced, doubtless, by the bigotry of the priesthood, rather than by the more liberal views of the Czar's government. The German missionaries here, as well as at Shooshâ, had enjoyed efficient Russian protection; and after this order was issued, they were apprehensive of the withdrawal of that protection. Just at that juncture, Mr. Ellis arrived and relieved them, by furnishing each one of them with an English passport. Of his own accord, he also addressed a letter to the governor of this province, requesting him, as he values English friendship, to take particular care of us and the German missionaries.

I give the reader a literal English translation of the order from the Russian government which I have mentioned, furnished me at that time by the German brethren.

"Order from the Russian government, communicated in the month of August, 1835, by the commandant of Shooshâ to the missionaries of the Basle Missionary Society:

GENTLEMEN,—In consequence of a memorial from the commander in chief of Georgia, addressed to the minister of the interior and forwarded by him to the committee of ministers, respecting your missionary establishment located at Shooshâ, the committee—learning by the real state of things, that you, gentlemen, since the time of your settlement at Shooshâ, have not yet converted any body, and, deviating from your proper limits, have directed your views to the Armenian youth, which, on part of the Armenian clergy, has produced complaints, the consequence of which may be very disagreeable,—have concluded to prohibit you all missionary labors; and for the future, to leave it to your own choice to employ yourselves with agriculture, manufactures, or mechanical trades. In conclusion, to prevent any further complaints on part of the Armenian clergy, they forbid you to receive the Armenian youth into your schools.

"It has pleased His Majesty, the emperor, to confirm this decree of the committee of ministers."

There were five missionaries, four clergymen and a printer, at this time connected with the Shooshâ mission, and left to weep over the desolations of Zion, whose walls they were thus peremptorily forbidden to repair. Their labors for the revival of religion, among the degraded Armenians, were in vigorous and successful operation. They directed their efforts principally to this class, rightly judging it fruitless to attempt to convert Mŭhammedans, while the latter saw Christianity in so fallen, revolting a form, among those nominal Christians.

On the north side of the Caucasus mountains, at a place called Karráss, is a Scottish missionary colony. It was established under the auspices of the late emperor, Alexander, soon after he gave evidence of being influenced by motives of evangelical piety. The emperor gave to that establishment the prerogatives and *form* of a colony, for the sole purpose, it is said, of avoiding the opposition which he apprehended as likely to be immediately roused among the clergy against a Protestant mission. But the enterprise, though partially colonial in form, was in fact strictly missionary in its object. And the Scottish and Basle Missionary Societies have had—one or both—missionaries connected with the establishment, ever since its commencement. About the same time that the government order was issued, forbidding the Shooshâ missionaries to proceed with their labors, a similar one was forwarded to Karráss, commanding the Protestant missionaries there also—six in number, (one Scottish and five German,)—to cease entirely from their labors, and stating, that missionaries from the Greek church in Russia were soon to take their places. Below is a note from one of the German brethren, communicating to me this and some other information.

"My dear Brother,

We yesterday received letters by which we are informed, that in a paper from the Russian government to the Scottish colony at Karráss, on the north side of the Caucasus, it was stated, that the government, finding that the Scottish and Basle missionaries had made but a few converts, during the long time of their activity, have directed the Greek church, which, during a few years, has converted seventy thousand mountaineers to Christianity, to occupy the place of the Scottish and German missionaries. I do not know where these converted mountaineers live; but I have no doubt of the truth of this statement; for nothing is easier than to make converts among a barbarous people, in the way in which the Russian clergy do it. They hold out to the poor people bright promises of worldly advantage; give them, at the time of their baptism, new clothing and a few silver roubles, and leave them in the same barbarism and darkness in which they lived before. I myself saw many of the Ossétians on the Caucasus, whom the Greek church have thus converted. They were in a most deplorable state. Some of them have repeatedly presented themselves for baptism, and have actually been baptized twice and thrice for the sake of getting more new clothes and money. Now these nominal converts are much more wretched than their heathen countrymen. They do not know what they believe, are abandoned by their own people and despised by everybody.

"In Siberia, I have learned that the Russian church has likewise made a great many converts, whom they have taught to adore pictures as gods, and to keep fasts, as indispensable to their becoming acceptable to God. When these converts do not like to mortify their appetites in fasting, they are cunning enough to turn over their

pictures, that their gods may not witness their sensuality. It is not at all strange, therefore, that we have an account of two English travellers in Russia, who met with many persons in the southern part of the empire, who suppose that St. Nicholas will succeed to the throne of heaven, when the Almighty shall die!

"How cheering it would be to see evangelical missionaries go forth to work among the Russians, to lead such idolators to the worship of the living God,—and if missionaries must be shut out of the empire, to see tracts* spread among them, inculcating the pure gospel and exposing such appalling superstitions!

Very affectionately yours,

(Signed) F. H.—

Tabréez, Oct. 16th, 1835."

If apologists for the intolerance towards Protestant missions, to which the bigoted priesthood in Russia impel the government, need an additional fact, they may be told, that Mr. Merrick and Dr. Grant, when on their way to Persia, applied to the Russian ambassador at Constantinople for passports that would allow them, in case of necessity, to travel in Georgia, and were refused such passports, on the ground of their being *missionaries*,—the new *ukase* to which I have before alluded, being referred to by the ambassador, as forbidding any *clergyman* to enter the empire without the emperor's permission.

Our Nestorian ecclesiastics, the bishop and priest, went home about the middle of June, on account of the prevalence of the plague at Tabréez. In prospect of soon removing to Oróomiah, I did not think it expedient to have them return to Tabréez. After they left us, I directed my attention exclusively to the study of Turkish. The Azerbijân Turkish is not a *written* language, and the facilities for acquiring it are of course quite limited. I have constructed an English and Turkish dictionary of this language, containing about ten thousand words; and one of the German missionaries has prepared a small grammar. These helps, though imperfect, will afford great assistance to those who join our mission from time to time, in acquiring the language.

The Turkish, as here spoken, differs widely from the Osmanly, not only from the fact that the latter is enriched and polished from the stores of the classical Arabic and Persian, but also from the character and circumstances of the people who use the former, in these regions. The down-cast mein of the cowardly and oppressed Armenians, is not more deeply imprinted on their faces, than is their cowering timidity developed in the tones of their voices. And the

* This desirable work is now happily in efficient progress, particularly in the enlightened vicinity of the Russian capital, and not more in consequence of the cheering tolerance of government there, than of the christian zeal of English and American philanthropists, in occupying that open door.

cringing obsequiousness of the artful Persian peasant beams not more slyly from his cunning eye, than is it expressed in his style of speaking Turkish. The Turkish language has naturally and eminently the attributes of authority and command. It rolls on in its under key, abrupt periods and falling inflexions, far more sublimely than our own old Saxon. "The Serpent wishing to seduce Eve," as the fable, characterizing three of the Oriental languages, runs, "made use of Arabic—a language argumentative and persuasive. Eve addressed Adam in Persian—the dialect of tenderness, temptation and love. The angel Gabriel, commissioned to expel them from Paradise, having in vain addressed them in Arabic and Persian, made use at last of the Turkish—a language of menace and resembling muttering thunder. Hardly had he began to speak, when terror seized them and they left precipitately the abode of felicity."* The Turkish retains these characteristics, at Constantinople and in Asia Minor, where it is still the dominant language. But farther east, the rising inflexion and drawling, beseeching, evasive tones, prevail in it to an extent far greater than even in the native languages of the nominal Christians of those regions, who are accustomed to address their Mŭhammedan rulers and superiors in Turkish, but their own people respectively in their mother tongues. As all classes in northern Persia speak Turkish, it is of the first importance that missionaries there should acquire this language as soon as practicable after their arrival.

The bishop and priest were not inactive, when they returned to their homes. A few weeks after they left Tabréez, a young Nestorian, who happened to be in this city on business, called on me. He told me that priest Abraham had commenced *teaching English* in his native village and was succeeding very well; adding, moreover, that he was himself one of the pupils. I could not believe the statement, as I had never intimated to the priest the expediency or practicability of his accomplishing anything of the kind. To test the truth of the boy's story, however, I produced an English spelling-book and told him to read. I tried him in several places, on some of the first pages of the book, and to my utter astonishment, he read with considerable accuracy. In this unexpected development, I hardly knew which to admire most, the enterprise and success of the priest as a teacher, or the talents and perseverance of the boy as a learner. This first *English* school among the Nestorians, originated by one of their own ecclesiastics, is, I trust, a harbinger of a brighter day, about to rise upon that long benighted people.

Soon after our associates reached Tabréez, Dr. Grant went to Oróomiah, to rent for us a house and make other arrangements preparatory to our removal to that city. I was myself necessarily detained at home, to put our effects in portable order and make

* Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer, Oct. 1836, p. 433.

other preparations at Tabréez. And two of the German missionaries, Messrs. Hoernle and Schneider, happening to be going to Oróomiah on a tour of observation in the borders of Koordistân, kindly engaged to interpret for Dr. G. and render him all other needed assistance.

Nov. 6. Dr. G. reached us on his return from Oróomiah, having been quite successful in accomplishing the objects of his journey. Among the Nestorians, he met with the same kind reception which they manifested to me, during my visit among them the previous year. The governor, too, showed him great kindness. In addition to many polite attentions, his Excellency interested himself in forwarding the particular object of Dr. G's visit; and, through their united efforts and the aid of the German brethren, we were enabled to secure a very comfortable dwelling.

I shall not find it more convenient elsewhere than here, to allude to the subject of intemperance in Persia,—particularly as the following statements from a letter in answer to inquiries addressed to me by a gentleman in America, were written about the same time with the foregoing pages of this chapter.

"To the several points on which you request information, I will reply in the order in which you state them. '*What are the habits of the people with regard to temperance?*' While I search in vain among the people around me, for a single trait that ennobles my native country, one circumstance, which is characteristic alike of Persia and America, is almost daily thrust upon my view, viz. beastly intemperance. '*What are the principal means of intoxication? Among what classes and to what extent does that vice prevail?*' The intoxicating article, most used here, is the wine of the country, which is almost as plentiful and cheap as the springs of water. Another article, considerably used, is arrák, (Asiatic brandy,) distilled from dried grapes, or from the residue after the wine is extracted. European liquors are also rolling in upon the country like a flood. Our missionary brethren, who have just arrived, were preceded but one week by a caravan, bearing, among other poisons of the kind, *eighteen barrels of New England rum!* What an indignity cast upon the poor brutes even that are made to plod their way over a journey of near seven hundred miles, crossing almost impassable mountains and groaning beneath their almost intolerable burdens, which tend only to degrade the species that drive them incomparably below themselves! I see no other article of American manufacture, in the markets here, than New England rum. Can the enterprising of my country send to Mŭhammedan Persia no better commercial representative! Well may the American churches multiply their missionaries to this country, if it were merely to repair the evils that are sown here by *New England rum!* I may say in general that intemperance prevails among all classes in Persia. Many—a great many, of the Nestorians are intemperate; and the Armenians are still more fearfully so. The Mŭhammedans

too are becoming intemperate. Though their Prophet forbade the use of wine, and, as he supposed, of all intoxicating drinks, inasmuch as the art of distillation was then unknown, still multitudes in Persia, in the face of what they assert to be a *divine prohibition*, give themselves up to habitual intemperance. While they despise the christian population, as they detest the dogs in the streets and the swine upon the mountains, they still shamefully wallow with these same nominal Christians in this filthiest of their vices.

The extent to which intemperance prevails, among the nominal Christians of this country, may be inferred from two or three facts. The *Sabbath* is particularly devoted to dissipation. The mummery of their religious forms is repeated at a very early hour in the morning, and the rest of the day is given up, by the mass, to festivity and carousal. During some of their numerous *fasts*, the more rigid part abstain from the use of wine. But in anticipation of the abstinence, and to make up for it, each fast is introduced and followed by a drunken revel. And such is the impression which the intemperance of the nominal Christians makes upon their Mŭhammedan neighbors, that often when a Mŭhammedan is seen intoxicated, his countrymen tauntingly exclaim, *that man has left Mŭhammed and has gone to Jesus!*

Among the Mŭhammedans also, particularly among the higher classes, many of whom are becoming lax and skeptical in regard to the claims of their religion, intemperance prevails to an appalling extent. I sometimes see respectable merchants falling down in the streets, or reeling in the arms of their companions. Soon after Dr. Grant's arrival, I accompanied him to the palace to introduce him to the governor of this city. His Excellency was ill—broken down by hard drinking—and he requested the Dr. to do something for him. Dr. G. examined his case and made out a prescription, directing, that while taking the medicine, he should eat no stimulating food and drink no wine. The governor replied, I cannot go a day without my wine. This poor man is young, amiable and intelligent; but like numbers of his rank in Persia, is a self-immolated victim to the bloody shrine of Bacchus.

'*Is intemperance on the increase, or has it within a few years been diminished?*' The evil has of late rapidly increased in Persia, particularly since the importation of European liquors commenced. The Mŭhammedans make no virtue of *moderate* drinking. They regard it as the peculiar privilege of Christians, to drink alcohol, and think they live greatly below their privilege, if they fail to drink it to intoxication. And whenever they themselves break over their scruples and fall into the use of intoxicating liquors at all, they act in full consistency with these principles. The *rapid increase* of intemperance among the Mŭhammedans is the consequence.

'*What effects have intoxicating liquors on the health, character and condition of the people?*' The effects here are much the same as in America and other countries. They destroy health—break

the heart—beggar families—multiply vices—excite quarrels—shed blood and brutalize the species. I was deeply affected, on one occasion, by a simple story from my Armenian servant which may illustrate this point. I was walking out a little distance from the city, and the servant was with me. As we approached some beautiful gardens, I observed that he began to weep. I inquired the cause, and he answered me as follows: 'Sir, I have not come this road before for *six years;* and it always makes me weep to come here. *My father* once owned those fine gardens. He drank much wine. It made him a *fool.* He got into a quarrel and killed a Mussulmân. He was shut up in prison—came near losing his life—and escaped only by giving the governor all his property. Before, he was rich. He owned a good house and four horses and these gardens, and kept two servants. Now, we have all of us, my father, my wife, my child and myself, nothing to buy bread and clothes with, but the five dollars a month which you pay me for living with you.' By the time his story was told, his heart was melted. Yet such are not *strange* tales in *Persia,* any more than in America."

Still there is hope even for Persia. One of the most animating scenes that I have witnessed since my return to America, was the Washingtonian celebration, in May 1842, in Boston. As I stood upon the beautiful common, and watched the vast procession, moving on with manly step to the martial airs, and read the various appropriate mottoes on their shining banners, a thrill of moral sublimity kindled in my bosom that I had seldom if ever experienced. I was saddened, however, when I thought of *Persia* in contrast; but again I was cheered; for in that procession I saw a pledge, as I thought, that *Boston,* at least, would inflict on Persia little more *New England rum;* and round the world the star of temperance moves.

CHAPTER XIV.

REMOVAL TO OROOMIAH.

Having put all our effects in portable order during the previous week, we started, Monday morning, Nov. 16th, for Oróomiah. Dr. Grant had preceded us several days, to see that our dwelling should be in a habitable state on our arrival, leaving Mrs. G. to accompany Mrs. P. and myself. The German brethren were still at Oróomiah, and had had the kindness to superintend some repairs for us. The weather was delightful. We had long apprehended the commence-

ment of the autumnal rains; but the Lord seemed propitiously to smile upon us, in granting us fair weather at this late season, for our removal. The two German missionaries then at Tabréez, and Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, rode out six miles with us. There we bade adieu to these dear brethren and friends with whom we had often taken sweet counsel, and hastened on our way. We had started so late that we did not reach our stopping-place, Ali Shâh, six fûrsákhs from Tabréez, until 8 o'clock in the evening. The last part of our ride was very dark and unpleasant. I sent our attendant forward to procure us lodgings, in which he succeeded; but our beds and other effects did not arrive until 10 o'clock. The ladies were extremely tired, and felt the tardiness of the muleteer, more than the rudeness of our accommodations.

Nov. 17. We started about 8 o'clock and rode six fûrsákhs to the village of Shekh-walée. Here we could find no lodgings but a stable, and Mrs. P. and Mrs. G. were so annoyed by vermin as to be unable to sleep. We rose at 12 o'clock and sat up the rest of the night, diverting ourselves, as well as we could, in prosecuting the warfare which the fleas had commenced.

Nov. 18. We were on our way at 5 o'clock in the morning, rode six fûrsákhs on the bank of the beautiful lake, and stopped for the night at Yavshanlée. This Mûhammedan village of about forty families, takes its name from Yavshân, a weed which is much used for heating ovens. We found more comfortable lodgings than at our stopping-place, the previous night, though there too we were much annoyed by vermin.

Nov. 19. We again rode six fûrsákhs, crossed the mountain ridge which separates the district of Salmás from Oróomiah, and reached Gavalân, the village of Mar Yohannan, the bishop who had resided with me at Tabréez. Our attendant, who is a nephew of the bishop and belongs in Gavalân, rode forward to announce our coming. And about a mile and a half before reaching the village, the bishop came, *full gallop*, to meet us; and as we advanced farther, nearly all the inhabitants marched out in procession, to welcome our arrival. Their repeated assurances of *welcome—welcome* —were long and loud. "Were the whole world to be given them," they said, "their joy on that account could not equal that created by our coming." The bishop conducted us to his own house, where a large room was neatly spread with carpets for our reception. Everything, in the humble dwelling, appeared very cleanly, and much care and labor to make it so had obviously been bestowed, in anticipation of our arrival. A dinner of bread, butter, cheese and raisins was immediately spread for us upon a Nestorian table, which is a wooden tray, or rather a waiter, from three to five feet long, and two or two and a half feet wide. This article is thin and light, with sloping edges, three or four inches broad, sometimes tastefully carved, and if it is kept clean, it renders a meal, in appearance, not uninviting. The lighter parts of the meal are brought

in upon the waiter, but the more substantial and less portable ones —particularly soups—are placed upon it afterward. A row of the thin cakes of bread is spread around the border, about one half of each lying upon the waiter and the other half lapping over upon the carpet. At the close of the meal, this table with its remaining contents, is removed by an attendant, and the company retain their sitting posture undisturbed. The Mŭhammedan peasants, as well as the Nestorians, use this wooden waiter in place of a table.

While at dinner, the bishop called his brother, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, to the table to entertain us by *reading English*. The boy took a New Testament from his pocket and read to us the third chapter of Matthew, as well as many boys in America could have read it. We were alike surprised and gratified by this exhibition. The boy had never received any English instruction except what the bishop had given him, after he and the priest returned from Tabréez, where they had resided eight or nine months in my family. Both the bishop and priest, as has before been mentioned, on reaching home, commenced, each in his native village, giving English instruction; and this boy's proficiency was a specimen of the success that had attended their experiment. That the Nestorians have naturally fine talents and a strong desire to learn, we have full demonstration. "This boy," said the bishop, as his brother closed his book, "I shall give to Dr. Grant. I wish him to learn English and study medicine." He is a bright, amiable lad, and Dr. Grant soon took him into his family.

In the course of the afternoon, many Nestorians called to welcome us personally to Oróomiah, with whom we had friendly conversation. At evenimg, we spread our fare upon the native tray or waiter, which I have mentioned; and this, for our convenience, was placed upon a stool which we use on the road for a table; and couches and cushions were ranged around it in the absence of chairs. The bishop had ordered a lamb from his father's flock and directed our attendant to cook it for the occasion. A considerable number of the villagers, who were present, were invited to partake with us, at our evening meal. And to crown the feast, just as we were sitting down, Messrs. Hoernle and Schneider rode up to the door, on their return from their excursion into the borders of Koordistân. We passed the evening delightfully with these missionary acquaintances and Nestorian friends. The bishop and his father importuned us to remain with them two or three days; but our apprehension of rain, which the clouds had for some time been threatening, made us anxious to complete the remaining day's ride to the city. We satisfied them by proposing to visit them at some future time, when we should be comfortably settled at our home.

We rose two or three hours before day, Nov. 20th, breakfasted, and set off for Oróomiah, accompanied by the bishop. Eight fŭrsâkhs, almost forty miles, lay between us and the city. Just before day, our worst apprehensions respecting the weather, began to be

realized. It commenced raining violently, and continued, with little cessation, until night. The wind blew the rain directly into our faces, with the violence of a tempest. The ladies—particularly Mrs. Grant—happened to be well provided with cloaks, and by carefully wrapping themselves and allowing their horses to choose their way—following the bishop's before and driven by me behind—they succeeded in keeping comfortable several hours. I had no umbrella with me and nothing on my head to ward off the rain but my brimless Persian cap, which is not the least shield against sun or storm. When we reached the city, I was drenched through and through and chilled almost to inaction. The ladies were also quite wet—particularly Mrs. P.—though much less chilled than myself. But through divine mercy, none of us suffered serious inconvenience from that day's exposure. We afterward even recognized in it a providential favor. We had previously felt much solicitude, respecting the notoriety that must attend our approach and entrance into the city in fair weather. Europeans—ladies especially—are rare curiosities there. And I had resolved, for the purpose of avoiding publicity as much as possible, to linger near the city until sun-set, and enter it in the evening. In that case, however, the gates would be closed, and much trouble might be encountered in gaining admission. But this rainy day entirely relieved us on the subject. We entered the city and reached our house without the notice of an individual.

So tardy were the workmen, that the united exertions of the German brethren and Dr. Grant had been unable to secure the completion of a single apartment for our reception. We reached the city towards evening and were introduced into an open room, where some joiners were at work; and we sat down with them upon the shavings.* Our muleteer and servant lingered behind, and did not make their appearance till the next day. Intimidated by the fury of the storm, they turned off to a village, where they made themselves comfortable, and remained there over night. Our loads all being with them, we had neither changes of raiment, provisions, nor bedding. We built a large fire from the shavings, by which we dried ourselves, and sent one of the workmen to market for provisions. He brought to us bread and *kebâb*, which is meat cut up into mouthfuls and roasted upon spits. The bread being the common Persian cakes, two and a half or three feet long, a foot wide, and perhaps a twelfth of an inch thick, contained the meat, when delivered to us, rolled up within it, which we had only to unroll,

* Joiners, in Persia, always *sit*, when they work, like tailors in America, holding their work in the lap; and in place of a work-bench and vice, they support their boards and mouldings, while planing and jointing them, with their feet. In general, we may say that orientals are not more the antipodes of occidentals in their location, than in their modes of doing things. The matron, for instance, in knitting a stocking, commences at the *toe*; and the traveller mounts his horse upon the off-side.

and the bread served us at once as a table, cloth, plate, and a substantial part of our meal. We were hungry and ate with an excellent relish. And at night, we lay down upon the shavings on the earth-floor, spread over us our cloaks which we had dried by the fire, and slept very sweetly till morning; for we were withal extremely tired. Such was our introduction to Oróomiah; and it was a pleasant one; for we were heartily glad and thankful to find any shelter from the tempestuous storm; and Mrs. P. and myself, not the least so, after more than two years' journeyings and removals, to find a place we could call our *home*. With grateful recollection, we still annually observe the 20th of November as *our Pilgrim's day*.

As I rode up to our gate on our arrival, and dismounted, I dropped a valued walking-stick, that I might help the ladies from their horses. The stick was mounted with a silver head, and engraved with my name, having been given me by a friend in America as a token, and I had carried it in my hand during all my travels. After assisting the ladies to dismount, I turned round for my stick and, lo, it was gone. It was never returned, being taken, I suppose, by the workmen who were repairing our house, and had issued forth to welcome us. While I regretted the loss of the staff, and the incident did not impress me very favorably with the *honesty* of the people among whom we had come to live, a good German missionary, at Tabrēez, in a letter, after hearing of the circumstance, solaced me by interpreting it as a very favorable omen; viz. *that our wanderings were then at an end.*

Our house was a mud-walled structure, quite dilapidated, but comfortable when repaired. And it was our good fortune to secure a location in the most pleasant and healthful part of the city, while the country around, as I have before mentioned, is one of the most charming on which the sun ever shone. Our premises, moreover, are very favorably situated for our work, being just on the dividing line between the Mŭhammedans and Nestorians, and readily accessible to both classes.

Nov. 21. Was as clear and bright a day as though a cloud had not darkened the heavens at Oróomiah that season. About 9 o'clock in the morning, our muleteer and servant arrived. I inquired of the servant why he had thus lingered, leaving us without beds and other necessaries. "I *died* (üldím) yesterday in the rain before we stopped, Sir," was his pathetic Persian reply,—a reason which I of course felt bound to regard as an ample apology. The muleteer had dropped several of my loads into the streams on the way, which were then much swollen by the rain. Many of my books, pamphlets and maps, as well as other valuables, were saturated with water and much injured. I spent most of the day in drying them on the pavement of our court, in the bright sun.

Early in the morning, the governor sent his *feraj-bâshee—chief officer*—to congratulate us on our arrival, proposing also that his

cousin—a Khân—should come immediately in his Excellency's stead, and welcome us in a more formal manner. We were obliged to request the governor to defer the Khân's visit, until we should have a room in which to receive him, the only one we then had, and that not completed, being nearly filled with ourselves and our boxes. Almost numberless Nestorians called also to welcome us to Oróomiah and to our missionary work, whose animated countenances, together in some instances with their tears, attested the sincerity of their professions.

Nov. 22. Was our first Sabbath at Oróomiah. The bishop and priest, who had lived in my family at Tabréez, were with us at breakfast. The bishop inquired whether we had had our morning worship. I answered him in the affirmative, and asked him whether he wished to attend worship with us; "To be sure," said he; "I wish always to unite with you in your devotions." Both the bishop and priest were with us at our religious meeting. They are beginning to speak English pretty well. They appear much attached to us and seem to take it for granted that they are to live in our families. They were now of great service to us in assisting us to get our houses repaired and arrangements made for winter; besides, they had become so much more intelligent than the mass around us, that we found them very agreeable companions.

Nov. 23. We received many presents from Nestorians, both of the city and the neighboring villages. Mûkăddási,* (pilgrim, i. e. to Jerusalem,) among the rest, came from Gĕog-tapá, the village of priest Abraham, and brought with him his little son whom he had presented to me on my visit at Oróomiah the previous year. "This child," said the old man (putting the boy's hand into mine), "is no longer mine; he is yours; he is no longer Nestorian; he is English; his name is no longer Yohannan; it is John." He then told his son to read to me in my own language. And the boy took from his pocket a New Testament and read the third chapter of Matthew, (which seemed to have been the *drilling* lesson,) in an admirable manner. He is one whom priest Abraham had been instructing, after his return from Tabréez. I took him immediately into my family and he has proved to be an excellent scholar.

Nov. 24. The governor again sent to us, proposing that his cousin should call on us and communicate his Excellency's formal congratulations; but we were still obliged to defer the visit till to-morrow, for want of a place in which to receive so distinguished a personage. The next day, the Khân came to visit us. He is an accomplished Persian and said all the fine things of which Persians are so capable,—in praise of the governor who, he stated, belongs to one of the most renowned families in the empire and is the chief of the Affshâr tribe, and respecting the universal joy, which, he said, is spread throughout Oróomiah by our arrival. In relation to us, among other things he remarked, "your coming here is like the sun's rising upon the world; hitherto, darkness has prevailed; but

* Literally, the *holy*.

now, the light has come." The Khân, doubtless, alluded in his use of this figure, to the prospect of temporal benefit from Dr. Grant's practice in medicine and my giving *secular* instruction. But *we* hope and trust that his remark will prove prophetic, in a higher and more glorious sense.

Nov. 29. We visited the governor. His Excellency lives in more princely state than any man in Azerbijân, unless it be the prince-governor at Tabréez. He referred to my visit here last year, and now welcomed me as a citizen with great cordiality. He expatiated at considerable length to the large train around him, on the important benefits which he said he was sure would result from our coming to Oróomiah. He inquired of Mar Yohannan, who was with us, whether I, whom he dignified by the title of *the Mâlúm*, master,(teacher,) had yet commenced giving instruction. The bishop told him, that it was my intention to do so, as soon as I shall have prepared a school-room. The governor replied, that he hoped I should by all means be ready to commence soon; that I must not be permitted to remain idle, where so much is to be done. He appeared to take it for granted, that our efforts are to be directed to the instruction and benefit of the Mŭhammedans, as well as the Nestorians. And after making all due abatement in this conversation of the governor, for the much which was doubtless mere Persian talk, enough remains to convince me, that he heartily welcomes our arrival.

Nov. 29. The governor sent to inquire after our welfare, as he is accustomed frequently to do. Many Nestorians also called to visit us—some of them from a considerable distance. We discouraged their coming on the Sabbath, which appears to be their visiting day.

Dec. 2. Mar Yohannan's father and mother came to visit us, from their village, a distance of near forty miles. I have never before seen in Persia a native accompany his wife abroad. The bishop's father was, doubtless, prompted to do so, by impressions received through his son, while the latter lived with us at Tabréez. What a change would there be in the prospects of this country, could the worth and proper rank of females be generally understood and recognized! The bishop's parents are venerable old people and very kind in their attentions to us. They now brought us presents of excellent cheese, almonds and raisins of their own production. They dined with us; and though they had never before attempted to use knives and forks, nor even seen them, they succeeded very well.

Dec. 3. The Mélik—*governor*—of Gĕog-tapá called to invite us to attend a wedding at his village. A blacksmith, an ingenious fellow who had become acquainted with me by making for us a door-latch, called also at my study and was much amused with my American steam-stove. "It is," said he, "a wonderful thing,—at once a fine vapor bath; a tea-urn; and a delightful fire-place." He

proposed to try to make something like it, which, however, will be difficult, as the art of casting iron is not understood by the Persians.

Dec. 7. About 8 o'clock in the morning, horses arrived from Gĕog-tapá, which were sent to carry Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Grant to the wedding. Gĕog-tapá is a large village, about five miles distant from the city, inhabited entirely by Nestorians. And as a family of *méliks*, claiming to be descended from ancient kings, reside there, it is regarded as a kind of Nestorian metropolis of the province of Oróomiah. Almost every day after our arrival, we had received invitations from different villagers, besides the formal one from the chief man, to attend the approaching wedding; and our presence was evidently anticipated with no small degree of interest.

We started about 9 o'clock in the morning, Mar Yohannan accompanying us. The weather was mild and very fine,—almost like a morning of September in America, though the tops of the lower mountains were clad by a recent fall of snow. As we approached the village, a great concourse came out with trumpets and drums to escort us. "*Welcome, welcome,*" echoing from the multitude of voices and mingling with the rattle of their rude music made the whole region resound. And not the least agreeable circumstance was the frequent salutation of "*good morning,*" from numerous boys belonging to the English school which priest Abraham had opened in this, his native village. After passing half way around the village, in a crowd of men, women and children, so dense as often completely to hedge up our horses' way, we reached the house of the chief man, where the wedding was to be celebrated. The bridegroom, on the occasion, was his adopted son. A fat buffalo* had just been knocked down before the door. When we entered the house, the bride stood like a veiled statue in the farther corner of a very large room, which was soon filled to overflowing by the rushing multitude,—the bridegroom with red feathers in his cap among the rest,—who had been out to welcome our coming.

It is the practice of the Nestorians to have the marriage ceremony performed in their churches and very early—commencing at least an hour before day—because the services are long, and the nuptial parties and all the ecclesiastics, who participate in the performance, are obliged to abstain from food, on the wedding day, until after the ceremony. But in this instance, to gratify us, they had deferred the marriage till our arrival—10 o'clock, A. M.—and instead of assembling in the church, they had for our better convenience prepared to perform the service at this dwelling.

As the crowd drew up around us, in anticipation of the commencement of the ceremony, Mar Yohannan gave direction, that inasmuch as strangers were present, they should all be careful to make much less noise than is usual on such occasions. Priest Abraham

* The buffalo is domesticated in Persia—is worked like the ox—and its flesh and the milk of the female are used as food.

MAR ELIAS, A NESTORIAN BISHOP.

was the principal officiator, but was assisted by two other priests and several deacons of the village, who joined with him in reading the prayers and select portions of Scripture—such as the account of Abraham's sending after Rebecca for his son Isaac, Jacob's serving for Rachel and all the other venerable scripture authorities that enter into their marriage service; the whole of which would doubtless be more interesting, if not more instructive, were it not read in an unknown tongue. The bride retained her place veiled in the farther corner of the room about an hour, the bridegroom meanwhile standing near the officiating ecclesiastics. They then arrived at a point where hands were to be joined, this being made known by the ecclesiastics who alone understood the service. Several women instantly caught hold of the still veiled bride and pulled her by main strength half across the room toward her intended husband; and several men at the same time seized the bridegroom who was at first equally resolute in his modest resistance, but finally yielded and advanced toward the bride. A smart struggle ensued in his efforts to secure her hand; but he at length succeeded, and both, with great apparent submission, then took a standing attitude near the officiating clergy. The regular routine of reading occupied another hour or more, when, first the bishops and after them the multitude—we of course among the rest—advanced and kissed the married pair.

In the course of Mar Yohannan's visit in America, a clergyman with whom we passed a Sabbath, had an application to marry a couple at his dwelling a few moments before the bell rung for a third meeting. He performed the ceremony in our presence, with all due solemnity of course, but in a formula so comprehensive and brief that he occupied, besides his short prayer, I think only a minute and a half. The bishop, remembering the Nestorian marriage service, by way of contrast, humorously asked, "Do you *marry* people on *rail-roads* too?" I regretted that my esteemed ministerial brother had not—at least in that instance for the sake of the bishop—attached to his marriage formula a small quota of the length of which the Nestorians have so much to spare.

During the services at Gĕog-tapá, Mar Elias, the aged bishop resident in that village, came in. He saluted us in *English, shaking hands* with us—which orientals never do among themselves—and repeating to each of us, *good morning*. I was much gratified to meet such a welcome from Mar Elias. His cautious distance, when I first met with him the year before, arose mainly, I believe, from his fear that I was an emissary of Rome. His evident delight, in catching and using a few phrases of English, as is also the case with multitudes, is very gratifying, as an index of their interest in us and our object. Mar Elias took his seat by my side, and often translated to me in a whisper parts of the service which, had I been far more familiar with the language, I should as little have understood, so rapid and unintelligible was the manner in which the whole was recited.

After the services were closed, the married pair and the officiating ecclesiastics, who had till then—near 1 o'clock in the afternoon —eaten nothing that day, retired to take some refreshment. A table was also spread before us, and wine was passed among the multitude. Conversation at length becoming lively, Mar Elias, as if from a knowledge of our views on the subject of *temperance,* said to me, "Our country abounds in wine, and my people are apt to drink more than they ought. I tell them to drink little and talk slow on such occasions, but they will not listen to me." There was, however, in this instance, very little that was boisterous, considering the large concourse assembled, and I saw no one intoxicated, from the liberal supply of wine.

Inquiries have often been proposed to me, on the subject of the *wines* in Persia; and I may here, as appropriately as any where, state the facts in the case. The juice of the grape is used in three ways in Persia. When simply expressed, it is called *sweet,* i. e. *sweet liquor.* It is not drunk in that state, nor regarded as fit for use, any more than new unsettled cider at the press in America; nor is it even *called wine,* until it is fermented. A second and very extensive use of the juice of the grape is the syrup, made from boiling it from this sweet state, which resembles our molasses and is used in the same way for sweetening, but is never used as a drink. This is in fact neither more nor less than oriental molasses. The third use of the juice of the grape is the distillation of it into arrák, or Asiatic brandy. The wines of Persia are in general much lighter than those of Europe; but they are still always intoxicating. In making these statements, I throw down no gauntlet for controversy on the much vexed wine question, but wish simply to communicate information. Were I to hazard the expression of personal feeling and opinion, on this general subject, it would be that of the deepest regret for any approximation in the tendency of the age to the removal of the sacred landmarks of Scripture institutions.

Betrothals are customary among the Nestorians, which are negotiated by the parents or other friends of the parties, but not without their own knowledge and usually their mutual choice, and at least a sight-acquaintance. These are made months, and often years, before the marriage, at which time tokens or pledges, in the form of presents, are given by the would-be lover or his friends, to the girl. A kind of semi-wedding is held at the homes of both parties, at the time of betrothal, which is regarded as in a measure a sacred contract, though instances are not rare in which it is violated. Wives are purchased among the Nestorians, as they were in the days of Jacob,—the price varying from five to fifty or one hundred dollars, according to the standing and charms of the person. It is not considered proper for the father of the bride, who receives the purchase money, to appropriate it to his private purposes, but expend it in furnishing her with "wedding garments." The wedding commences and continues two or three days at the homes of both parties.

The bride is then sent for and conducted to the house of the bridegroom, who, amid music and dancing, gallantly welcomes her arrival, by throwing at her, as she approaches and alights, a few apples, or painted boiled eggs, from the roof of the dwelling, as loving tokens. The marriage service is performed immediately after her arrival, and the festivities are continued several days, during which she is present among the guests, but is kept closely veiled.

That the burden of these long weddings may not be onerous on the parties, it is considered proper, for the numerous guests, at the close, to make a liberal contribution, commonly enough to meet the expenses of the wedding, and sometimes, much more. This equalizing system is perhaps a good one, as weddings thus bear heavily upon nobody at a given time, and the poor can as easily marry as their more wealthy neighbors. The common age at which the Nestorians marry, is from thirteen to fifteen of the female, and from fifteen to seventeen of the male. The bride, on her marriage, becomes a member of the bridegroom's father's family, subject like her husband, and their children, when blessed with them, to that father's patriarchal supervision and control.

It occurs to me that the reader may be gratified with a specimen of the long marriage service of the Nestorians. I will quote from the concluding part, or that which is technically styled "the blessings." This portion of the work—for the whole service composes a small volume*—is in the form of a rude poem, divided by the letters of the alphabet, in the alliterative manner of the 119th Psalm, each respective division commencing with the letter by which it is numbered. The bridegroom, bride, brideman and bridemaid are separately addressed, or "blessed,"—each address forming, in fact, a distinct poem, and its parts extending through all the letters of the alphabet. The portions relating to the two former will suffice as specimens, which may also be regarded as a fair sample of Nestorian literature and poetry. If words abound to the lack of sense, the sin lies of course at the door of the book or its authors, and not of the translation, which I give as *literally* as the different idioms of the Syriac and English will permit.

Extract from the Marriage service.

"Then let the priest put his right hand on the heads of the bridegroom and the bride—the brideman and bridemaid, and bless them with these blessings.

When the priest has taken his right hand and said, BLESSINGS, then let the priest repeat this blessing upon the head of the bridegroom.

ALEF.

Thou bridegroom, who bowest thy head before the priest in humility, the

* This volume, which is called, Barúkta, is made up of extracts from different ancient writers, Ephrem the Syrian, among others.

Lord, our Lord, shall lift up thy head, and thou shalt prosper [or, may thou prosper] in both worlds.

BAETH.

The blessing of the Lord shall be upon thee; and from the books* I will repeat for thee. The sun with its heat shall not harm thee, neither the moon with its changes [waxing and waning].

GIMEL.

Your head shall be conspicuous; you shall overcome your enemies; your increase shall be perpetual, while in your abundance you shall not come to want.

DALED.

Your deeds Messiah shall prosper, and shall bless you in your going out and coming in, and help you in your sitting in the assembly and in your speech.

HE.

You shall overcome your enemies; they shall be earth under your feet; and you shall flourish, both in public and in private, with a good and a fair name.

VAV.

Your purses shall be full, as Pison with its pearls; and the multitude of your children shall spread themselves abroad like the abundant overflowings of Gihon.

ZAIN.

Thy seed shall be in plentitude like Daklath [the Tigris] when it is swollen; and thou shalt multiply and increase in thy children on every side, like the river Phrat [Euphrates] in the midst of the nations.

HAIT.

Your prosperity shall be four-fold, both in body and in soul; and your riches, both terrestial and celestial, shall be doubled.

TAIT.

The light of the overshadowing cross shall keep thee by night and by day; thy house shall be advanced; and thou shalt rejoice therein forever.

YOOD.

Your knowledge shall be like gold; before all your friends it shall shine, with the favor of the Lord which shall be upon you; with light shall it direct your going forth.

KAPH.

The crown of your head shall be blessed. The garments which you put upon your mortal body shall be blessed; blessed, also, your bridal bed; blessed your abode, and blessed your possessions.

LAMED.

In repose, peacefully shall you slumber; in the morning, with joy shall you awake; at noon you shall gather your goods; and at all times, grateful ease shall you find.

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* The Scriptures and other books, from which the quotations are allusions rather than literal extracts.

MEEM.

From strength to strength shalt thou go; from glory to glory shalt thou attain; from degree to degree shalt thou ascend, and from good to good advance.

NOON.

Exaltation and honor shall be unto thee; thy name shall be good and fair; like David and Constantine, the Lord shall increase thy glory.

SEMCAT.

The loving branches of thy loins in joy shall rise up before thee; and like the comely olive plants, they shall be blessed around thy table.

AI.

When thou stretchest forth thy right hand, the right hand of the Lord shall respond; and wherever thou shalt put thy left hand, his help shall be with thee.

PE.

Thy sustenance, in this world, shall be with life and peace; evil shall not come nigh thee, neither by night nor by day.

SANDA.

Our prayers for you shall be accepted and our desires answered; you shall be a father to chiefs, and priests shall come forth from your loins.

KOPH.

Before all men shall thy root spring up like the stock of Abraham; the Lord shall bless thee like Ephraim, and like Jacob who begat Joseph.

RAISH.

Thy firstlings and thy substance shall be unto thee in righteousness; a high wall shall be round about thee, with the protection of the Lord.

SHEEN.

Thy name shall go forth among kings, and thy speech among chiefs; the fruits of thy loins shall overflow, and they shall be preserved from calamities.

TAV.

The adorable Trinity will crown thee with every blessing, and by thee shall God be praised, and we will all say, yea and amen."

"Next, the blessings upon the bride, according to the letters.

ALEF.

May God, who blesseth the just, bless our bride who is given in marriage. May her attire of the inner-man be comeliness, and her outer-garments, beauty.

BAETH.

May He render blessed to her the house into which she entereth, as the house of queen Helena; may he hallow to her the marriage, which is established by the laws of the faithful.

GIMEL.

Her ornaments, treasures and abundance, amplify them plentifully, and

rejoice her husband [lord] as he comes in; let him look with admiration upon their excellence.

DALED.

She shall order her house for her husband without strife and noise; and his honor shall increase and abound; his fame, also, among her companions.

HE.

Grant to her the joy of her heart; and enlighten the light of her eyes; heal the wounds of her members and forgive to her the sins of her soul.

VAV.

Thou shalt be first and new [a precedent] in whom brides shall be blessed; according to the words of the priests shalt thou be blessed, and in the responses of the deacons.

ZAIN.

Adorn her body with health, and beauty accompanied with modesty; her name shall go abroad in honor, and she shall live a peaceful life.

HAIT.

Behold, thou exalted on high, and bless thy handmaid, and her husband; by thy right hand, O Lord, keep them; by thy grace may they be preserved.

TAIT.

Virtue, life and health grant unto her from thy treasure-house; and in mercy answer her wants with an abundant and overflowing measure.

YOOD.

Let thy right hand be upon her; and under thy skirt, let her be shielded; deliver her from evil and violence; and let her abode be for thine honor.

KAPH.

All the righteous women [departed] of our people and other nations shall stand before her, as before a mirror. And with them, she shall enter into the wedding, [in heaven].

LAMED.

She shall embrace Sarah, with affection. Bless thou, O Lord, her offspring like Isaac; let her be blessed like Rebecca; and preserve her offspring like Jacob.

MEEM.

Cause her beauty to equal that of Rachel; and may her seed be like Joseph; bless thou her womb like Leah, that she may be a mother unto many.

NOON.

May thy token of favor bless her like Asyat; and wilt thou increase and multiply her like Ephraim; let her also be like Yoohávar; and her sons resemble Moses.

SEMCAT.

May a good hope fill her soul like that of Elizabeth, of the seed of Aaron; may her offspring resemble Eleazar and Ithamar.

AI.

Grant aid unto her, like Sapphira; and favor her offspring like Gershon. And cause her mouth, like Miriam's, to abound with hymns and singing.

PE.

Divide to her an inheritance in the land, as Mahlah, Hoglah and Yaah

[Noah], and Milcah and Tirza, the sisters who inherited the portion of their fathers.

SAUDA.

Bestow quiet within her house, and increase peace in her dwelling; may there be priests from her children and deacons from her offspring.

KOPH.

Her seed shall inherit her possession; her fields shall be with wells of water; her sons shall recline upon cushions and her daughters upon couches.

RAISH.

Her husband shall greatly rejoice; her fathers, moreover, shall be glad; and sons, the perfection of thy will, O Lord, shall grow upon her knees.

SHEEN.

Her seed shall be multiplied as the sand, like unto the stars in the firmament; and like Jordan in the days of Néesan, [April,] and abundant be her wealth.

TAV.

Thou shalt bless thy maid-servant, O our Lord, according to these words of blessing; according to the prayers of the saints, all the days of her life.—Let glory and thanksgiving ascend to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, from henceforth forever and ever—to worlds without end, yea and Amen."

A point of difference between these two singular documents, which naturally strikes the Western reader, is, that while the bridegroom is addressed in the second person, the bride is spoken of, in the third,—a direct address to a female, on any public occasion, being regarded by orientals as indecorous, at least if often repeated. We omit the "blessings," that succeed, addressed to the attending brideman and bridemaid, which are divided in the same manner, by the letters of the alphabet; also the address to the assembly; and will only add the following few words, which form the conclusion of the whole matter.

"Let the priest make the sign of the cross [with his hand] over the assembly. Conclusion. To thee, thou bridegroom, illustrious and adorned like the rose,—beloved and woven into the crown of the celestial Bridegroom; and to thee, thou bride, beautiful and spotless among virgins, chosen from the fairest of the church; and to thee, thou honored brideman, the emblem of John the Baptist; and to thee, thou fair and worthy bridemaid, and upon all this innumerable multitude; peace, mercy and blessing, and the grace of our adorable God, be multiplied, now, and forever and ever. Amen."

We continued a friendly conversation at the Nestorian wedding, until three o'clock in the afternoon. The joy imparted to all by our presence, was evidently very great. When we retired, the whole multitude thronged around us, and again reiterated, *welcome—welcome;* and many rushed up to us, after we had mounted our horses, to kiss our hands. Mar Elias was the last to turn back of those who accompanied us some distance on the way. Our ride home was delightful—particularly from our feelings of gratitude to God

for such indications of the confidence of the people in us, and of our unobstructed access to all classes.

Dec. 9. With Dr. Grant and Mar Yohannan, I rode to Ardishái, about fifteen miles distant from the city, to visit Mar Gabriel, the bishop resident in that village. Mar Gabriel received and entertained us with much cordiality. On my inquiring whether he would like to come and reside with me, and learn English and teach me his language, he replied, that he should be very happy to do so, and would come as soon as the present feast is over, which would be the case in three or four days. He is a young man of talents, and I have, from my first acquaintance with him, been anxious that he should early come under the direct influence of our mission. Dr. Grant now employs Mar Yohannan as his interpreter in medical prescriptions, a considerable part of the day, and priest Abraham is soon to be engaged in a teachers' school on our premises. I therefore find it equally convenient and necessary to employ another Syriac teacher for myself, and am happy in securing so promising a man as Mar Gabriel. Such, however, is his youthful restlessness of character, that it is a question how long or how regularly he will be induced to devote himself to study.

Dec. 10. Priest Abraham inquired to-day how long, God willing, I expect to reside in Persia. I replied by asking how long he and his people desire us to remain, and he quickly answered, "Always." I conversed with him about commencing our teachers' school. He appeared highly pleased with the prospect, and said that all the Nestorians, clergy and people, are anxious that we should open schools among them, to the fullest extent practicable. Mar Shimon, too, the Patriarch residing in the Koordish mountains, he stated, having heard of our coming among his people, had written to Oróomiah that our arrival affords him inexpressible gratification. The Nestorians are extremely apprehensive that our attention and efforts may be in a measure diverted from them and directed toward the Mŭhammedans. "A multitude of Mŭhammedans, in the city," said priest Abraham to-day, "are talking about coming to school to you; but I beg you do not receive them." This is a very difficult matter to dispose of,—not more because prejudice rears a separating barrier between the two classes, than because we have not time and strength to do half that we desire for one, and less of course for both of them.

Dec. 15. Mar Gabriel came to reside with me. He is a tall, fine looking young man. His native wildness and entire unacquaintance with our manners and customs remind us forcibly of Mar Yohannan and priest Abraham's appearance, when they came to reside with us at Tabréez, and of the rapid improvement which they have since made. As an instance, at our table this evening—a position which the young bishop had never before occupied—as priest Abraham was passing his cup to Mrs. Perkins for a second cup of tea, Mar Gabriel, whose cup was but half emptied, thus interrupted

him,—"here take mine; I have finished." "Oh no, I thank you," said priest Abraham. "*Take* it, I don't wish for it," said the bishop, and with a tone so decided that the poor priest was obliged to yield to episcopal authority, though to his unspeakable embarassment and mortification.

Dec. 16. Commenced constructing a series of school cards in the Nestorian language, which has hitherto never been reduced to a written form. Priest Abraham writes a beautiful hand and bids fair to be an able assistant. Our first attempt was a translation of the Lord's prayer, which I may denominate, our *first handful of corn*, to be cast upon the tops of these naked moral mountains, far more sterile than the bare, parched, physical summits, in Persia, that most of the year are like the mountains of Gilboa, without rain, or dew, or fields of offering. May the fruit thereof soon shake like Lebanon. Numbers of the Nestorians were in at my study, in the course of the day; and all were much interested in the business in which we were engaged. They were greatly delighted to hear *reading* in their language,—a thing they had never heard or conceived before. And even the sober priest was so much amused to hear the familiar sounds of his native tongue, *read*, as well as spoken, that he could not refrain from immoderate laughter, as he repeated, line by line, what he had himself just written. I added a few words of very simple comment to the Lord's prayer. "From what book did you take this?" inquired priest Abraham; from no book, I replied, but from my own thoughts. He was utterly astonished, and declared that all the bishops of his nation together could not compose such wise and excellent matter; and this declaration would probably give no more than a fair impression of the ignorance and imbecility of the Nestorian clergy at this time. Indeed, the priest added, in the same connexion, that they never attempt to furnish any original matter, written or oral, but merely recite their devotions; or at most, the few who understand enough of the ancient Syriac, sometimes translate, orally, a few verses from the ancient into the vernacular language.

Dec. 18. I read at evening with our priest and Nestorian boy, the fifth chapter of Matthew. I remarked at some length, on the sin of profaneness, as there forbidden. Said the priest, "you talk just as Mar Elias, our bishop, talks; but nobody will give ear to him—*nobody*—and what shall we do? Our people are all great sinners; but not a man of them will listen to reproof or warning." I told Abraham that he must *preach*. "But nobody will listen to me," he replied. I told him he must pray to God for the influence of the Holy Spirit to accompany his message to the hearts of those whom he addresses; and the idea seemed to strike him as new and to lodge in his mind. Priest Abraham inquired whether I did not think it would be a good thing to have the Bible translated into their vernacular language. I had never suggested the idea to him; but now encouraged it. This evidently afforded him great satisfaction. How

many Nestorian hearts will leap with joy and gratitude whenever that great work shall be accomplished!

Dec. 21. An aged priest from the Patriarch's residence, near Jûlamérk, dined with us. He is an uncle and a kind of acting deputy of Mar Shimon, and is now on a visit in that capacity among the churches of Oróomiah. He said that the Patriarch and himself had heard of my having arrived at Tabréez with the design of aiding the Nestorians, and their hearts had been filled with thanksgiving to God on that account; but he was now most joyfully surprised to find us actually at Oróomiah. The appearance of this aged priest is that of sincerity—much more so than we often see in this country. And I have little reason to doubt, that he and the Patriarch, and in fact, the mass of the Nestorians, do heartily welcome us to our labors. They seem deeply to feel their low estate,—and are in just the condition to be thankful for help; and in some measure, to be led to look to God also from whom alone their help can come. In the evening, we and our families spent an hour in singing. Our six Nestorian and four American voices harmonized much better than the fastidious might suppose. The Nestorians are extremely fond of our mode of singing.

Dec. 23. We visited a Khân. He introduced a son, who is subject to epileptic fits. In describing his case to Dr. Grant, the bishop, who was with us, said, "he has a devil." The incident suggested to me the probability that some of those in our Saviour's time, who were said, in just this language, to be possessed of devils, may have been merely subject to epileptic fits, the cure of which in their worst features would indeed be a striking miracle.

Dec. 25. Mar Gabriel, for the first time, read with us, in English, at our family devotions. His own gratification was very great on the occasion; and his proficiency has certainly been quite commendable in thus becoming able to read our language, though but very imperfectly, in ten days after first looking at the alphabet.

Dec. 27. Was the Sabbath. In conversation with our Armenian servant, who came with me from Tabréez, I inquired whether he now prayed, separated as he is from his church and home and the people of his religious communion. "Yes," said he, "after I bid you and Mrs. P. good evening, I go away every night and pray by myself; and I remember with great satisfaction something which you once said, but which our greatest bishop never thought of; you told me, that God is always present, in every place, and knows when we pray alone just as well as when we go to our church with the priests."

At our Bible class, this afternoon, the two servants connected with our families, as well as the ecclesiastics and boys who live with us, were present, and all listened with eager attention. Instead of doing the whole myself, I requested Mar Yohannan to translate some of the verses into Turkish and explain their meaning; and it was very gratifying to listen to his intelligent and impressive re-

marks,—and particularly so, as he is becoming quite interested in preaching in the same manner to his people elsewhere. Instead of the many childish, mystic meanings, with which both he and priest Abraham formerly invested every passage of Scripture, they now give as their own the same expositions which I incidentally suggested, as we read the New Testament together from day to day at Tabréez. When all, or a considerable number, of the Nestorian ecclesiastics shall thus preach and enforce their preaching by a consistent example, what a revival may we hope for, in this now degraded and lifeless church.

Dec. 29. As the year draws to a close and I embrace the occasion to survey our position and circumstances, two or three points, relating to our work, urge themselves upon me with indescribable importance. We are in pressing need of more laborers. We are like two solitary reapers, in the midst of a vast and glorious harvest, fully ripe and fast falling into the ground. And while we drop our sickles a few moments and take our pen to send forth our feeble cry for help, we can scarcely find the time for this even, such is the pressure of our work; for *now* is emphatically the day of salvation for the thousands and thousands who stand ready to receive the bread of life at our hands. There are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand Nestorians, to whose minds and hearts we may have as ready access as we could to almost any population of the same amount in America, so far as a *willingness* to enjoy our labors is concerned. The hostile character and unsettled state of the savage Koords may indeed hedge up our way for a time to the Nestorian mountaineers, but they will come to us more or less and we shall gradually reach them by our influence. Dr. Grant is almost wholly occupied among the sick and the dying. His medical prescriptions, every day, probably surpass twice the amount of the most active physicians in America. That I therefore need a clerical companion to aid me in the education and religious instruction of these thousands of Nestorians, can of course not be doubted. It is impossible for me to do more than a very small fraction of what is imperiously required to be done. And while the Nestorians are thus imperfectly provided for, must absolutely *nothing* be attempted for the benefit of the millions of perishing Mŭhammedans? As they witness our incipient efforts for the instruction of the Nestorians, they look upon these *christian subjects* with feelings of *jealousy*, and as naturally as resentfully ask, are *we* to be thus passed by? Many youthful followers of the False Prophet are ready and desirous to put themselves immediately under our instruction. What then shall we do? What *can* we do? Why, to quiet the Mŭhammedans and keep them from actually rising upon the Nestorians or ourselves for entire neglect, Dr. Grant shuts his door against the sick, an hour or two in a day, to keep a small Mussulmân school. But amidst his labors as a physician, his efforts for the instruction of that class must of course be very limited,—little more in fact than an apology for attempting to do nothing for them.

We also need a press at our mission. It would be safe at Oróomiah. The Persians understand the use of the press. They have for some time had one in active operation at Tehrân, and now have a lithographic press at work at Tabréez. We have nothing to fear, therefore, from the prejudice of the Mŭhammedans against our establishing a printing-press here,—at least, a *Syriac* press. And the Nestorians, so far from apprehending anything unfavorable from the measure, are constantly importuning us to procure for them that important auxiliary. That it is indispensable to the successful prosecution of our labors needs hardly to be stated. Where would the modern Greeks have been, had they remained until now, without any part of the Holy Scriptures, or a single syllable of literature of any kind, in their vernacular language? Just there the Nestorians must remain, with the exception of the very limited influence of the school-cards, which we may be able to prepare by the slow motion of the pen, until we have a press in operation. They have vigorous, active minds; but no books—*not one*—in their spoken language. But most of all do we need the *prayers* of the American churches for a revival of religion among the Nestorians. A few of them daily read the Bible; and all of them are ready to hear the gospel from our lips, as our progress in their language enables us to proclaim it to them. What wait we for, then, but the descent of the Holy Spirit, that the living word, as it thus reaches their minds, may subdue their hearts and become the power of God unto their salvation!

CHAPTER XV.

STATE OF THE FIELD.

THE local situation and civil condition of the Nestorians are noticed in the first chapter of this volume. Their religious character is also alluded to there, but it should be more fully stated, that the reader may the better understand its gradual development in the following chapters. As Christians, the Nestorians, when we reached them, resembled the valley of Ezekiel's vision of dry bones. And our feelings, on surveying the affecting scene, were probably not unlike those of the mourning prophet, in contemplating the state of fallen Israel. "Can these bones live?" was the inquiry, which the painful spectacle itself prompted from us, and to which the promised breath of Jehovah, to breathe upon those slain, and cause them to live, could alone furnish a comforting answer. Or, more strictly, perhaps, the Nestorians might then be described in

the affecting language of the apocalyptic address to the church of Sardis—"And unto the angel in the church of Sardis, write: these things saith he that hath the seven spirits of God and the seven stars; I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou *livest*, and art *dead*."

The Nestorians, also, had a *name* to live. And to the forms of their church, many of which have almost a Protestant simplicity, they clung with mortal tenacity. Their periodical fasts, which consist of restriction to vegetable diet and are quite numerous, many of the people would sooner die than violate. Declarations to that effect have been repeatedly made to our physican, when he has prescribed *chicken-soup* for the sick, which they would most peremptorily refuse, because it was prescribed on days when their church canons restrict them to a vegetable diet. And one of their bishops, when first visited by Messrs. Smith and Dwight, it being in time of Lent, scrupulously abstained from the use of wine at dinner, because the vessel which contained it had been internally oiled to prevent leakage; but he at the same time urged them to join him in a glass of brandy, as an innocent beverage, inasmuch as it had not been thus contaminated by contact with animal oil!

With a name to live, and with all their rigid punctiliousness in adhering so strictly to the letter of the forms of their religion, the Nestorians as a body were, however, dead. The life and the power of Christianity had departed. Scarcely a symptom of spiritual vitality remained. Of the meaning of regeneration, even their most intelligent ecclesiastics seemed to know little or nothing. Their views respecting it, extended hardly beyond the rite of water baptism. At least, they appeared to suppose that this rite possessed some mysterious charm that involved the agency of the Holy Spirit so far as it is ever exerted. And their works were not found perfect before God. The plain commandments of the decalogue,—those against falsehood and the violation of the Sabbath, for instance, were wantonly and almost universally broken. Falsehood, among all classes—equally as among the Mŭhammedans—appeared to be much more habitual than telling the truth, and when there was not even the poor apology of a pretext for preferring falsehood to truth. On the Sabbath, they would not indeed labor; but, as matter of calculation, would visit, engage in festivities, trade, and arrange their business, far more than on any other day of the week. Profaneness prevails among them—as well as among the Mussulmâns—to an extent that astounds an American ear. It has so run into the texture of their language, as to form constituent parts of their most common phrases.* The boy who drives a team at work, a cow to pasture, or a mule in the caravan, cries out almost inces-

* It should be conceded, that orientals, though thus habitually profane, are also more thoughtlessly, ignorantly, and far less malevolently so, than those who are addicted to this sin in America.

santly, '*Yâ Allâh*,'—*O God*, as equivalent to, *Go along*, in English. The chopper repeats the same, as a kind of sing-song charm, at nearly every blow of his axe; and the gardener, as often as he pushes his spade into the ground; and the same is in general true in other kinds of labor. And in conversation, *Wăllâh*, in Turkish, and *B'shímee d'Alláha*, in Syriac, a direct appeal to the Supreme Being, is synonymous with a note of admiration or exclamation, and is in fact the close of almost every sentence; and obscenity, among the mass, is about as prevalent as profaneness. Intemperance, too, as already stated, exists to a fearful extent among the Nestorians. Their temptation to this sin is peculiar, their fertile country being like one great vineyard.

When reminded of the sin and inconsistency of these vices, in nominal Christians, especially in those who professedly make theBible their rule of faith and practice, they would acknowledge the wrong, but at the same time excuse themselves, in consideration of their depressed political condition. Lying, they would urge, was often indispensable, to save them from being overreached and oppressed, by their Mŭhammedan masters. The scriptural observance of the Sabbath, too, they would say, must not, in their circumstances, be expected. Frequent oaths were unavoidable to command belief and facilitate business with their oppressors. And as to free indulgence in the use of wine, they would account their facilities for such indulgence as a precious boon vouchsafed by heaven, and almost the only one left to them, to cheer and sustain their spirits under their intolerable burdens.

It should not, however, be inferred that Christianity, in the fallen state in which it existed on our arrival among them, cost them no sacrifices. It cost them the privileges of freemen, and brought upon them almost every species of ignominy and oppression. *American* Christians know nothing, in comparison with the Nestorians, of suffering for the *name* of the Lord Jesus. They are habitually called by their superiors, the Mŭhammedans, *unclean* infidels and dogs, and are treated in accordance with those epithets. Often their property, and sometimes their children, are wantonly stripped from them, on account of their attachment to Christianity, while their renouncement of it would place them at once beyond the reach of such indignities and sufferings. And it is wonderful, that they have clung, from century to century, so tenaciously to the *name* of our holy religion, paying such a price for it, while uncheered and unsustained by its living consolations and power.

Nor should it be supposed that their formal Christianity—their having a name to live, while they were dead—was of no practical benefit to them. Even the apparently lifeless form exerted on them a very salutary and important influence. It saved the existing remnant from becoming Mŭhammedans, and from the no less deplorable alternative of yielding to Papal domination. And as I have elsewhere suggested, it preserved among them, in some re-

spects, particularly in their observance of the seventh commandment, a far higher standard of morality than exists among the debased followers of the False Prophet, with whom they live, and by whose vices they are more or less contaminated.

As of the church of Sardis, so also in relation to the Nestorian church, we may, in the spirit of charity, hope that even here it might be said, "thou hast a few names which have not defiled their garments." If such there were, however, on our arrival among them, we must stretch the mantle of our charity much broader to embrace them and cover their deficiencies, than is warrantable in enlightened christian lands, so blinded were they by the deep darkness and borne downward by the mighty current of iniquity and corruption that prevailed around them.

Education, when we reached the Nestorians, was at an ebb almost as low as vital religion. None but their ecclesiastics could read at all, and but very few of them could do more than merely repeat their devotions in an unknown tongue, while neither they nor their hearers knew anything of the meaning. Indeed, in both an intellectual and religious point of view, the flame of their candle had long been flickering and was ready to expire. The commencement of our missionary labors among them was just in time to strengthen the things that remained and were ready to die, and save the Nestorians as a church from actual extinction.

Jan. 16, 1836. To-day we met in our new school-room for religious worship. I had labored with my own hands, most of the previous week, in company with the tardy joiners, cold as the weather was, to construct seats, sand-boxes and writing-desks, that we might be ready to commence our school without longer delay. It is a spacious, convenient room for a school, and no less so for a place of worship, for which purpose it is also designed. To-day we tried to consecrate this school-room to the service of the Lord. I preached on the occasion from 1 Kings 8: 27, "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded;" and 1 Kings 9: 3, "And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me; I have hallowed this house that thou hast built to put my name there forever; and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually." It is, we trust, our fervent prayer, that this Scripture may be verified, in relation to our school-room; that scores and hundreds who shall in the good providence of God, in the progress of our work, resort to it for instruction, may find it in very deed "the house of God and the gate of heaven." The plainness and humbleness of the place, presented, in our view, no objection to making our first occupancy of it an occasion of special religious acknowledgement, and informally consecrating it to the Lord. Jacob deemed it fit to set up stones in the desert and pour upon them oil

to mark the site of his Bethel. And even the skeptical poet has well said:*

> "Shall man confine his Maker's sway
> To Gothic domes and mouldering stone?
> Thy temple is the face of day;
> Earth—ocean—heaven, thy boundless throne."

Jan. 17. Our school-room, fitted up in the Lancasterian style, is an object of great curiosity. Multitudes of both Mŭhammedans and Nestorians throng to inspect it. It is the first Lancasterian school-room ever opened in Central Asia. May it prove the harbinger of hundreds and thousands.

Jan. 18. Our school commenced. Seven boys from the city attended. They all took their stand in a semi-circle around the manuscript card suspended on the wall, which priest Abraham with my assistance had prepared. And as they learned their letters and then began to repeat a sentence of the Lord's prayer, for the first time, with a delight and satisfaction beaming from their faces, equalled only by the novelty of their employment, I could understand something of the inspiration of Dr. Chalmers, when he pronounced the Indian boy in the woods, first learning to read, to be the sublimest object in the world.

Jan. 19. Seventeen scholars from abroad joined our school. Among them are three deacons and one priest. They all lodge in a single large room in one of our houses.

Jan. 23. The scholars requested permission to attend our English worship. We of course made no objection. They attended, sat very still and listened, though they knew nothing of our language. It is very gratifying, in this dark and distant land, to have so many present at religious worship. Mar Yohannan took his seat by my side in the desk, He now understands enough of English to be in a measure interested and profited by attending our meetings. In the afternoon, we held another religious service in the school-room, for the benefit of the scholars, conducting the service in their own language. A few of the older pupils read, each a verse, which Mar Yohannan expounded, occupying all the time with the exception of the very few suggestions which I found it proper to add to his appropriate and impressive remarks. Mar Yohannan is a natural orator. Though little accustomed to preaching, the size of his audience and the interest of the undertaking seemed to inspire him to-day with unwonted ardor, and rendered him quite eloquent.

Jan. 27. Our school succeeds very well. But we greatly need slates, pencils and other suitable apparatus. By constant toil, I succeed in furnishing reading, two hours per day, on manuscript cards in the Nestorian language. Two hours, the scholars read the Scriptures, in the *ancient* Syriac, which they do not understand, but learn to pronounce syllables, form words and spell, in that way;

* Byron.

and two hours they spend in writing with their fingers in the sand-boxes and in learning arithmetic from the abacus. During the time devoted to the two last named exercises, a class from the older scholars read to me in English. Two of the deacons who belong to the school are very fine young men and render important assistance to priest Abraham, as monitors of classes; and by alternating, in writing, they are able to copy two cards a day for the use of the school, in connexion with their own studies.

My labors at this time, and indeed during the year, were very pressing. Eight hours in a day I was occupied over the language, in reducing it to a written and grammatical form and translating portions of Scripture into it for school-cards, and two hours I taught the English class in the seminary; in addition to superintending the general affairs of the seminary—preaching twice on the Sabbath, attending one or two meetings during the week, and performing an amount of miscellaneous labor incidental to the commencement of a new mission, which seemed often of itself well nigh sufficient to require my whole time.

Jan. 31. Mar Joseph, the bishop resident at Adá, passed the Sabbath with Mar Yohannan. He attended our English service, this morning, and I had thus a Nestorian bishop on either hand in the desk, while I was preaching. Our service in the Nestorian language, in the afternoon, was extremely interesting. Mar Yohannan's remarks were again intelligent and impressive. Mar Joseph and a priest from his village listened with deep attention. At this meeting, we have a constantly increasing congregation. Last Sabbath, Mar Yohannan repeated at the commencement of the services, a short prayer, which I had prepared for the daily use of the school. To-day, he asked me whether he should again repeat that prayer. I told him that he would perhaps prefer to make a short prayer extempore. "No," said he, "I cannot pray from my heart, so well as that prayer is written." So he again repeated the school prayer. At the close of the meeting, I requested Mar Yohannan to invite Mar Joseph to add a few remarks. He did so, but Mar Joseph declined, being, as Mar Yohannan whispered to me in English, *ashamed* to attempt to preach extempore. His meaning was, that the other bishop was too diffident to make the attempt. Mar Joseph expressed himself as much interested in the service, and said that he rejoiced to see such a commencement of preaching the gospel among the Nestorians. The contrast appeared to be striking to him as well as to the rest, to their worship in their churches, which consists merely of reciting their liturgy and some portions of the Scriptures in an obsolete language.

I have often been inquired of, in the course of my visit to the U. States, in relation to the character of Nestorian preaching. The foregoing pages will have informed the reader what it was, if indeed preaching can be said to have existed, among that people, when we commenced our missionary labors; and what it is becoming, under

the influence of these labors, will appear in subsequent chapters. I may remark in general, however, that it still differs widely and will continue thus to differ, from *sermonizing*, in the Western sense of that term. The Nestorians never think of limiting the subject of a discourse to a single text of Scripture, but usually paraphrase and expound a whole chapter or at least a paragraph. Perhaps we may characterize their preaching as in general *expository;* but not merely so; it is in a high degree discursive, darting from Dan to Beersheba on the wing of a bold figure at a breath. They also intermingle many incidents and anecdotes and often with impressive effect. I had on one occasion described to priest Abraham the parrot—a wonder in natural history, which is not found in Northern Persia, except in rare instances, when it is carried there as a curiosity. In speaking of its loquacious and imitative powers, I mentioned that my father, when I was a small boy, purchased a parrot, for the gratification of his children; but in attempting to carry it home in a cage, he found that the bird was shockingly profane—assailed him with fearful oaths—being inconvenienced and provoked by its removal, and having learned to use that dialect at a public house in a city; and that, lest it should injure his children, my father opened the cage, long before reaching home and committed the parrot to the fields. Some time after this conversation I happened to be present at a meeting, where priest Abraham was addressing a congregation on the subject of profaneness. And he took me by surprise, in the course of his remarks, by introducing the case of the parrot, from which he drew an argument and left an impression that his hearers will never forget, by first describing the bird and then stating in detail that the missionary's father had such a horror and dread of the sin of profaneness, that he would not carry home the parrot he had purchased, because it had learned to repeat a few wicked words.—The Nestorians also introduce many scripture quotations, making Scripture, in the true, evangelical method of preaching, interpret Scripture, though their quotations are far enough from being always the most pertinent. Mar Yohannan, on one occasion, being asked by a young clergyman, in the U. S., whom he had just heard preach, 'what is the style of Nestorian preaching,' replied, in his broken English, "we preach *all* from the Bible; but you take *one* word from the Bible, and a thousand words from *America*,"—referring to the practice of writing sermons from a single text; perhaps also half seriously chiding the paucity of quotations from Scripture in some sermons to which he had listened.

We find it expedient to adopt, among the Nestorians, a style of preaching somewhat analogous to that here described, as best suited to the oriental mind, and especially in its uncultivated state. It has been well remarked that there is little *logic*—in the technical sense of that word—in the Bible, particularly the Old Testament. The Holy Scriptures are doubtless a true index of the mould in which

they were cast—Asiatic mind, at the periods when the respective portions were written. The general characteristics of mind, as well as of manners and customs, in Asia, remain essentially the same; and a highly logical sermon, in the common acceptation of the term, would produce as little effect on an audience there, at the present day, as it would have produced in those early times. Not that logic, learning and study may not find ample scope, in preaching to the Nestorians. Indeed, without these, an American, or European, will be ill able successfully to adapt himself to circumstances so different from those in which he was reared, and address and influence minds naturally of a stamp so widely diverse from those with which he had been acquainted, as well as shrouded in ignorance, warped and encumbered by prejudice and stupefied by general degradation.

Feb. 1. The *fast* of Jonah, as the Nestorians denominate it, commenced. This is an annual fast of three days, observed in commemoration of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. Most of each day is occupied in chanting prayers at their churches. Like their other fasts, it seems to amount to little more than a senseless routine of forms, and their prayers, we fear, are a chattering noise. During their fasts, the Nestorians abstain from animal food; but only in Lent, from food altogether. Each fast is anticipated by a *Mâl-sóma*, entrance of the fast, which is a time of feasting, and followed by an *Eéda, festival*, which are seasons of the most disgusting dissipation. In this way, almost the whole time is cut up into fasts and feasts—into seasons of partial abstinence alternating with brutal indulgence; and scarcely a single week remains, during the whole year, undisturbed by their senseless mummery or noisy revelling, except during their long fast before Easter. The people proclaim, with much self-complacency, the number and length of their fasts, and appear to think themselves very *religious*, from the fact that about one half the year is included in their periods of partial abstinence.

The following catalogue of the Nestorian fasts is given by Messrs. Smith and Dwight, with their usual accuracy, as it was furnished them by Mar Yohannan's father. "It being Friday, we first questioned the priest respecting the fasts of his church. In conjunction with the others who were present, he informed us that they fast every Wednesday and Friday; twenty-five days before Christmas; fifteen days before the feast of St. Mary; three days before the feast of the cross, which occurs twelve days after Christmas; three days before the feast of St. John; three days before the feast of Khodéera Nébhee;* fifty days before Easter, including Easter Sunday, when they eat meat; and fifty days before Pentecost, the observance of which is optional and not regarded by all. We asked, as he finished the list, if there are no more, and he jocosely replied, 'Why,

* An epithet applied to Jonah.

are not these enough? What of the year remains for us to eat?' In none of their fasts, do they eat any animal substance whatever; and in Lent, with the exception of Sundays and festivals, they eat but twice, once after mid-day, and once after evening prayers, and some eat only the latter meal."*

I know not what more artful contrivance Satan could have invented, to substitute in the place of the pure religion of the gospel which works by love, sanctifies the heart, controls the life, and regulates the conduct, than he has furnished in the *fasts* of these oriental churches. By common consent, it is lawful and proper to labor and transact business, as usual, during their fasts. The only difference between this and other time is abstinence from animal food, and in the morning, in time of Lent, entire abstinence. No matter how richly vegetable dishes are served up during these seasons. Indeed, the palatable preparation of fast-dishes is quite a science among them, and walnut oil, from the Koordish mountains, is in high requisition for the purpose.

But during their festivals and saints' days, it is regarded as highly improper to labor. The whole time must then be devoted to eating, drinking and carousal. According to priest Abraham's exposition of the subject, they do not regard their festivals and saints' days as holy time, in the same sense in which they thus esteem the Sabbath. But *fate*, they say, is always determined against persons who labor on those days, and their undertakings will invariably be thwarted, and not improbably some signal calamity will also visit the offender. It is not easy to conceive what an amount of evil results from the weeks of idleness and the general check to industry, caused by this ecclesiastical prohibition of labor. Happily, our school is not much interrupted by it. The most skilful hair-splitters among the Nestorians, see nothing in reading or the study of arithmetic, which savors so much of secular labor as to constitute sin or incur danger. But wo betides the boy, or the man, who takes his pen to write during these festivals. Writing would be labor.

While our hearts are often ready to sink, in view of this degraded state of the Nestorians and their gross departures from the spirit and practice of the gospel, we are, at the same time, cheered by circumstances of encouragement. The high ecclesiastics in our families, and many others, manifest deep interest in our instructions and evident dissatisfaction with their own senseless ceremonies. It should be acknowledged, moreover, that their abstinence from *wine*, which the Nestorians observe during their fifty days of Lent, does keep the people, as a mass, *sober*, during that period, and affords us the most favorable opportunity in the whole year for preaching to them the gospel. And we must not do injustice to the general subject of fasting. Disgusted with the flagrant abuses

* Researches in Armenia, Vol. II. p. 208. Parts only of the paragraph on this subject are here quoted.

of the practice—nay, its almost entire perversion, as observed by Papists and other fallen churches, making it, as they do, a matter of merit and even a work of supererogation, have not Protestant Christians verged to the opposite extreme? That fasting is a practice clearly recognized by our Saviour, as proper to be observed among his followers, is obvious from the passage where he says, "when ye fast," etc., assuming its existence, and then gives directions respecting the manner and spirit in which it should be practised. And we have only to recur to the biographies of eminent saints, in every age of the church, to learn how important and salutary is its actual effect on christian character.* While, therefore, we guard against the abuses and the deadly effects of the periodical system of fasting, as practised by merely nominal Christians, should we not be equally careful that we do not undervalue or neglect private fasting and occasional social seasons, in connexion with prayer and humiliation, as an appointed and important means of sanctification?

Feb. 2. This afternoon, the mother of three of the scholars came into our school and commenced disturbance by ordering her sons to go home. Priest Abraham, the teacher, was at church. The monitor was frightened and sent to my study for me. As I entered the school-room, the woman turned from the monitor and directed her vociferations to me. "My boys," said she, "shall stay no longer. They are not *slaves;* they are related to the mélik of our village; and you, sir, shall not have the glory and the benefit of their presence in your school, without paying them wages." Not wishing to join in the encounter, I sent a boy to the church to call priest Abraham. The priest soon came, and the woman, being one of his flock, was a little intimidated. He was much excited, particularly by the insult which he conceived she had offered to me, by her impertinent vociferations. "You and my nation," said he, addressing himself to her, "are most vile and ungrateful; and it is on this account that the Lord permits the Mūhammedans to oppress us. Take your boys and go." By this time, Mar Yohannan, who was also at the church and had received some intimation of the trouble, entered the school-room. He reiterated, in yet stronger terms, what the priest had said, and told the scholars, moreover, that every one who was not intending to remain *three years*, must leave the school that moment; that he should not allow the American gentlemen who had come here to bless and save his people to be thus treated, and so on. The woman, with great mortification, took her boys and departed. The scholars uttered and reiterated their testimony that she is one of the worst women in the country and had conducted most disgracefully in this instance. But we have, doubtless, multitudes to encounter here, who are just as low and mercenary in their feelings and equally insensible to their own welfare. Our school,

* The late eminent Dr. Payson, it will be recollected, was in the practice of fasting, for some time, one day, every week.

however, was essentially benefited by the occurrence. The priest's and bishop's lectures reminded the scholars that they, and not the missionaries, are the ones benefitted by their attending our school.

Feb. 3. The fast of Jonah closed and the sacrament was administered in the Nestorian church. The bishops importuned us to attend and partake with them. I was so unwell of a severe cold as to be unable to leave my room. Providence thus furnished me with a satisfactory excuse for not going to the church, had I been disposed to do so in other circumstances. May they become Christians in heart and life, as well as in name; and then what a privilege will it be to unite with them at the table of our Lord. At evening, Mar Joseph, who was still with Mar Yohannan, called at my room to inquire after my health. "You were unable to be at our church to-day," said he. "Yes," I replied, "I have been confined to the house." "May God restore you and long spare your life," continued Mar Joseph; "I trust he has a great work for you to do, for our poor people, who, we are sensible, have wandered far from the right way." The seriousness with which he spoke, and his evident solicitude for my health, made me happy in the belief, that his words expressed the sentiments of his heart.

Feb. 4. Finding work enough fully to occupy priest Abraham in translation and the preparation of school-cards—no man in the province being able to use the pen so handsomely as he can—we sent, to-day, to a village ten miles distant for priest Yohannan, who has an excellent reputation for a Nestorian, as a book-scholar, to come and engage as teacher in our school.

Feb. 6. Priest Yohannan came. He is near forty years of age and is a very interesting man,—the best scholar in Syriac that I have met with among this people,—and apparently serious and upright in character. At evening I read with the priests, the parable of the sower, which is to be the subject at our afternoon service to-morrow. They manifested much interest in my explanation of the passage.

Feb. 7. In the absence of Mar Yohannan, priest Yohannan assisted me in conducting the Nestorian service. He gave, as his own thoughts, the substance of the remarks which I made on the passage of Scripture contemplated last evening. The scholars were very attentive, and the priests appeared solemn and much interested in the meeting.

Feb. 9. The priests inquired of me the particular object of our Monday evening prayer meetings. I told them, that we attach no importance to the time, but our object is often to stir up each other's minds, and to pray for ourselves, our friends and the kingdom of Christ in the world. And in further explanation, I read to them Malachi 3: 16, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard;" and Hebrews 10: 25, "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another, and so much the

more as ye see the day approaching." The idea of such meetings seemed new and interesting to the priests, and they expressed deep regret that their own people have not hearts thus to assemble and pray.

Feb. 10. This evening we revised the beautiful evening hymn, commencing, "The day is past,"—which I lately translated, with Priest Abraham's assistance, for the use of our school. The priests appeared enraptured with the hymn, so much so that they could scarcely cease singing it in the tune to which I adapted the translation, though both were alike new to them. The modern Syriac far surpasses our own tongue in the softness and sweetness of its sounds.

Feb. 11. The scholars having obtained a copy of the translation of the new hymn, sung it this evening two hours or more of their own accord in their room. Their style of singing is, to be sure, rude enough; but it is gratifying to observe such an interest and effort to learn.

Feb. 13. We studied the parable of the wheat and the tares, and others which follow, as the subject of our religious meeting to-morrow. The priests were again deeply interested in the exercise. They are remarkably docile, and ready to receive my explanations of Scripture, though their heads were so long since filled with their own mystic interpretations. The same childish expositions of the parables of our Lord, which were introduced in the early centuries and have so often since been repeated in the oriental churches, are still floating in all their primitive freshness among the Nestorian clergy. These must be gradually removed—crowded out, by the simple truths of the gospel. The human mind, everywhere, far more than nature in the philosophy of the schoolmen, abhors a vacuum. It avails little to attempt to displace error, till truth is supplied in its place.

Feb. 14. Priest Abraham assisted me in conducting the Nestorian meeting. Our school-room was quite full, and the seriousness and attention of all present were most encouraging. The priest was very accurate in giving the same expositions which I had suggested in our private meeting the evening before, with a single exception. On the parable of the leaven, forgetting himself for the moment, he started upon one of the old stereotyped interpretations, according to which, *every sentence* and every *word* must have a specific, figurative application. "Why," said he, "did the woman hide the leaven in three measures of meal? I will tell you why; it was because Noah had three sons, from whom the whole world was peopled. The meal is the world; and the three sons are the three races of men." It is such puerile theology, rather than those grosser perversions of the Bible that savor of blasphemy, as found in the Papal and other oriental churches, that we have to displace from the minds of the Nestorian clergy. In the evening, we invited

the scholars to our dining-room, to spend a half hour in singing their hymn. It was a delightful season.

Feb. 14. We commenced the great work of translating the Bible into the Nestorian language. May the Lord prosper this, his own work, in our feeble hands. The entire Scriptures now exist in the ancient Syriac—the book-language—in a printed form; but, in the Jacobite or common Syriac character.* While this ancient language is not understood by the people, the Jacobite character is detested by the Nestorian ecclesiastics, (from their prejudices against the sect who use it,) even those who are able to read the language in that character, as well as their own. A translation of the Bible into the modern tongue, and a version of the ancient Syriac in the Nestorian character, are both therefore greatly needed.

Feb. 17. A considerable number of our scholars went home, to engage during the rest of the week in a season of feasting, in anticipation of the fifty days' fast which commences next Sabbath. A wealthy, influential Nestorian, from Chărbâsh, a village two miles distant, called to invite us to be his guests to-morrow.

Feb. 18. Early in the morning, horses were sent from Chărbâsh for the ladies, and we set off about 10 o'clock on our visit. Priest Yohannan being well acquainted in that village accompanied us. Though a season of general festivity, no importunity, at dinner, could induce him to taste a drop of wine. He had formerly been strongly addicted to it, as we had before been informed; but on coming to reside with us, he had entirely abandoned the use of it of his own accord. Our host humorously remarked, "Priest Yohannan used to drink wine excessively; but he has become a sober man, in living two weeks with you." The priest felt much mortified by this allusion to his former habits, not suspecting that we were aware of them. To the end of the feast he drank nothing stronger than water, and maintained his ground with the firmness of thorough reformation. Such examples encourage us to adhere to the strictness of our American habits in matters of temperance, instead of attempting any compromise with the people of these countries.

Feb. 19. For several days, our servant has expressed strong apprehension of an assault from thieves. "The impression is general in the city," said he to me to-day, "that a gang of robbers are plotting an attack upon you by night." I inquired, why? Whether there was any dissatisfaction on account of our residing in the city. "Oh no," said he; "both Mŭhammedans and Nestorians are your friends, and are anxious for your safety. But the robbers have conceived the idea, that you have chests of money in your houses." In Persia, every European is supposed to be loaded with money. Our situation is lonely, removed as we are entirely from European residents. The great advantages, however, which Oróomiah offers

* The Syriac character best known to Europeans.

to the missionary from this very circumstance, reconciles us to our distant seclusion. No mountain of European vices here lies between us and our appropriate labors. And no army of vicious foreigners are here, to oppose us and our object, by slanderous reports and immoral example. It is a circumstance that calls for devout thankfulness to God, that this promising field is thus fully open, without a hand or a tongue, or a single extraneous influence to raise a barrier against us.

The reader will better understand the foregoing allusion to our personal insecurity, as well as the general state of our field, by knowing more of the prevailing class of the people of Oróomiah. The Mŭhammedans of that province, who are at least three fourths of the population, are *Affshârs*—a bold, warlike tribe, originally from Affghanistân, or Eastern Persia. They have such a reputation for rudeness and barbarity, compared with most other Persians, that it was, at that time, the opinion of several of the English Embassy, who were deeply interested in our object, that we could not, with a due regard for safety, attempt to reside among them,—especially as no Europeans ever had been permanent residents in the remote city of Oróomiah. He, however, who has the hearts of all in his hands, and turneth them as the rivers of water are turned, so favorably disposed the mass of those Mŭhammedans, both rulers and people, towards us, that they have not only from the first offered us no molestation, but have treated us with uniform kindness and marked respect and attention.

But there is at Oróomiah, as in all parts of Persia, a class of professional ruffians, called *Lootee*, taking their name from the Patriarch, *Lot*, but resembling in character and conduct the corrupt Sodomites, who vexed the soul of that righteous man. Their lawless acts of violence on property and often on persons, being usually mixed with a measure of buffoonery,* are regarded as half licensed, or at least are more or less connived at by the constituted authorities. These desperadoes are always the instruments of violence, in the hands of the fanatical Moollâhs, whenever they attempt to carry a point against laws and rulers by the agency of a mob, which is not a rare occurrence in Persia. The reader will doubtless call to mind the fact, that the Rev. Mr. Merrick and two German missionaries, were in imminent peril from this class of ruffians in a terrific excitement of this description at Isfahân in 1837. The savage Lootee are much more numerous at Oróomiah than in most other parts of Persia. And this was the most serious ground of the apprehensions of our English friends and of our own solicitude for our personal security.

The concern of our English friends for our safety at Oróomiah

* The Persians say that a good Lootee ought to be able to laugh, cry, weep, sit still and dance, at the same moment. Some of these jesters approach very near this idea of perfection.—*Malcolm's Hist.* Vol. II. p. 443.

did not rest in idle expressions. Though widely separated from us, they still spared no pains in seeking to promote our security, particularly by addressing letters to the authorities of the province, and requesting Persian nobles who belonged in Oróomiah, but were residing at the capital, to write to their friends at home, commending us to their kindness and protection. As an illustration of the exertions of these English friends, in our behalf, after our settlement there, as well as for the intelligence which they communicate, I insert the following extracts of letters received from two of them. The first is from Dr. Riach, "the beloved physician," who met us on our way to Persia, and whom we have since had frequent occasion to mention in our communications, as a constant friend and invaluable helper in our missionary work.

"*Tehrân, Nov.* 14, 1835.

Dear Mr. P.

I hope, by Sir John Campbell, who leaves this for Tabréez tomorrow, to be able to send you letters to the Oróomiah authorities, from Meerza Bâlâ, the Hakim Bâshee (chief physician) here, and who knows them well, which will be useful. As Sir John is himself acquainted with them and proposes to give you letters, I hardly think anything more will be required for you for some time, and be assured that as soon as I can see the time for asking for letters from the great men here, that I will not let the opportunity slip. As yet, the subject of your mission has not been hinted at, as far as I know, by Mr. Ellis, and indeed no business of any kind has yet been transacted with the *wise men* of this *eastern* court. Never doubt that I take unceasing interest in everything which interests you, or which may affect your comfort or happiness. I shall be delighted to hear of and from you as often as possible, and recollect that my anxiety about you will increase greatly, after you enter on your proper field of labor.

That God may bless, protect and direct you all is the sincere prayer of,

Yours most truly,

(Signed) J. P. Riach."

The following extracts from a letter from Sir John Campbell, the generous author of our release from captivity in Georgia, written on the eve of his leaving Persia, will serve further to illustrate the kind agency of these English gentlemen in our behalf.

"*Tabréez, Dec.* 6, 1835.

My dear Sir,

I arrived here yesterday, having been unavoidably detained in Tehrân by business and sickness, and now with much reluctance being compelled to take the route of Erzróom and Trebizond, owing to the tedious quarantines, in the Russian territory. Previous

to leaving Tehrân, the accompanying letters from the *Emeer-i-nîzâm*, and the *Hakim Bâshee*, addressed to their friends in Oróomiah, in your behalf, were sent to me, and I have now the pleasure to forward them with two from myself, one to the governor and the other to Absomét Khân, who perhaps may not recollect me, but I beg you will call me to his remembrance, by stating that I commanded the regiment of cavalry of which he was colonel at the *chemân* of *Auvâk*, and that I was then generally known in Persia by the name of 'Jân Sahib.'

Most sincerely do I wish you all the success your heart can desire in the prosecution of your praiseworthy labors, and may the light of education through your endeavors be shed upon the unhappy and oppressed Nestorians. I believe the field to be favorable to your efforts, and unencumbered with those difficulties which would attend similar exertions among the bigotted [Mŭhammedan] inhabitants of this ill-fated country. They are said to be willing and docile and desirous of instruction; and though I am about to leave the kingdom, I shall be glad to hear, whenever you have leisure, of the progress you are making, and if I can be of any service to Mrs. Perkins or yourself in London, I hope you will not hesitate to let me know.

To Mrs. Perkins I beg to offer my very kindest regards and with sincere wishes for your mutual prosperity and happiness and your own success,

Believe me, very dear Sir, most truly yours,

(Signed) J. N. R. Campbell."

"P. S. My dear Sir,—I have just received from Mr. Nisbet, your very kind and gratifying letter with the valuable token of remembrance you left for me in Tabréez. Most grateful do I feel for your recollection of me at a moment when the arrangements for your future establishment at Oróomiah, so fully occupied your time, and most grateful are your expressions for the trifling attentions I have been able to show towards Mrs. Perkins and yourself, since your arrival in Persia. I have done no more than fellow-feeling demanded, and regret that it was not in my power to procure a Rŭkkâm [order] from the Shâh; for it would have afforded me very sincere pleasure to have contributed that aid towards the furtherance of your missionary labors.

I quit Persia with some regret, as I am deeply interested in her welfare, and in spite of the gloomy aspect of affairs and the fatal blindness to everything but the enjoyment of a fool's paradise which deludes the king, I do not despair of seeing Persia improve, though it must be acknowledged that every species of imperfection and corruption reigns throughout the administration; and the superstitious and fatal tenets of Soofeeism, are making a progress which must lead to a definitive ascendancy, or to a serious and, I fear, not very tranquil schism between the Mŭhammedans and the illuminati of Persia.

I repeat my earnest wishes for your complete success in your undertakings; and that every personal happiness and prosperity may be the lot of Mrs. Perkins and yourself, is the sincere desire of,

My dear Sir, yours most truly,

(Signed) J. N. R. CAMPBELL."

These timely exertions of our English friends contributed much to the security of our residence at Oróomiah, and events that subsequently occurred in our experience which will be noticed in their place, were so overruled by Providence as ultimately to relieve us almost entirely of the apprehension of personal insecurity or annoyance in our remote and lonely situation.

CHAPTER XVI.

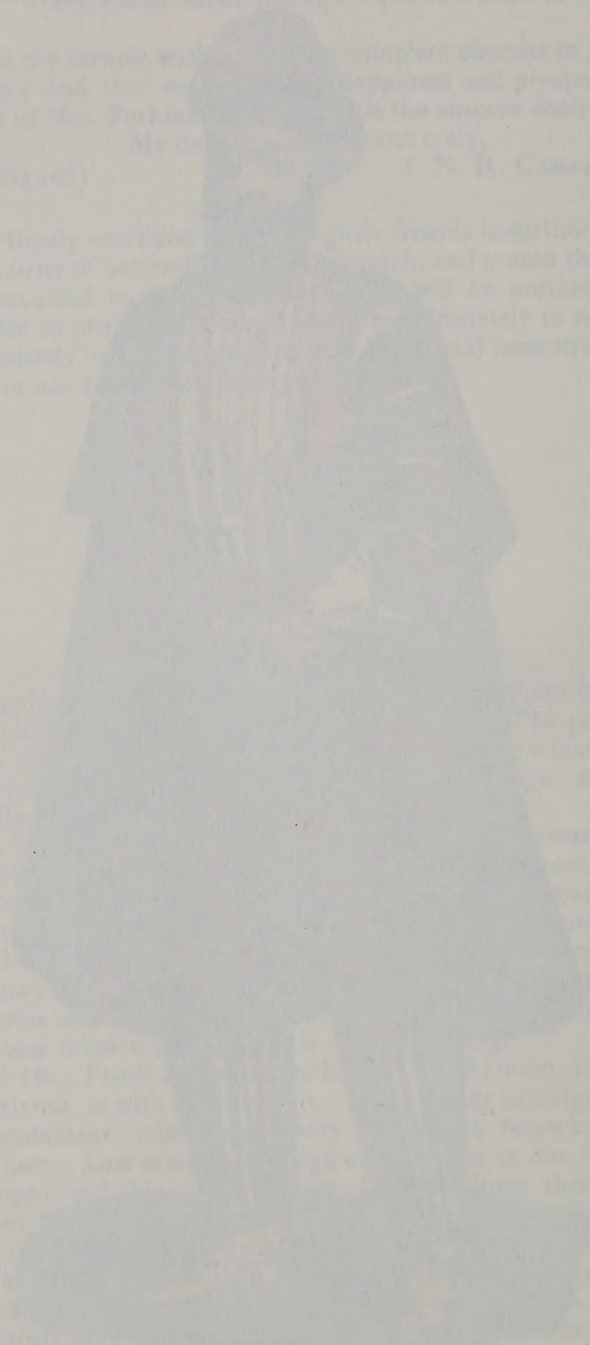
JOURNAL: MARCH—JULY, 1836.

THE topics embraced in this chapter, as also in others which follow, are too numerous to admit of a general title. The period embraced in the Journal, in such cases, is given; and the leading subjects are found, as hitherto, at the head of each page, and more specifically, in the table of contents.

March 8. We were cheered by the arrival of our German friends, Messrs. Haas and Hoernle, from Tabréez. The former brought his little son, who has long been ill of a chronic diarrhoea, a common disease among children here, for the benefit of change of air and medical prescription; and the latter intends residing in our city, a short time, that he may the more advantageously prosecute his inquiries respecting the Koords. To us, in our loneliness, the visit of these missionary brethren is very refreshing.

March 19. Priest Zadoc, a brother of Mar Shimon, the Nestorian Patriarch, is with us on a visit. He is rather intelligent for a rude mountaineer, quite shrewd, very tall, and a remarkably fine-looking man. Last evening, the high ecclesiastics in our families—the bishops—and this priest Zadoc, lowered down their clerical dignity so far as to engage in the sport of wrestling. Priest Yohannan, the teacher of our school, who lodges in the same apartment, was asleep at the time, and the reverend wrestlers, in their dexterous feats, fell upon him and well nigh crushed him. He has been scarcely able to instruct the school, to-day, and says that he verily thought our house was falling by the shock of an earthquake, when the mammoth priest Zadoc came down upon him. These ecclesiastics are exceedingly ashamed and would gladly have con-

PRIEST ZADOC BROTHER OF THE NESTORIAN PATRIARCH.



cealed the matter; but priest Yohannan was so much injured as to require medical attention and thus the whole affair was revealed.

March 21. This evening, we celebrated the Lord's supper. Hitherto since our arrival, we have attended the service in private; but priest Zadoc had importuned me several days to administer the ordinance while he is here, that he might once sit at the Lord's table with "those who," to use his own language, "so much resemble the apostles." We accordingly in this instance admitted him, and the bishops and priests who live in our families, to partake with us. Though we have much reason to fear that they are still in the bondage of sin, we dared not close the door of the Lord's table against their earnest importunity—regularly professing Christians as they are, while their outward conduct is in general unexceptionable. The question, however, was a trying one and we deeply felt our need of wisdom from above to guide us on the subject. The season was to us, and apparently to all present, very interesting and solemn. I read and explained in the native language the eleventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians and dwelt at length on the apostle's caution against eating and drinking at the Lord's table "unworthily."

March 26. Wrote a letter to Mar Shimon, the Patriarch, in accordance with the wishes of his brother, priest Zadoc, who had repeatedly requested one to carry home with him. I give it to the reader, that he may the better appreciate the Patriarch's answer, which he will meet under the date of its reception.

To Mar Shimon, Archbishop and Patriarch of the Nestorians:

Reverend Sir,—Through the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I and my wife and Dr. Grant and his wife have journeyed with safety from the distant land of our fathers, which is the New World, and have at length the happiness to find a home among your people in the province of Oróomiah.

We and our fellow Christians in America have heard, with deep sorrow, of the trials and sufferings which you and your people have so long endured, in these lands of Mŭhammedan oppression. And it is, be assured, our ardent desire and unceasing prayer, that the Lord of Hosts may at all times be your Deliverer and Protector, and that the richest blessings of heaven may be poured abundantly upon you and your nation. And whatever we shall be able to accomplish, to aid you and your people, which you and they shall desire, by way of establishing schools and circulating the Scriptures, we shall be most happy to do. We are servants of the Lord Jesus Christ and your servants for Jesus' sake.

We have much pleasure in becoming acquainted with your good bishops and your people in Oróomiah. Of late we have also had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from your venerable brother, the learned priest Zadoc. Still greater would be our happiness, to become acquainted with yourself; and we indulge the fond hope, that,

should Providence permit, we may, at some future time, when we shall have become able to speak your language with ease, do ourselves, the pleasure to visit you.

That your life and health, Reverend Sir, may be precious in the sight of the Lord, and that yours may be the exalted privilege of those of whom the prophet says, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever,"

Is the fervent prayer of,

Yours very respectfully and sincerely,

(Signed) J. PERKINS.

March 27. A Mūhammedan, Saudoc by name, who was formerly my servant and is now in the employ of Mr. Nisbet, came recently to Oróomiah on business. As he had occasion to remain here a few days, unoccupied, we hired him to return to Tabréez, in the interval and bring us missionary funds, not being able ourselves, without much difficulty, to leave our work for that purpose, and it is not practicable to have our bills negotiated at Oróomiah. Saudoc rode my horse. When he had been absent some days longer than we anticipated, we became apprehensive that he had proved treacherous and absconded. I started therefore this morning, in a heavy storm of rain, to go to Tabréez and see what had become of him, taking with me a Nestorian attendant. Our ride over the plain was very unpleasant, the deep mud at this season, softened by the rain, rendering much of the road almost impassable. We reached Kooshchée, a Mūhammedan village forty miles distant from the city, after sunset, and stopped there for the night. As a villager was conducting us into his yard for lodgings, a boy led *my old horse* out of the stable to water, which was my first intimation that Saudoc was there, on his way to Oróomiah. I was much relieved by meeting him with our funds, so near the city, but was not a little pained, and at the same time somewhat amused, to find what airs of consequence he was assuming among the villagers. On seeing my old horse, my Nestorian attendant instantly forced him from the boy who was leading him to water, demanding, "*whose* horse is this?" "The Emeer-i-nîzâm's, (commander in chief's,) artlessly responded the astonished boy. The explanation of this answer was, that *Saudoc*, who is capable of personating almost any character, had on his arrival at the village announced himself as a Persian noble, a deputy of the commander in chief—and had required of the villagers attentions and gratuitous services, corresponding to his assumed rank and importance. One of the unsuspecting villagers was accordingly leading his horse to water, a second was washing his feet, a third brushing his boots and others preparing for him a sumptuous meal. Saudoc was a little disconcerted by my sudden appearance, particularly as the unceremonious seizure of the old horse, by my Nestorian companion, excited wonder and inquiry among the villagers.

He soon became composed, however, and readily satisfied the people by telling them, as I afterwards learned, that I was his friend, and had rode forty miles in the rain, that day, for the sole purpose of showing him the respect and attention of coming so far to meet him! As he is a very good specimen of Persian tact and skill in assuming and sustaining borrowed airs,* I may give the reader one or two more adventures of his. He is the same individual who accompanied me into Turkey, and silenced the inquiries of the Koordish chief that met us on the way, by reporting me to be *an ambassador*, with an armed retinue in the rear. While at Erzróom, on that tour, he one day fell into a quarrel with a Turkish military officer, a captain in rank, who struck him in the altercation. Saudoc, though a stranger in the place, lost no time in making his way directly to the palace of the Pashâ, and announced himself as the Mehmandâr (convoy) of an English noble, and represented his own consequence and the outrage he had received in so graphic and glaring a manner, that the Pashâ apprehended the officer and bastinadoed him severely, without making an inquiry. At evening, Saudoc returned to my lodgings and detailed to me the adventure, and on my asking him why he did not come to me with his difficulty, he replied, "I knew you would pronounce me as much to blame as the Turk, and would not allow me to go to the Pashâ and complain."

At a subsequent period, Saudoc was sent to Oróomiah, by a native merchant of Tabréez, with goods to peddle. To the custom-house officers, on this occasion, he declared that his loads belonged to *us*, in order that they might pass free of duty, knowing that our boxes of books, etc., were allowed to pass free. To the governor, he announced himself as *Saudoc beg* (bey) a companion in trade of an English merchant, well known and much respected in Persia. And to us, he presented himself as having risen to the grade of a merchant trading on his own responsibility. We happened, about the same time, to call on the governor, and his Excellency gravely inquired whether we were acquainted with *Saudoc beg*, the companion of an English merchant, and then in the ctiy; and his Excellency was not a little mortified, in view of the attentions which he had shown the said Saudoc *beg*, when we informed him, in regard to his real standing and character.

All classes in Persia are thus given to duplicity. I have known ignorant muleteers practise artful evasions and intrigues that have equally pained and astonished me. On reaching a village in Turkey, in one instance, our muleteer turned out his horses upon a fine lot of mowing. The villagers remonstrated and threatened to report him to their Pashâ, who was expected to pass that way, the same day. "Who is the Pashâ?" replied the muleteer with the most perfect

* The reader who is acquainted with Morier's novel, entitled, Hâjee Baba in Persia, may imagine the hero of that work to be personified in this same Saudoc.

non-chalance. "Why this gentleman is an ambassador, whom I am conducting to Persia; and your Pashâ is coming this way, only to escort him through the country." The poor villagers, not knowing but every European might be an ambassador, however small his retinue and humble his equipage, were frightened and silenced, by this reply of the muleteer, and would have allowed their mowing to be fed down by his horses, without another word of remonstrance, had I not interfered in their favor.

April 5. We held an examination of our school and the first term closed. I have attended many literary examinations in America; but never have I witnessed a scene which equalled the intellectual, as well as the moral, sublimity of to-day's exhibition,—more than thirty young Nestorians, here in the heart of Asia, scarcely three months in school, yet acquitting themselves with a degree of promptness and propriety, which I never saw surpassed. My heart swells with gratitude to God, in view of what I have this day beheld. Most amply am I repaid for all the care and toil which I have bestowed on this our first missionary school. We are much cheered with the hope, that this seminary is destined in the hands of the Lord, to become a radiant centre, from which a flood of light shall go forth, in all directions, to bless these benighted regions. As most of the two weeks' vacation of our school is to be occupied with the religious festival of Easter, our translators have also gone home. A mountain weight of labor and care seems to be taken from me in their absence and the dispersion of the school. We gave to three of the boys who are extremely indigent, yet good scholars, a suit of plain clothes each, and engaged to continue to clothe them on condition that their parents shall keep them in school seven years, that they may become thoroughly educated teachers. Each suit of clothes, including a cap, cost one dollar and seventy-five cents. The change in the appearance of the boys, on taking off their tattered garments and putting on new ones, was scarcely less striking than the metamorphoses which take place in some of the lower orders of the animal kingdom. The scholars all manifested a strong attachment to the school, when they left it, and said they should be anxious soon to return.

April 11. We visited Gĕog-tapá, in compliance with an invitation sent to us yesterday. As we approached the village, our attention was arrested by hundreds of children and youth of both sexes, assembled on the side of the hill that gives name to the village, engaged in dancing on the bare ground. This is a very favorite amusement, among the Nestorians, during their festivals. The males and females, alternating in a line, interlock their fingers, and form a circle or semi-circle, and thus move a few yards in one direction and then back, in a measured kind of jump, usually in connexion with the harsh rattle and screech of rude drums and clarionets, and the gingling of the strings of coarse metal ornaments, with which the girls on such occasions are heavily loaded.

We called at the house of priest Abraham, where Mar Elias, the bishop resident in this village, soon joined us, and together we ascended the beautiful hill to survey the plain. Hundreds of the villagers gathered around us, with gleeful countenances, but their joy was soon dissipated, by the appearance of a Mŭhammedan *mōhasíl, sheriff*, among them, accompanied by two soldiers, to collect taxes. The sheriff was under some restraint by our presence, and was therefore milder than usual in his measures to extort money from the Nestorians. We dined with the bishop, with whom we had an extremely interesting visit. I find no Nestorian, whose conversation savors so much of seriousness and apparent religious feeling as that of Mar Elias; and he has the reputation among his people of being the most pious man—*man of God*, as the Eastern phrase is—in the whole province. He loves to talk of Christ and salvation, and I almost dare to hope, that he has felt the power of the gospel in his heart.

In the evening, we attended a Mŭhammedan wedding, to which we had received a repeated invitation. The bridegroom is the son of a Khân, very high in rank, who resides quite near us. We called at the door by which we had been accustomed to enter the Khân's mansion, but were informed that the house was filled with *ladies*, who had assembled there to celebrate the wedding; and we were directed to the next door—the house of the Khân's brother. Persian females are not allowed to be present with males at weddings. The guest-chamber to which we were conducted, is a splendid room, fifty feet long and twenty feet wide, elegantly carpetted. Carpets, and the mangel, (*fire-pan*,*) in winter, are the only articles of furniture used by the nobility in Persia. Sitting upon the floor and eating with the fingers, are *economical* customs. A row of Persian nobles sat shoulder to shoulder around the great hall. At the head, was Jenghâir Khân, eldest son of the governor. As we entered the room, he rose and beckoned us to seats by himself. Thus seated, we had on one hand this son of the governor, a high Moollâh, a Koordish Pashâ from the region of Mesopotamia, Khâns, begs, sultâns, and so on, in a descending order, down to the servants who stood around the door. On the other hand sat the chief Moollâh of the province; next the commander of the troops of Oróomiah; after him a younger son of the governor, and Khâns, begs, etc., descending in gradation as described on the other side. The utmost precision is observed in being seated in company according to *rank* in Persia, an observance which imparts peculiar vividness in the injunction of Christ, "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down at the highest room, (place,) lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him;

* This is an open copper vessel, about two feet in diameter and six or eight inches deep, mounted on a pedestal or on four legs, about a foot from the floor. It is filled with coals, previously ignited in another apartment; a quince is often laid upon the fire, to fill the room with a pleasant odor.

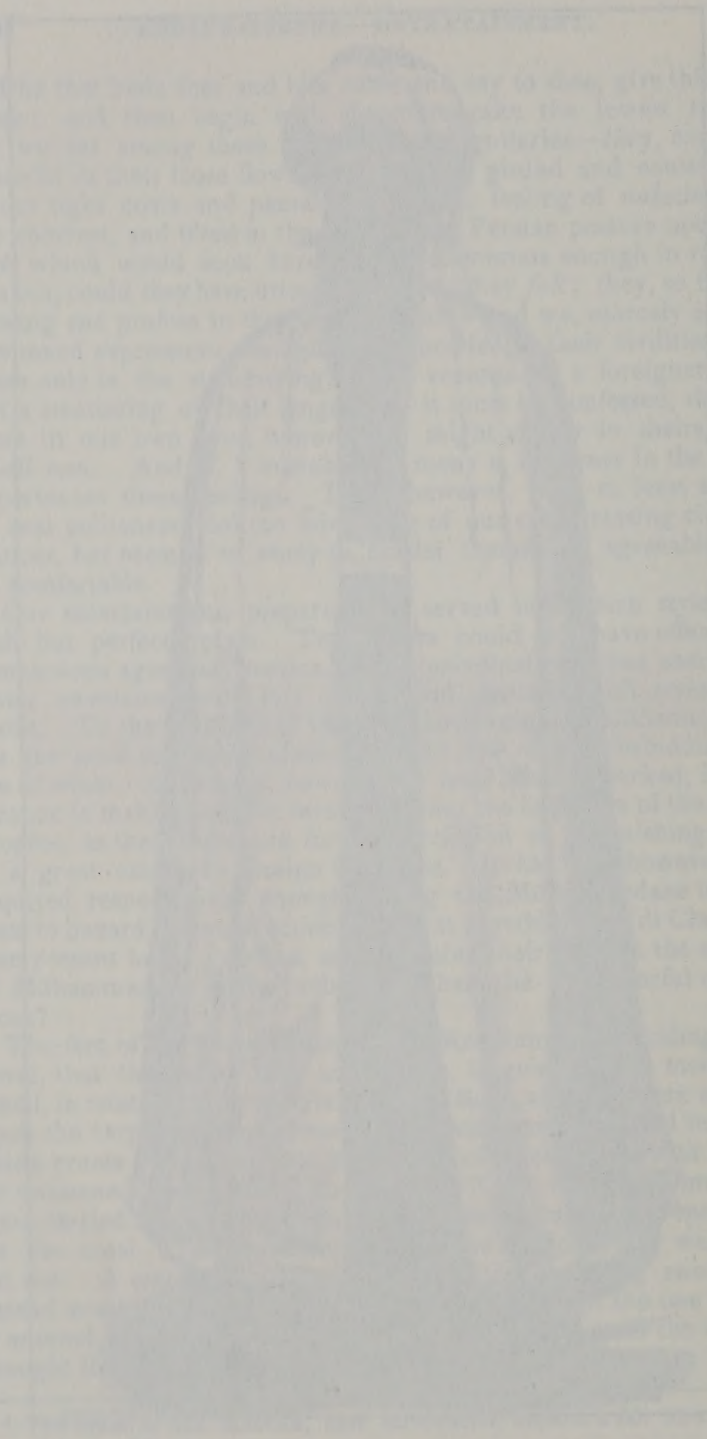
and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room." As we sat among these high Persian dignitaries—*they*, easy and graceful in their loose flowing robes*—*we*, girded and constrained in our tight coats and pantaloons, with a feeling of *nakedness* by the contrast, and tilted in the half sitting Persian posture upon our *feet*, which would soon have become clamorous enough in remonstrance, could they have uttered half what they *felt;* they, so fluent, bowing and profuse in their compliments—and we, scarcely able to command expressions enough to acknowledge their civilities, and these only in the stammering broken accents of a foreigner with but a smattering of their language,—it must be confessed, that we were in our own eyes, however we might appear in theirs, *very small men.* And, if I mistake not, many a foreigner in the East, experiences these feelings. They, however, with at least a *show* of real politeness, took no advantage of our embarrassing circumstances, but seemed to study to render themselves agreeable and us comfortable.

Our entertainment, prepared and served in Persian style, was rich but perfectly plain. The liquors could not have offended a temperance agent in America. The principal one was sherbét—water sweetened with loaf sugar and flavored with some aromatic. To the reproach of the christian name, the Mŭhammedans are the most temperate class in Persia, the Koran forbidding the use of wine. At present, however, as has been remarked, intemperance is making terrible inroads among the followers of the False Prophet, as their reverence for their religion is diminishing; and to a great extent, by foreign influence. It has not, however, yet acquired respectability enough among the Mŭhammedans to lead them to hazard the introduction of wine at a wedding. Will Christendom present to the Persians, as they relax their hold on the system of Mŭhammed, no better substitute, than the most fearful of her vices?

The fact of our being admitted to a Mŭhammedan wedding is so novel, that the reader will indulge me, in going a little more into detail, in relation to our entertainment. Soon after we were seated, upon the carpet, gül-aub, (rose-water,) was passed around in small china cruets and poured into the hands of each guest, with which he moistened and scented his beard. Next, water and napkins were carried around, that each might wash his hands in preparation for the meal. The Persians, like the Jews, except they wash oft, eat not. A cotton table-cloth, four feet wide, and long enough to extend around the great hall on all the sides except the one which is entered by the door, was spread upon the carpet; and the dishes, brought in upon circular copper waiters, perhaps three feet in di-

* The dress of the Moollâh, here introduced, imparts a fair idea of the gracefulness of Persian costume.

A MOOLLAH OR PERSIAN PRIEST.



ameter, were placed upon the cloth. A cluster of four or six individuals, as the case may be, eat in common from the dishes upon a single waiter. The large wooden trays, or waiters, used by the Nestorians and the Mŭhammedan peasants, are employed, by the higher classes, for presenting sweet-meats, at public entertainments, but not for the dishes at a regular meal. Those used by the latter, are often six or eight feet long, elegantly wrought and neatly varnished. First came the sherbét, in cups like tea, sprinkled over with a delicious mucilaginous seed. Next was brought the principal meal, the main article of which was pilâv*—boiled rice, (next to bread, the Persians' staff of life,)—served up with baked lamb and fowls. For plates, we used the very thin large bread cakes of the country; and for knives and forks, our fingers, reclining on the left elbow and using only the right hand. At the close of the meal, water was passed around and we again washed our hands. The conversation had all the while been lively, but dignified. The two high Moollâhs now retired, from a sense of propriety, as it afterwards appeared, just as clergymen in America are accustomed to retire, before recreations, savoring of levity, are introduced.

We also rose to retire with the Mŭhammedan ecclesiastics, but the ruler of the feast importuned us to stay a little longer, and to gratify his wishes and amuse our own curiosity, we remained. "Music and dancing" were soon introduced. The musicians were three in number, two using tambourines, and one, a rude violin. They played plaintive, oriental airs and accompanied their instruments with their voices, in shrill, screeching tones, that to an American or European ear sound most like the cries of distress. There was only a single dancer, but he a very nimble one, now whirling upon his heels with the velocity of a top and anon leaping all over the room, assuming the most eccentric attitudes and grimaces, and occasionally turning a summerset. This dancer is a Lesgi, by nation, from the south-eastern corner of the Caucasus. Numbers of these people have from time immemorial strolled over these regions in the capacity of minstrels. The music and dancing continued about half an hour, at the close of which we retired. The main zest of an American wedding was wanting in this, viz. the presence

* This favorite oriental dish is difficult to describe, and yet more difficult to imitate, though it is simply, *cooked rice*. The rice is first boiled, but in such a manner that the kernels are preserved whole, though fully swollen. The water is then poured off, after which the rice is further cooked with a plenty of butter; and if roast lamb or chickens constitute a part of the meal, these are laid upon the rice, which adds to its delicate seasoning. Onions, of which the Persians are very fond, are sometimes boiled or fried, and laid also upon the rice—the latter in all cases forming the substratum and the essential part of the meal. I must be allowed honestly to testify my attachment to Pilâv, though not particularly fond of rice as cooked in America. And I may say in general, that it is not, in my opinion, merely an *acquired* taste, which renders several oriental dishes as great favorites with Europeans and Americans who reside in the East, as the dainties of their native countries.

of the married pair. Among the Persians, the nuptials are performed privately by the Moollâhs, at the mosks. The wedding was grand and imposing, however, and vividly reminded us of the force of the parables of our Saviour, in which he represents the kingdom of heaven under the figure of an Eastern noble making a "marriage for his son." As christian missionaries, too, we rejoiced that the Lord gives us such favor in the eyes of these Mŭhammedans, as to be admitted to their highest circles and to sit socially with their most venerated Moollâhs—pointing us, as this sign of the times does, to the decay of Mŭhammedan prejudice, and the approaching period, when the followers of the False Prophet will rejoice to receive from the missionary's lips the glad tidings of salvation.

April 12. To-day the eldest son of the governor sent for us to visit him in his summer palace—the *chăhâr-bŏrj—four towers.* We accompanied the messenger, and a walk of a quarter of a mile brought us within the walls of a superb specimen of oriental magnificence. I had often visited the residence of the Prince Royal at Tabréez, and been impressed with its grandeur; but it is quite inferior to this palace which was reared by the former governor of Oróomiah. The Khân accompanied us into each room and to the top of the building, with the utmost familiarity. Some of the rooms have their interior walls almost entirely covered with gilded mirrors, and others, with portrait and fancy paintings. The paintings are gaudy, but not, according to our ideas, elegant and tasteful. The fancy representations are mostly scenes of the chase, several of which present Abbas Meerza, the late and favorite heir-apparent, on horseback and in the act of spearing the ferocious wild boar. In the spacious court enclosed by the wings of the palace, are artificial fountains; and the whole forms a good specimen of a Persian paradise. From the top of one of the overlooking towers, we enjoyed a commanding view of the vast plain and the surrounding mountains.

When we had surveyed the whole, the Khân invited us to go to a chamber on the premises and drink tea with him. Tea is the customary treat, in exchanging calls, among the higher classes in Persia. Sometimes both coffee and tea are brought forward; and a more formal attention still is tea, coffee and rose-water—the latter for scenting the beard—but neither coffee, nor rose-water, nor both together can properly supersede tea, where much respect is intended. Instead of a decoction from the China plant, however, hot cinnamon water is often offered, as a favorite beverage; but it must still be served in tea-cups and pass under the denomination of *tea.* The Persians drink their tea very sweet. Their loaf-sugar is imported and expensive; but the nobleman will have it, be the price however exorbitant. To the enjoyment of this grateful beverage, he feels but one abatement, and that is the mode of its clarification, —abhorring, as the Mŭhammedan does, the use of *blood,* or contact with it, in any form. In company with a European acquaintance, I was on another occasion, visiting this same young Khân,

who, to show us a special attention, ordered his *semi-vár*, (Russian tea-urn,) and prepared the tea himself in our presence. As he sat serving the party, he took from the sugar-bowl a snow-white lump and ate it, complacently shaking his head and repeating, *een hílee khŏb est*, this is very excellent. "Yes," sportively replied my European companion, "but it may be *hârâm*, unclean." The young Khân is too much of a soofée to be much troubled, with such scruples; and even a sober Moollâh who was of the party, while his look of embarrassment bespoke his regret at the unwelcome allusion, still drank his sweetened tea with much satisfaction, evidently little disposed to canvass the process by which the sugar had been clarified. This subject has, at different times, however, been a serious matter in Persia. Two or three years ago, a Persian who had been sent to St. Petersburg, to acquire a knowledge of some of the arts, on his return, reported that the unclean infidel Russians clarify the sugar which they import into Persia, not only with blood, as had before been rumored, but even with the *bones* of dead animals and probably of dead men! Representations, from all quarters, were soon poured at the foot of the throne, until his Majesty, to quiet his horrified subjects and impress them with his orthodoxy, issued a mandate that no more loaf sugar should be used in his kingdom! English merchants, in Persia, have for some time been careful to import only such sugar as is clarified by means of steam instead of blood, or at least that which purported to have been thus prepared. This timely provision, the growing laxness of the age and the Persians' sweet teeth, have kept the sugar market open and even increasing, notwithstanding the royal mandate, which has, at the same time, doubtless produced quite as great a check as his Majesty expected or desired it to effect.

In the chamber to which our host conducted us, was another son of the governor and several of his associates, with whom we had an agreeable conversation. Two or three old portable chairs, left there by travellers, were arranged for our convenience. The eldest son of the governor will, doubtless, succeed his father in the government of this province. Ordinary affairs are now entrusted to him. While we sat drinking tea, we witnessed an instance of his administration. A Mŭhammedan culprit was brought up before the window and bastinadoed. Our host taxed himself to the utmost, to render our whole entertainment agreeable; but the unexpected sight of this horrid species of punishment quite sickened our hearts, and made us sensible that we dwell in a dark and barbarous land. Had the Khân suspected that the exhibition would be disagreeable to us, he would by no means have suffered it to take place in our presence. So accustomed are Persian rulers to such scenes, that they think no more of them than of smoking their kaleeóons.

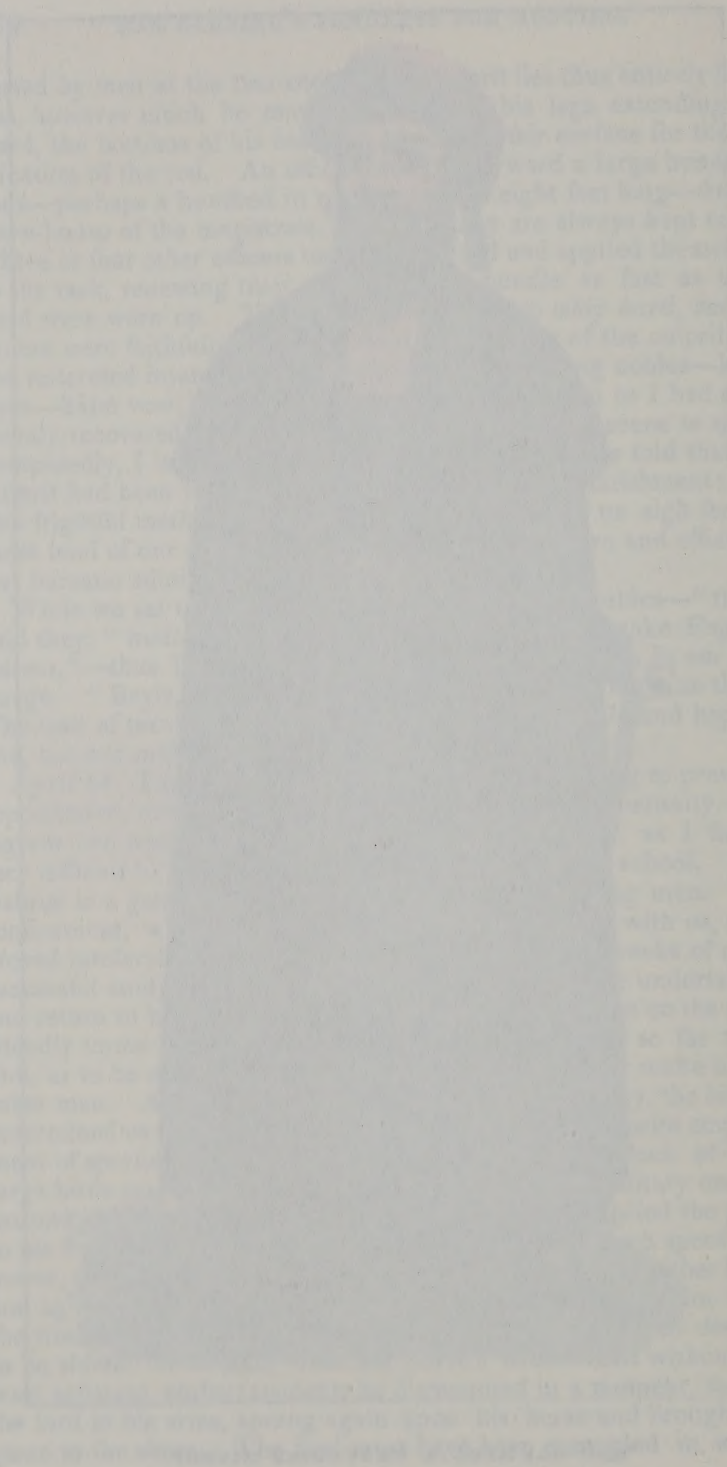
In the Persian method of bastinadoing, the ancles of the culprit are bound to a pole, from ten to fifteen feet long. He is then thrown down upon his back on a pavement and the pole is raised and sup-

ported by men at the two ends. The culprit lies thus entirely helpless, however much he may struggle; and his legs extending upward, the bottoms of his bare feet present a fair surface for the application of the rod. An officer brought forward a large bundle of rods—perhaps a hundred in number, six or eight feet long—from a store-house of the magistrate, in which they are always kept ready. Three or four other officers took each his rod and applied themselves to the task, renewing their rods from the bundle as fast as those used were worn up. The Khân gave orders to *whip hard*, and his orders were faithfully executed, amid the wailings of the culprit and the reiterated injunction of the whole party of young nobles—kâim voor—kâim voor, *whip hard—whip hard.* As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of horror at the scene to speak composedly, I inquired what was the crime, and was told that the culprit had been fighting. He doubtless deserved punishment; but this frightful method of inflicting it, often makes us sigh for the quiet land of our fathers—a land of wholesome laws and efficient, but humane administration.

While we sat in the chamber with these young nobles—"this," said they; "would be a fine room in which for us to take *English lessons,*"—thus indirectly inviting us to instruct them in our language. "Beyly," (yes,) was the only reply we could make to them. The task of teaching them would be a very agreeable and hopeful one, but our multiplied labors forbid us to undertake it.

April 14. I rode fifteen miles to Ardishâi, according to previous appointment, to visit Mar Gabriel. I embrace the opportunity, during our two weeks' vacation, to visit distant villages, as I find it very difficult to leave home, in the term time of our school. Mar Gabriel is a generous and noble, but still wild young man. His confinement, when he commenced learning English with us, soon proved intolerable to his restless spirit. After a few weeks of quite successful study, he felt constrained to relinquish the undertaking and return to his favorite fishing and hunting. We are on the most friendly terms with him; but I fear we shall not soon so far tame him, as to be able to give him a thorough education or make him a sober man. Ardishâi is quite near the lake; and to-day, the bishop entertained us with a most romantic feat in it, in his favorite employment of sporting. As he rode down to the shore, a flock of very large birds rose from the water and flew away. A solitary one remained in the lake; and the bishop observing it, applied the goad to his fleet horse and galloped into the water with such speed and power, as to open a channel, heave up walls of waves on either hand and agitate the lake to a considerable distance around him. By the time he approached the fowl, the water had become so deep as to be almost on a level with his horse's back. But without the least apparent embarrassment, he dismounted in a moment, caught the bird in his arms, sprang again upon his horse and brought his game to the shore. The fowl must have been entangled in weeds

MAR GABRIEL, A NESTORIAN BISHOP.



—or possibly taken in snares which are sometimes set in the water for that purpose. The beholders, quite engrossed with such a feat of agility in the bishop, had thought little of the bird; but when it was presented on the shore, it proved, to us at least, to be a wonderful curiosity. It was the flamingo.* The bishop was happy to present to us the splendid prize which he had taken. We brought it home alive, but removed from its native element—the salt-water—it soon died. The Persians say that it eats nothing but salt and mud. Its flesh is regarded by the natives as quite delicious.

Mar Gabriel, we still hope, may become an important auxiliary in our missionary work. The most unfavorable trait in his character is, that he is "given to much wine." He appears to be very friendly to our object. Were we to request him to aid us in establishing schools, in his diocese, he would not probably enter with much interest personally into the matter; but out of regard to us he might issue orders that his priests should all engage at once in the undertaking. He is strictly *sui generis* among the bishops. Were we, instead of requesting him to aid us in establishing schools, to commission him to take for us a thousand ducks from the lake, or half that number of hyænas from the mountains, he would regard the commission as an honorable and no less agreeable one,—would mount his horse and shoulder his musket and hardly give himself time to sleep till so important a work were accomplished. Devoted as he is to sporting, he, however, needs but the transforming power of divine grace, to make him "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

This youthful bishop, though unable long to confine himself over his books, has, ever since the trial, attached very high importance to the acquisitions which he made, during the two or three weeks that he spent with us. Indeed, he conceives his knowledge of English to be already very considerable, having become able to pronounce most of the words in the first chapter of Matthew. To the inquiry of the Patriarch's brother, on one occasion, whether the English is a difficult language, "O no," he promptly replied, "I acquired it in less than three weeks." And almost as often as any of the missionaries visit him,—particularly the younger members of the mission, soon after their arrival in the country,—he produces his spelling-book of his own accord, and to impress them with his acquisitions as gravely as magnifically recites his lesson, selecting always the second page, and rapidly going through; ba—be—bi—bo—etc., affording one of the most comical exhibitions that can well be conceived.

April 6. In company with Mr. Hoernle, I rode to the village of Adá, sixteen miles from the city, to visit Mar Joseph. This bishop is more than fifty years old, but has all the vigor and buoyancy of a young man. His vivacity differs, however, from that of Mar Gabriel, "the mighty hunter." While he is active and social—often

* See the description in the note on page 7.

playful and very shrewd, he is still sufficiently dignified. He has for some time resided with us, but was now at home keeping the festival of Easter. When we arrived, he was on the point, as he informed us, of calling some of his friends together, to celebrate the birth of our son—now two days old—intelligence of which had just reached him. The birth of a *son*, in Persia, is always the occasion of almost immoderate joy to the friends and acquaintances of its parents, while the birth of a daughter fills the same circle with sorrow and mortification; so little is the worth and influence of females appreciated, in Mŭhammedan countries.

The bishop welcomed us very cordially and soon commenced preparing us a dinner with his own hands. Having resided for some time in our families, he was desirous to have a meal more nearly resembling ours than his servants could prepare. In his little chest, he had carefully laid up a small quantity of sugar and tea and two new tea-cups and saucers, which he had purchased the week previous, in anticipation of our visit. We wondered at this, inasmuch as we had never before been treated to tea, among the Nestorians—the Mŭhammedans only being able to furnish that expensive beverage. Mar Joseph, it seemed, would have something very extraordinary on the occasion. It was quite amusing to witness his *preparation* of the *tea*. He brought forward the tea, sugar and cold water and would have poured them all into one vessel and boiled them together, had we not instructed him otherwise. By a little of our assistance, however, he succeeded in making ready a good cup of tea. A portion of his sugar being left, the bishop next undertook to prepare for us a *custard*. In this experiment, he commenced in much the same way as in the preparation of the tea; but by our assistance, he again succeeded very well. So anxious was the good bishop that we should be comfortably entertained, that he was on his feet and in profuse perspiration, notwithstanding our remonstrances, two-thirds of the day. Many Nestorians of the village called at the bishop's to see us, and our visit was very gratifying. The prominent topic of conversation was the opening of a school in their village, which they all appeared to desire.

May 6. Mr. Merrick arrived from Tabréez, in company with one of the German brethren. After spending a few days with us, they are to start on a tour to Isfahân.

May 7. I baptized our infant son, with the name of *William Riach*, the first being the name of two grandfathers and three uncles, and the last, a name rendered very dear to us by circumstances to which I have alluded.

May 9. Rode out with our missionary brethren from Tabréez, to survey the plain. We happened to take a road which I had never before travelled, and were soon agreeably surprised to find ourselves surrounded by some of the richest and most enchanting views that we had ever seen, even on the plain of Oróomiah. After riding about a mile from the city, under an almost continuous

arbor of willows, two rows of which, on each side of the road with a stream of water running between them, gracefully interlock their branches over the traveller's head, we reached a mound, at least seventy feet high, that rises abruptly from the plain. We ascended it and from its top enjoyed a perfect and most delightful view of the whole district,—of the vast plain with its hundreds of villages—the placid lake and the towering snow-capped mountains. It seemed that a directing Hand had conducted our steps—for we knew not in what direction we should ride when we left the city—to the very spot from which we might enjoy the most perfect survey of this charming country. This high mound is evidently artificial. Its sides have of late been to some extent excavated, for the purpose of procuring large stone which seem to be imbedded in ancient walls. The tradition of all classes, at Oróomiah, is, that this mound occupies a site consecrated by the fire-worshippers, and that during the period of its use, the mound gradually accumulated from the ashes of their perpetual fires. There are several other mounds on the plain, which are the reputed relics of the fire-worshippers. And other sites, in the city and vicinity, are still held sacred, some by Mŭhammedans and others by the Nestorians. One mound similar to that which I have described, is revered by the native Christians. Its interior is composed of huge piles of stones; and the following is their account of it. On that spot, say they, Mar Gewérgis, (St. George,) was murdered by the fire-worshippers; and the Lord, as a punishment, caused so profuse a shower of stones to fall from heaven as completely to entomb the village and rear this lasting monument to the memory of the martyr saint. A few miles west of the city, just at the foot of the mountains, is a village in which the Nestorians say that the apostle Thomas lay sick, several weeks, when he first came from Jerusalem to preach the gospel in these regions. And on the eastern part of the plain, is a village which they hold that the same apostle made his particular home, while he remained in this country. Near this village is an ancient church denominated, St. Thomas. Both Nestorians and Mŭhammedans cherish many superstitions in connection with their hallowed localities. They generally conceive the idea, that such places possess a power to work miraculous cures and they are more or less resorted to for this purpose. I have met with few, however, who profess actually to have been thus cured.

So numerous and childish are the traditions among all classes in the East, that I have learned to place little reliance upon the most cherished of them, the council of Trent investing tradition with such authority notwithstanding. The tomb of the prophet Daniel, for instance, is claimed to be in some half a dozen different places in northern Persia and Georgia, widely distant from each other, and I know not in how many places elsewhere. The American who has been pointed to Plymouth rock, Bunker hill, or Mt. Vernon, and yielded to the hallowed impressions of certainty, must beware how he carries the same reverential feelings into the East, among nations as superstitious, fanciful and false as they are ancient.

May 20. Yesterday an unoffending Jew was publicly beheaded and burned in this city. The enraged Mŭhammedans had, for two or three days, thronged the governor's palace by thousands, demanding that the whole Jewish population of the city should be put to death to a man. And to appease the mob, the governor delivered up this individual. He was arraigned under the accusation of having murdered a Mŭhammedan child. The Mŭhammedans, like the superstitious Papists, cherish the belief, (or *profess* to cherish it,) that the Jews possess an instinctive thirst for human blood, as well as seek human victims for an annual sacrifice. In this instance, a Mŭhammedan infant was found dead, before the door of a Jew. The probability is that the child died a natural death and was thus exposed by interested persons, to rouse public indignation against the poor Jews; and so strong is the hatred of the Mŭhammedans towards the descendants of Israel, that the stratagem proved entirely successful, as is often the case in Mŭhammedan countries. Thus literally is the fearful imprecation of the crucifiers of our Lord—"his blood be on us and our children," fulfilled in their remote unbelieving posterity. The hostility cherished by Mŭhammedans towards the Jews is inconceivably more bitter than their hatred to Christians. The determined aversion which the Jews early manifested to the religion of the impostor is still remembered and strongly resented by his followers.

May 26. I received a letter from the Patriarch, Mar Shimon, in reply to the one which I addressed to him some time ago. The following is a literal translation:

"From the Patriarchal seat, accept the prayers and blessing of Mar Shimon, head of the church and Patriarch of the East.

Your most welcome salutations have been communicated to us, ye faithful, ye blessed, ye true Christians, ye wise, ye exalted ones, ye orthodox, ye holy, ye just, Mr. Perkins—Mr. Grant—lady Charlotte and lady Judith. Ye children of Aaron, ye companions of the disciples; we love you as apostles of our Lord, and we pray the Lord, that from his ocean of mercy, he may grant you peace, may remove from you sorrow and grant you happiness and boundless joy, every week, every day and every hour. May you be beloved and joyous, among the sons of the faithful, forever, Amen and Amen.

Your spiritual salutations we have received, and now we would inquire for your welfare, and would assure you that your highest prosperity is devoutly desired by us,—Amen.

In the next place, we beseech of you a watch, a very excellent and beautiful one, the like of which shall not exist,—Amen.

And furthermore, we request you to communicate to us the time of your coming here, that we may know it, that the Koords, those children of wild asses, may not come in your way to do evil. When we shall hear of your coming we will send men to meet you, that they may bring you to us in safety,—Amen.

Much love and greeting from all the priests, from all the deacons, from all the great ones, from the brothers of Mar Shimon and all the members of the household, great and small. Continue prosperous and firm in the word of our Lord, now and forever,—Amen."

May 27. In conversation with a bishop and priest who are assisting me in translation, they stated the theory embraced by the Nestorians, respecting the origin of the Mŭhammedan system. "Not Mŭhammed himself," said they, "but his tutor, a learned Nestorian, by the name of Sergis, (Sergius,) was the real author of the Koran." "This learned Nestorian," they continued, "was not a designing impostor, but a very mistaken Christian; who, in his zeal to make converts, turned away from preaching the pure gospel, and attempted to lure men by holding out to their imaginations the enticements of a sensual paradise." Whether or not Mŭhammed received the assistance here alleged, in his composition of the Koran, the world is not wanting in illustrations of the terrible effects of setting aside the discriminating traits of the gospel to render it more congenial to the natural inclinations of men, than the form in which its author has revealed it. And the oriental churches from the fourth century—and even much earlier—to the present time, have furnished a fruitful soil of follies, absurdities and corruptions, on which Mŭhammedism might easily take root and extend. How different from the purity and simplicity of apostolic times!

July 3. A Papal Nestorian called at my study, and requested me to receive his brother into our school. The bishops remonstrated, because the boy belongs to a *Catholic* family; but the Catholic still urged his petition, saying that his brother was now only a child, and that he had himself no wish to have him become a Catholic. The Papal Nestorians of this province are few in number; and these few, and indeed all the Catholics of these regions, are very different from those in the Levant, in Europe and in America. Coming but remotely under the wily Jesuit influence that emanates from the seat of the Pope, their characters are but little affected by it. Many apply to me for Bibles. The strongest motive that operates in their case, to incline them to maintain even a *nominal* adherence to Rome, is the idea industriously circulated by Jesuits who have formerly visited these regions, that all Christians of the West are Papists. "You Nestorians," the Jesuits have told them, "are the only exception in the whole world, except the degraded Armenians, who are also now turning; you are few, poor and despised, and will remain so, until you raise yourselves to notice and respectability by becoming allied to 'his holiness' the Pope, the vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, the head of the church and of the world." No nation stands so high, in the general estimation in the East, as the *English*. Nothing therefore was more common than for the emissaries of Rome, who formerly visited these regions, to call themselves Englishmen, and declare the whole English nation to be Papists.

The Nestorians often relate the particulars of their past conflicts with Papists,—particularly the career of the last one who has visited them on this side of the Koordish mountains. His first attempt—a daring one—was to bribe the Nestorian Patriarch. He went directly to his residence, in the Koordish mountains, and as a fully empowered legate, promised him, as I have elsewhere stated, four thousand tomâns, ($10,000,) on condition that he would declare himself and his people subjects of the Pope. Finding mercenary motives ineffectual to accomplish his object, the Jesuit next appealed to the ambition of the Patriarch, telling him that should he become allied to Rome, he would be exalted to be the Pope's lieutenant in all the East. "Tell your master," said the Patriarch, "that I shall never become a Catholic; and should you even induce my whole people, to the last man, to do so, I would sooner become a Dervísh, or a Koordish Moollâh, than degrade myself by alliance with the Pope."

Finding the Patriarch inflexible, the Romish emissary next tried his artifices on the people of this province. A prince, a brother of Abbas Meerza, was then governor of Oróomiah, and had in his employ an old French lady in the capacity of an instructress of European languages. This old lady had acquired a measure of influence with her royal pupil, and the Jesuit found it very convenient to make her his coadjutor. When therefore the Nestorians spurned the rites of Rome as urged upon them by the Papal legate, the old lady, at his instigation, was accustomed to petition the prince to coërce them to submit to the Jesuit's dictation. This system was pursued, until the Nestorians were on the point of rising in determined resistance, and the prince was thus deterred from his oppression.

In some instances, the Papal emissary entered Nestorian churches, declared them the property of the Pope, and hung their walls with images and pictures, which the Nestorians as often indignantly tore down and destroyed. In one case, the Jesuit paid a yet dearer price for his temerity than the loss of his "*gods*." Entering a church in Gĕog-tapá, he commenced adorning it with Romish tapestry, when Mar Elias, the venerable Nestorian bishop resident in that village, came into his church and ordered the intruder to desist. The Jesuit told the bishop that the church was not his, but the Pope's, and in the name of "his holiness," commanded Mar Elias to go out. The worthy Nestorian prelate, though aware that a bishop must be "no striker," yet regarding the emergency such as to justify an exception, took the Jesuit in hand, and gave him such a corporeal castigation, that he was glad to escape with broken images and torn pictures; and this was the last attempt to establish the reign of Popery at Oróomiah before our arrival. Since that period, similar efforts have been renewed, but hitherto with as little success, as we shall have occasion to notice, in subsequent chapters.

July 8. In company with priest Abraham, I rode fifteen miles to a village in the valley of Barandóoz, in pursuit of MSS. to aid us in translation. A low ridge runs down from the great mountain range, several miles, and partly shuts out the district of Barandóoz from the main part of the plain of Oróomiah. The first five or six miles of our ride led us through delightful groves, meadows, wheat-fields, vineyards and gardens. We then crossed the ridge and entered Barandóoz. It is a very fertile valley, containing about twenty villages, and is watered by the largest river—perhaps six rods wide—in the province. On reaching the village of which we were in search, we were conducted to the house of its priest. We were invited into his best room, after standing some time in the hot sun, for it to be swept and put in order. At one end, were three young calves, tied to the wall; and at the other end was spread a piece of an old carpet, on which we were invited to sit. I conversed some time with the priest respecting Bibles and schools. He appeared interested. "In former times," said he, "this village was the residence of successive christian bishops; but now we are sorely oppressed, and everything is in ruins. We have few books and no schools in the district." He engaged to send his son to our school, to whom I promised to give a copy of the Syriac gospels, for which the priest seemed thankful. A dinner of bread and boiled eggs was spread before us, of which we gratefully partook, and then started on our return, charmed with the beauties of the country.

The numerous thick groves of willows and poplars, that grow on the water-courses, in this province, cast a rich green hue over the plain, at this season of the year, which imparts almost a fairy aspect to the land, lake and sky, and seems fully to justify the poetic line of Watts in his version of the seventy-second Psalm—"There Persia glorious to behold." The almost innumerable fields of the finest wheat, and the orchards, vineyards and gardens also impress one, with the idea of boundless and universal plenty, in every earthly enjoyment. And such would actually be the case, were the gospel to rule here and regulate society. But our hearts are often forbidden to enjoy this attractive drapery of nature and these abounding gifts of Providence, by a recollection of the wickedness and wo that reign in the midst of them. One class of the population of this fine country revel in indulgence, and the rest are ground down to the dust to sustain them. In the city of Oróomiah are about one hundred Khâns—nobles of the highest rank—besides begs almost innumerable. Each of these nobles has his retinue of ten—twenty—fifty—seventy-five, or more servants; and a corresponding number of the villages of the peasantry are under contribution to sustain the establishment. And for the hundreds of nobles who reside in the city, the hundreds of villages of the surrounding country are all thus borne down under intolerable, systematic servitude, to say nothing of the oppressive extortions which the particular villages suffer from their respective landlords.

Once a year, and sometimes a whole year in anticipation, come the king's tax-gatherers; and the poor peasants must often then turn out the bread of their families or their clothing, to meet the royal demand—or rather, the far more exorbitant exactions of his rapacious deputies and constables. The regular annual taxation of the native Christians is the following. The *kharáj*, capitation-tax, amounting to five *sahib korâns*, ($1,25). Vineyards, gardens and cotton-fields are taxed twelve and a half *shâhies* (fifteen cents) for each *tănnáp*, a square of about sixty feet. A fifth part of the wheat and of all other grains, belongs to government. A *khâlwâr*, (which is about six hundred pounds,) of *straw*, at the threshing-floors, pays two and a half *sahib korâns*—about sixty cents. A female buffalo is taxed sixty cents; a cow, thirty-three cents; and a sheep, ten cents. The males of cattle that labor are not subject to taxation, the exemption being intended to encourage their increase and augment the productions of the soil.

The Mŭhammedan peasantry are nominally subject to the same amount of annual taxation as the native Christians, except the capitation-tax, which is peculiar to the latter, and is regarded as the price of their privilege of professing Christianity. The Christians, however, suffer much more from wanton extortion, than the Mŭhammedans. The legal taxation by the government would be found quite tolerable to both classes, were it not for the numberless and nameless illegal exactions in addition, which the peasantry suffer from the collectors and inferior officers; and the yet heavier burden that bears constantly upon them, in the habitual extortions of their oppressive landlords. Custom allows to these landlords a variety of annual contributions, from their serfs. From each household, they are entitled to five days of gratuitous labor, two loads of dried manure moulded into cakes for fuel, twenty eggs and two fowls. But these contributions are all wantonly increased to almost any extent, at the will of the oppressor, and the ability of the sufferer.

I may not find it more convenient elsewhere than here, to speak somewhat at length of the sources of the public revenue in Persia, and this I can do in the shortest form, by quoting from two or three paragraphs* of Malcolm on the subject. I may premise that the soil, in that country, is owned chiefly by the hereditary nobility and the clergy. A portion of it, perhaps a fifth, is the property of the crown, (*khâlisá*,) being also farmed by the higher classes. Very little is possessed by the tillers, who, as I have before stated, sustain to the owners the relation of serfs to lords. 'The fixed revenue,' says Malcolm, 'is chiefly derived from government lands, from taxes and imposts on landed property, and on every species of goods and merchandize. Crown lands are cultivated by the peasantry on terms very favorable to the cultivator. When the crop has been measured by an officer appointed for the purpose, if the seed be supplied by

* Parts only of the paragraphs referred to are quoted.

government, it is returned; and ten per cent. of the whole is next put aside for the reapers and threshers; after which the remainder is equally divided between the cultivator and the king. Lands that are the property of individuals pay according to their situation in respect to water. When the supply is certain and obtained from a flowing stream, they pay twenty per cent. on produce, after deducting seed and the allowance before stated. If the water comes from aqueducts, they pay fifteen per cent.; and if from wells or reservoirs, only five.'

Of other sources of revenue, Malcolm remarks, 'A part of the fixed revenue is derived from ground-rents of houses, rents of caravanseráis, baths, shops, water-mills, manufactures, and duties on all kinds of foreign and home merchandize. The revenue collected from shops is very considerable. When these belong to government, a rent is fixed proportionate to the gain, derived by those who hire them; when they belong to individuals, the government claims twenty per cent. on their annual profits. The principles on which the whole of the fixed revenue is settled are just and moderate; and the system is so perfectly understood, that it is [not necessarily] attended with either difficulty or oppression. But unfortunately, the monarchs have never been satisfied with this, and its justice and moderation only serve to make the people feel, more sensibly, the irregular and oppressive taxes they are continually exposed to. The first of these may be termed usual and extraordinary presents. The usual presents to the king are those made annually, by all governors of provinces, and districts, chiefs of tribes, ministers, and all other officers in high charge, at the feast of *noo-rose*, or vernal equinox. Every officer of high rank must make this annual offering, which is indeed deemed a part of the revenue and falls ultimately on the farmers, cultivators and manufacturers. The amount paid is generally regulated by usage; to fall short, is loss of office; and to exceed, is increase of favor. There are extraordinary presents, of a less definite nature, but which are also of very considerable amount. Every person appointed to a high employment makes a present as a token of gratitude. It is usually settled before he is nominated, and may often be deemed the purchase-money of his station. The produce of fines, imposed by the customary law, and of involuntary presents extorted from such as are suspended or dismissed from employment, which are levied on the pretext of their delinquency, is very considerable.'

'The most oppressive of all the imports is called *Sâdir*, a term which means a public requisition and as opposed to *Mâliât*, or fixed revenue, denotes taxation raised to provide for extraordinaries. If an addition is made to the army—if the king desires to construct an aqueduct or build a palace—if troops are marching through the country and require to be furnished with provisions—if a foreign mission arrives in Persia—if one of the royal family is married—in short, on any occurrence more than ordinary, an impost is laid,

sometimes on the whole kingdom, at others only on particular provinces. The sâdir extends to all classes. It usually bears lightest on the wandering tribes, not only because they are the poorest, but because they are the most impatient of such taxation. It falls heaviest upon the proprietors of estates and citizens. It is, or rather ought to be, levied according to defined rules, and every person should pay the *sâdir*, in the same proportion as he pays the mâlîât; but the governors of provinces usually exercise an arbitrary discretion in collecting this tax which renders it more oppressive. They settle the gross amount each village is to pay, and this affords them an opportunity of showing partiality and committing injustice. This tax is very severe upon the poorer classes of cultivators, from the necessity of selling the crops upon the ground, at a low price, in order to pay it.'*

The lower classes in Persia are thus literally and strictly *rayahs—flocks*—which are kept merely for their *fleece;* and they are usually shorn so often and closely as greatly to diminish their value and the profit of the owner. So grasping is the hand of avarice that the fowl itself that lays the golden egg is not unfrequently killed. It is not natural to Persia, and especially this part of it, to be a wretched country. It is her oppressive government, her army of idle despots and the general corruption of her morals, that fills this fair inheritance with wailing and wo. Said our Meerza, on one occasion, "Our country is miserable, and has no health." Why, I inquired. "Because the great men are poor and have no money," he replied. Mistaken man! May he and his countrymen learn the true source of their misery—their wickedness—and embrace their only remedy, the gospel.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNAL: AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1836.

We rode out about two miles from the city, Aug. 22, by invitation of the governor, to witness the ceremony of *Khâllât Pooshân, putting on the robe*, i. e. a robe of honor, received by the chief magistrate as a token of favor from the king. In this instance, both the governor and his eldest son received robes, the latter, as an expression of royal congratulation, in prospect of his soon being married to a daughter of the old king. To-day, the intended bride reached Oróomiah, after a long journey from Tehrân, and her arrival added much to the interest of the occasion.

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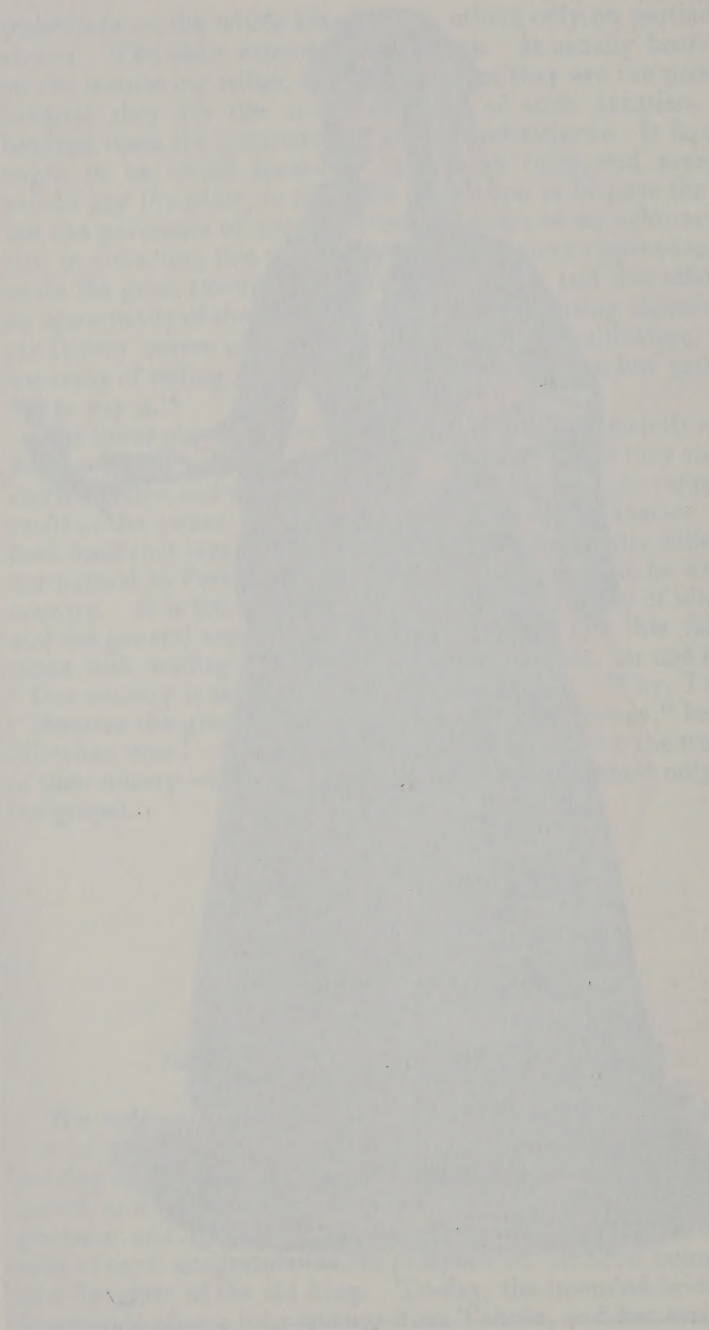
* Hist. of Persia, Vol. II. p. 336 et seq.

A PERSIAN LADY AT HOME.



The governor and his son put on their robes of honor in private tents, and then presented themselves in the same, under a splendid pavilion, to which we had been previously conducted. The sides of this tent were open, and under and around it sat scores of the Mŭhammedan priesthood and nobility, and farther back stood many thousands of all classes of the people. In the midst of this concourse, a Moollâh rose, and with a voice like a Stentor, read three highly commendatory letters, forwarded by the king, with the robes of honor, to the governor and his son. Persian rulers derive most of their authority from impressions communicated on these occasions. The assembled multitude, seeing the gorgeous garments and listening to the flowery compliments from the king to their governor, are led to consider him as one of His Majesty's favorites, and their loyalty is kept alive, by the annual arrival and display of these tokens of royal approbation.

After the Moollâh had read the letters from the king, trays* of delicious sweetmeats were placed before those who were privileged to sit under and around the governor's tent. Those first served greedily filled their pockets and handkerchiefs with the sweetmeats, and others more modest but equally entitled to them, were sent empty away. The governor rode on a mile or two beyond the scene of the celebration, unattended, except by his body guard, to meet and escort his son's bride. The concourse remained, awaiting his return, and after an hour, his Excellency came, with the royal stranger and her great retinue, and all filed in and proceeded to the city. The beauty of the bride we could not avouch nor call in question, as she was closely veiled, in the manner in which Mŭhammedan females are required to be in public. The accompanying drawing gives a good idea of the appearance of Persian ladies at home and we may at least presume that the Princess was as fair as this representation. Among the higher classes, the ladies devote a large portion of their time to the toilet. Inspection of the drawing will remind the reader that *painting* and *tight-lacing* are not confined to the Western continent. Persian ladies color their eyebrows black—the hair being combed down upon the forehead and cut short above them—the nails both of their fingers and toes† auburn, and their cheeks, red. They commonly have a *belle* drawn upon the back of their toilet mirror, with which they compare their own persons, till their resemblance to the model is such as to satisfy them. Many who aspire to the highest grade, in taste, add to painting the charms of tattooing the face and neck, as indicated in the drawing. The females, among the Mŭhammedans, are good-looking and often handsome. They are more or less allied to the "Georgian beauties" of school geographies, having regular Caucasian faces, with

* The large wooden waiter, already described.

† In summer, Persian ladies do not wear stockings, and in their houses, they go without shoes; and delicate feet are with them as much an object of study as delicate hands.

complexions often almost as light as our own; but always a heavy masculine expression, far enough removed from the delicate features of American ladies. Their hair and eyes are uniformly black; and these, with the labors of the toilet, their shrill voices and not too modest air, give to them, in the eyes of the other sex, a very fascinating, or more strictly, bewitching appearance. The female children of the higher classes go to school with the males enough to learn to read and write; but neither the ideas and usages of the country nor their text-books are such as to excite and encourage in them a desire for mental accomplishment, so much as for personal decoration and the arts of coquetry—nor does their education, if it polish, essentially elevate their character. The nuptial parties were preceded by a large number of musicians and professional dancers, who made the whole region resound with their music, which, with the leaping, gambols, prostrations and other feats of the dancers was kept up till they reached the governor's palace. Pomp and noise are indispensable items, in all public entertainments in Persia.

Both sides of the road were lined, for a great distance, with men, women and children, as we advanced towards the city. Not less probably than ten or twelve thousand persons were thus crowded together, eager to see and to hear. As we passed the last group, said Mar Joseph, who accompanied us, "could I have my wish, it would be to behold all this vast multitude lying *dead corpses.*" Such was the language of a christian bishop! "What do you mean?" said I to him. "I mean as I say," he replied; "they are Mŭhammedans and blaspheme the Messiah." I asked him whether he remembered, on one occasion, when Christ was reviled on earth, some of his disciples proposed to call down fire from heaven and consume the revilers, and their Master said to them, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." The good bishop felt and acknowledged the justice of the rebuke. He is naturally a very kind, amiable man; but neither he nor his people seem to know the meaning of *christian compassion.* Trodden down by their Mŭhammedan rulers, they never think of forgiving them, but as the only retaliation in their power, draw a miserable satisfaction from cherishing the most inveterate hatred toward their oppressors.

I was once forcibly reminded of the depth of this hatred, by its development at the funeral of an aged Khân, who, like others of his rank, had grievously oppressed his serfs. The villagers—all Nestorians—came to the city, as the custom is in such cases, and assembled before the door of the deceased, to make lamentation and tender their condolence to the widow and family. One of our native helpers, who happened to be passing the dwelling at the time, halted a few moments to listen to the loud expressions of their grief, some of which he retained and related to me,—such for instance as the following, "The wicked old oppressor is dead; we are glad of it; he is receiving the reward of his iniquity; may his whole household soon follow him." The bereaved Mŭhammedan family did

not understand the Nestorian language in which the villagers thus gave utterance to their sorrow, but were little disposed to question their sincerity, accompanied as their exclamations were, with violent beating of the breast, and piteous sobs and wailings.

The influence of our mission, under the divine blessing, is, however, adequate to effect a radical change in this people. And it is delightful to contemplate our labors, and still more to engage in them, with such an object in view. The means which we are now using, to accomplish the work, are the daily instruction of the seven ecclesiastics in our families; familiar intercourse with the members of our seminary, about fifty in number, and their stated religious as well as other instruction; the free circulation of the Scriptures, in the ancient language; the establishment of schools in the villages as fast as practicable; and visiting among the people to the utmost extent that our other duties will allow. We hope much from the almost sixty Nestorians collected on our premises. They come directly under our influence. Many of them are ecclesiastics; two are bishops whose word is law; they are from all parts of the province; and through them, as arteries, we hope our influence will extend, until it shall gradually reach every village, hamlet and human habitation in the nation.

During our first year's residence at Oróomiah, we suffered much from sickness. It was late in November, in a climate almost as cold as that of New England, that we were obliged to repair and plaster the dilapidated mud-walled houses which we rented to live in. The rooms had little opportunity to dry; and while the barley, from the straw mixed with the mud, grew from the walls of our own sleeping room, which communicated with the apartment in which we lived and was thus partially warmed, the *frost* stiffened the bedclothes of the lamented Mrs. Grant, whose sleeping room was not even thus warmed; and these exposures, during that winter, did much to undermine our systems, and render them an easy prey to disease. Such exposure should have been avoided, perhaps even at the expense of deferring, a few months longer, our settlement at Oróomiah. But so ripe and inviting is our field—so eager and impatient were the people for instruction, that we felt constrained to forget ourselves, while we entered as speedily as possible upon our labors for their salvation. The climate of Oróomiah, as has been stated, is also very hostile to foreigners. When the first spring and summer came, sickness seized upon us like a strong man armed. The other individuals of our mission were repeatedly and violently attacked with fever and ague, and with ophthalmy—a burning inflammation of the eyes—during the early part of the season. My own health remained good, and I continued all my labors unremitted, till about the middle of August, when I was seized by a bilious fever, of a most obstinate and malignant character, as described in the extracts of my journal which follow.

Sept. 12. Am just raised from the brink of the grave, whither

I was carried by a fever, which ran with terrible violence under the burning sun of a Persian summer, fifteen days. The last three days, I lay quite insensible, and at last speechless; and our missionary circle nearly or quite despaired of my life. But He, at whose bidding diseases come and go, stayed the progress of mine, even when it seemed to be doing its last work, and brought me back to life and my labors.

While I lay thus sick, Dr. and Mrs. Grant were seized with fever and ague, and our babe was at the same time brought so low by a violent attack of the croup, that for several days, there appeared to be no prospect of its recovery. Our circumstances were of course very dependent and trying. The Nestorians sympathized deeply with us, and rendered us all the aid in their power. The Mŭhammedans also manifested much concern, and sent often to inquire how we were. Our missionary labors are much interrupted by this sickness. They had been highly prosperous during the summer. We had just opened schools in three of the largest villages, the residences of bishops, which still continue. But our translations—preparation of tracts and school-cards, and our seminary are all standing still. In the school-room, too, where I was accustomed to preach to more than fifty Nestorians, on the Sabbath, no congregation assembles, there now being no preacher. I hope fellow-laborers will hasten on, that when one of us is sick, the others may perform at least a part of the work, which is so imperiously demanded to be done.

Sept. 15. I started for Tabréez, on business, but at this time especially with the hope of enjoying a less febrile atmosphere, and hastening the recovery of my health. I was still so weak that I was obliged to be lifted upon my horse; but when mounted, I found myself so much in my element that I could ride thirty miles without stopping, and without very serious fatigue.

Sept. 21. I reached Tabréez. While my provisions lasted which I took with me from home, I enjoyed my journey, and my health rapidly improved. But after these were exhausted, the miserable villages on the road afforded so little suited to the wants of a sick man, that I suffered extremely, and the last night was violently seized again with fever. My last ride was well nigh intolerable. When I finally reached Tabréez, I was almost exhausted, and experienced the greatest conceivable relief in casting myself into the kind embrace of our excellent German brethren, by whose incessant attention and nursing I was soon made comfortable, and though my fever ran again several days, it was much less violent than the former one, and was at length removed by Mr. Haas' judicious prescription.

Oct. 17. I reached home. I found my ride, in returning, very beneficial to my still feeble health. But my sickness has so shaken my formerly firm system, that I fear I shall not soon recover from the shock. The Lord, however, orders all in wisdom as well as

mercy. In my weakness, his power may be magnified. I may remark, while speaking of our health, that I have once since been attacked with a bilious fever of the same malignant character, and at the same hot season of the year; but it was earlier arrested; and subsequently, with the exception of occasional attacks of excruciating tooth-ache, which is one of the forms in which the effects of the malaria of our climate are developed, I have enjoyed tolerable health, and seem for several of the last years to have become happily acclimated to the trying influences of that sickly clime. Several of the other members of our mission continue to suffer, to an almost inconceivable extent, from frequent attacks of fever, fever and ague and diseases of the eyes. Mrs. Grant had nearly lost the sight of one of her eyes, by a violent attack of ophthalmy, a few months before her death.

Oct. 20. Two Persian princes have recently visited Oróomiah. One of them is Kahramân Meerza, a favorite brother of the king, and the prince-governor of Azerbijân—the northern province of Persia. The other is his uncle, Malek Kâsem Meerza. They had heard of our residing here, and of our seminary, which is a great novelty in the country; and the prince-governor sent his uncle to visit us, and look into our missionary operations. The royal personage came, in a most friendly manner, dined with us, and inspected our seminary. He professed himself highly gratified with the performances of the school, and encouraged the scholars—all Nestorians—by promising to procure for them eligible places in the army and elsewhere, whenever their education should be completed. And as the result of his report to the king's brother, the latter, entirely unsolicited by us, prepared and sent to us a firmân of which the following is a translation.

Firman.

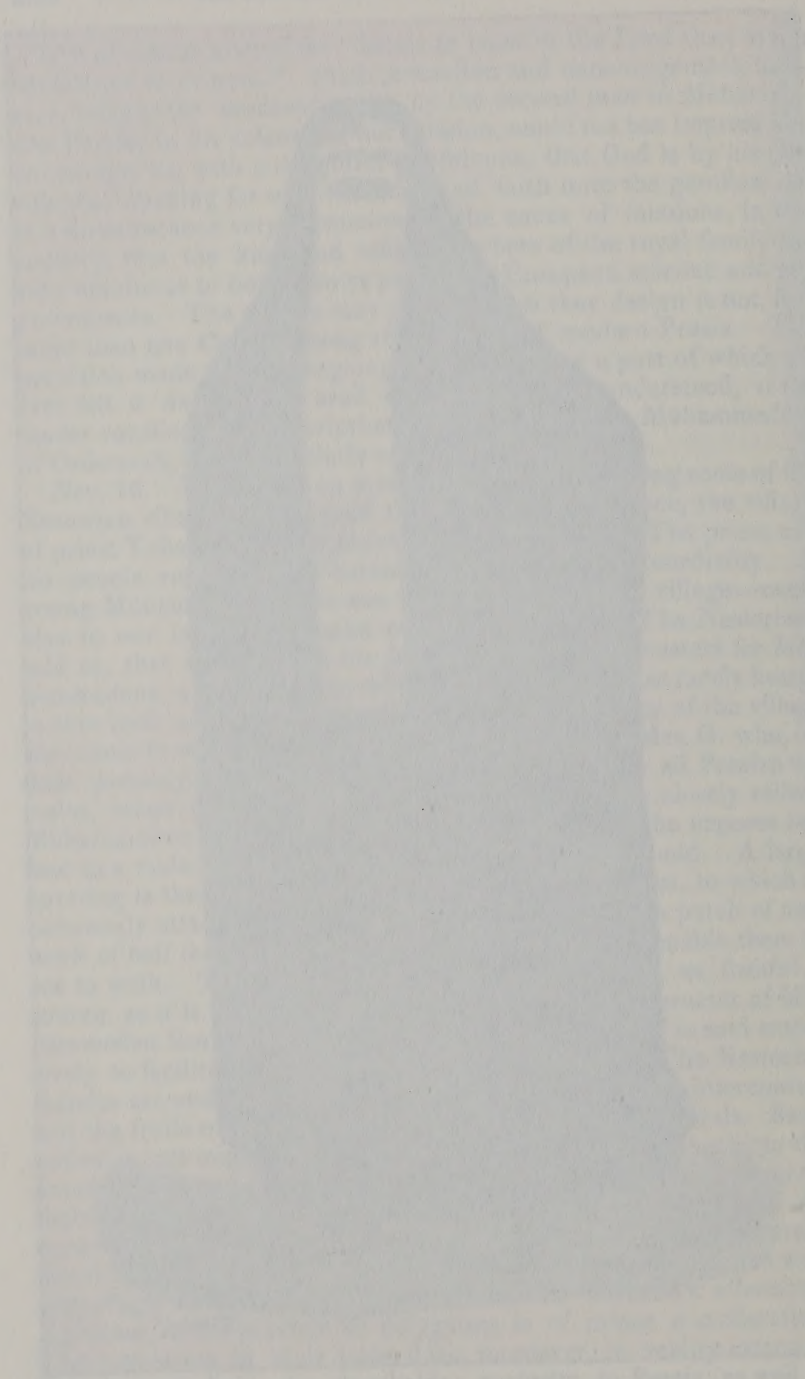
"The command of His Highness is: Whereas the very honorable and respected gentlemen, Messrs. Perkins and Grant, at Oróomiah, are attending to the education of the people and render the people useful, by teaching them European science, the grace of our Excellency and Highness having become favorably disposed towards them, we order and command three soldiers to their safety, at this harvest season and onward; and in accordance with this grace, we command that they shall be honored and praise our beneficence. It is our command, that the exalted and noble lord, Nájef Kooly Khân, governor of Oróomiah, shall take care to protect them in every respect; and he shall give to each of the three soldiers, the guard of their safety, twelve *sahib korâns* ($3,00) per month; and never shall he neglect it. It is ordered that the trusty secretaries arrange and execute the sum of this blessed command.

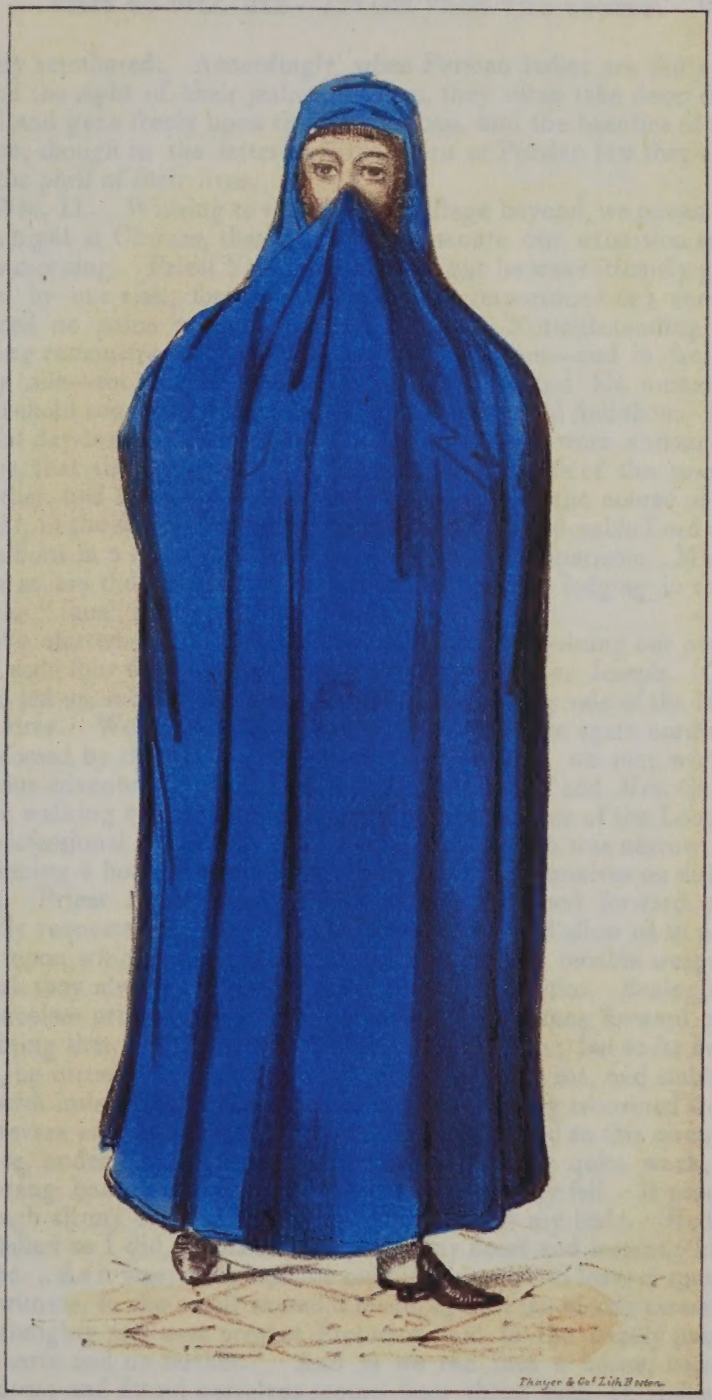
Written in the month Jamâdy-ul-évvel, in the 1252," (i. e of the Hejira).

It is of course always far "better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." Such protection and encouragement, however, voluntarily tendered to us by the second man in Mŭhammedan Persia, in the infancy of our mission, could not but impress and encourage us, with a delightful confidence, that God is by his providence, opening for us a wide door of faith unto the gentiles. It is a circumstance very auspicious to the cause of missions, in this country, that the king and other members of the royal family are very ambitious to be known as patrons of European science and improvements. The church may thus, though they design it not, find more than one *Cyrus*, among the princes of modern Persia. The provision made in the foregoing firmân, of only a part of which we ever felt it necessary to avail ourselves, will be understood, if the reader recollects the description I have given of the Mŭhammedans of Oróomiah, and particularly of the lawless Lootee.

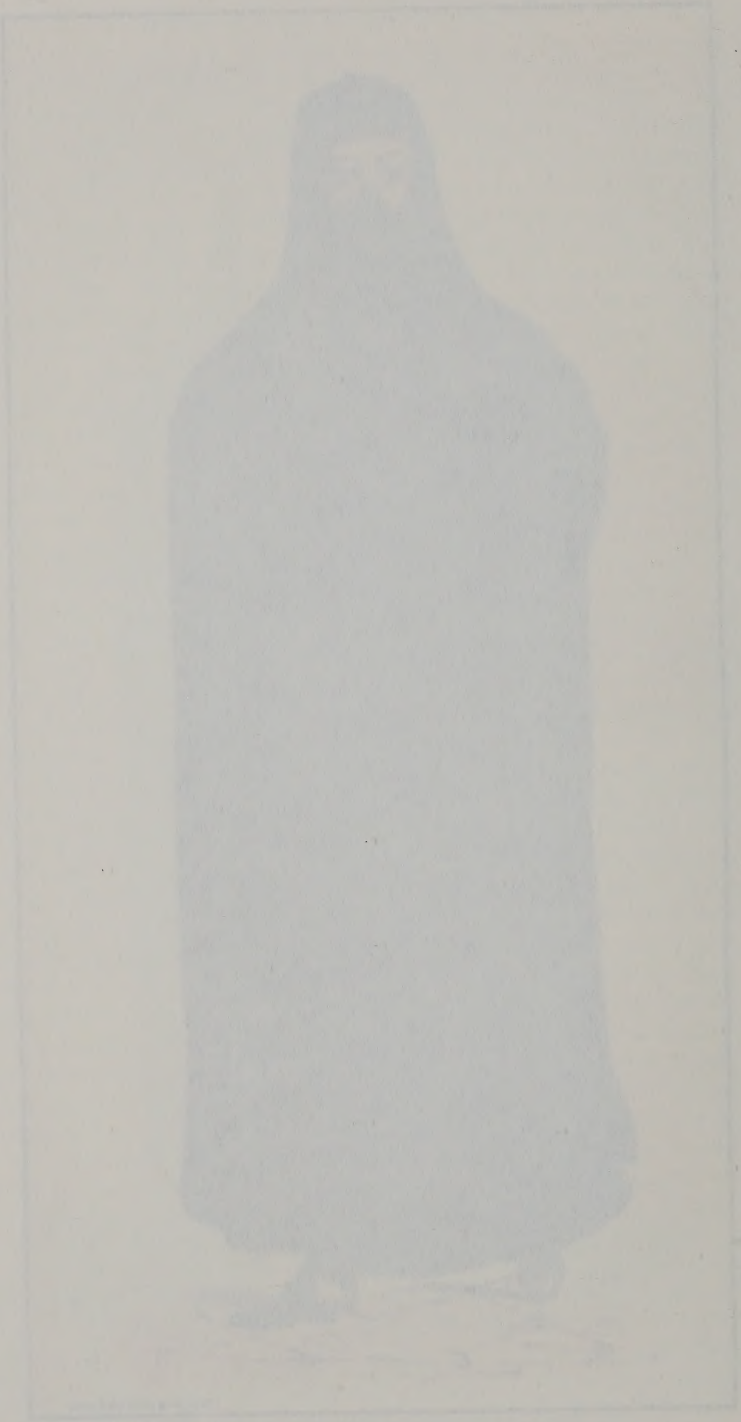
Nov. 10. We started on a visiting excursion, among some of the Nestorian villages. We rode two fŭrsákhs, to Cówsee, the village of priest Yohannan, the principal of our seminary. The priest and his people received and entertained us with great cordiality. A young Mŭhammedan beg—son of the owner of the village—came also to our lodgings to make our acquaintance. The Nestorians told us, that this beg and his father are very kind masters for Mŭhammedans, a testimony the more gratifying, as it is so rarely heard, in this land of oppression. The ladies of the owner of the village also came to make the acquaintance of Mrs. P. and Mrs. G. who, on their pressing invitation, returned the visit. Like all Persian females, when they walk abroad, their faces were closely veiled. Mŭhammedan law denounces death on any female who exposes her face to a male beyond the limits of her own household. A large covering is thrown over the person, when they go out, to which is commonly attached a small veil before the face with a patch of network of half the size of the hand, before the eyes, to enable them to see to walk. This rigorous seclusion is, doubtless, as fruitful a source, as it is striking an index, of the unfaithful character of Mŭhammedan females. The practice of veiling in itself is said extensively to facilitate and screen illicit connexions. The Nestorian females are under no such restraint, in their general intercourse, and the fruits of their liberty appear in their superior morals. Such seclusion, we might suppose, would prove a powerful check, to the careful study and tireless efforts of Mŭhammedan ladies to decorate their persons. But nowhere are females more industrious in the department of the toilet than among the Mŭhammedans of Persia. Rival wives are prompted to this, in order to clothe themselves with attractions that will secure a share in the husband's attentions. *Affection*, in the practice of polygamy, is of minor consideration. Their ambition in their toilet does, moreover, in reality extend a little beyond their own thresholds; curiosity, in Persia, as well as elsewhere, is too powerful a spring in the female bosom to be en-

A PERSIAN LADY VEILED TO WALK ABROAD.





A PERSIAN LADY VEILED TO GO ABROAD.



tirely smothered. Accordingly, when Persian ladies are fairly beyond the sight of their jealous masters, they often take down their veil and gaze freely upon the sons of men, and the beauties of creation, though in the letter and the spirit of Persian law they do it at the peril of their lives.

Nov. 11. Wishing to visit another village beyond, we passed the last night at Cówsee, that we might prosecute our excursion early this morning. Priest Yohannan is poor, but he was extremely gratified by our visit, for which he had long importuned us; and he spared no pains to make us comfortable. Notwithstanding our strong remonstrance, he abandoned his best room—and in fact his only one—for our accommodation, while he and his numerous household sought lodgings elsewhere, as they could find them. And about day-break, this morning, the joyful tidings were announced to us, that the principal lady of the house, the wife of the priest's brother, had become the mother of a fine son, in the course of the night, in the stable. It was in a *stable;* but our adorable Lord was also born in a stable. We judge of things by comparison. Miserable as are the stables in Asia, the choice between lodging in them or the "inns" is very inconsiderable.

We started about 8 o'clock, priest Yohannan joining our party, and rode four fürsákhs, to Adá, the village of Mar Joseph. Our road led us, most of the way, down the enchanting vale of the Näsl6o river. We reached Adá about noon and were again cordially welcomed by the bishop. Soon after our arrival, we met with a serious adventure. Mrs. P. and myself and Dr. and Mrs. Grant were walking quietly through the village, when three of the Lootee, or professional ruffians, hedged up our path, which was narrow, by stationing a horse across it, and taking a stand themselves on either side. Priest Abraham, who was with us, stepped forward and mildly requested them to turn the horse a little and allow us to pass by; upon which one of them drew his dagger, a terrible weapon, which they always carry, and raised it to strike him. Seeing the defenceless priest in such peril, I instinctively sprang forward, not doubting that my presence would check the ruffian; but so far from that, he turned in a moment from the priest upon me, and stabbed me with indescribable ferocity. I had not yet fully recovered from the severe sickness which I have mentioned; and to this circumstance, under God, I owe my preservation. Being quite weak, as I sprang back to evade the weapon, I suddenly fell. It passed through all my clothing, and slightly penetrated my body. Had I not fallen as I did, it must have entered my heart and instantly killed me. As it was, it harmed me only just enough to leave a speaking witness, in the small wound it made, against the bloody assassin. An almighty and ever present Protector said to the deadly point, "hitherto and no farther." And as we ran into a house, barred the doors and found ourselves secure from those men of violence who still fiercely pursued us, I felt a calmer and stronger confidence

than ever before, in the reality of divine protection. The ladies were of course frightened for the moment, though not injured, in the furious attack. Priest Abraham received a serious gash in his head and a sword was broken over his back. I know not what impulse could have prompted the ruffians to this assault, as we had never seen them before, but unmixed malignity, excited probably by partial intoxication. This, however, is always enough to account for the outrages of the Lootee. The Nestorians of the village manifested deep sorrow for what had happened, but through fear of their oppressors, they could only run into their houses and bar the doors, lest they too should be the victims of violence. Mar Joseph in particular, was grieved beyond measure. I told him that it was not his fault, nor that of the Nestorians, but he almost refused to be comforted.

Nov. 12. We visited the Nestorian school in Adá. We had opened this school only three months before, and it now numbered about forty children and was as well regulated as any school that I ever visited. I was very agreeably surprised also by the proficiency of the children. Most of them, at the commencement of the school, knew none of their letters. Now all could read the Psalms, which we have copied upon cards, very well. An interesting fact in relation to this school is, that *girls*, as well as boys, attend it. Not a single female, among the Nestorians of Oróomiah, could read when we entered the field; and the idea was as unwelcome as it was novel and strange. It was regarded, by both sexes, as improper,—an over-stepping of female modesty and propriety; as much so as it would be—or rather *is*—in the common estimation in America, for females to become public speakers and harangue promiscuous assemblies. But the girls were sent to this school at Adá by their parents, without any direct agency on our part. We had stated to the ecclesiastics in our families, that females, as well as males, all learn to read in America; and they had repeated the fact to others. The example of the ladies of the mission tended also to recommend the practice. We are careful not to press what the Nestorians regard as innovations, lest we should become obnoxious as *new measure men.* It is far more easy to lead men, the world over, than to drive them.

Nov. 14. The governor sent our Meerza, early this morning, to ascertain who had assaulted us at Adá, saying that they must be arrested and punished. He afterward sent also an uncle and a brother to me, to inform me that he had despatched officers to apprehend the assailants, and to intimate his wish that I should not complain to the prince at Tabréez, as he would himself punish them to my entire satisfaction.

Nov. 15. As the governor was thus disposed to take cognizance of the matter, while as yet, *we* had intimated no expectation or wish that he would do so, we thought it due that we should propose to wait on him and make a full statement of the circumstances. And

at an hour named by his Excellency for the purpose, Dr. Grant and myself called on him. He received us as usual, with great kindness. He had a full court, before whom and his Excellency, I gave a minute detail of the assault. All present appeared much concerned, and professed to feel a good deal of responsibility, in looking after the affair. The governor remarked that the crime was much aggravated, by two circumstances. First, he said, I was an *Englishman*,* and an Englishman's person is held sacred in Persia. And in the next place, he added, *I* was an English *Moollâh*, (pointing to me and a high Moollâh who sat by his side,) and our Prophet, he continued, enjoined the utmost reverence towards Moollâhs. The governor urged me to name the punishment which I thought due to the ruffian who stabbed me, declaring that he would inflict any I might mention, whether it should be whipping, cutting off the hands, the nose, the ears, or the head. I declined intimating either the degree or kind of punishment I might deem proper, suggesting to his Excellency, that to decide that point was his own prerogative; and moreover, on the supposition that his disposal of the case should not prove satisfactory, it would still be not our business, but that of the English ambassador, whose protection we enjoy, to call farther attention to the subject.

Some one of the courtiers suggested that the fact of the ruffian's being intoxicated at the time might perhaps extenuate his guilt; and the governor inquired of me how the law regards a drunkard in our country. I told him, our laws require, that for the crimes which a man commits when he is intoxicated, he shall answer when he is sober. This principle appeared to strike them as a good one, though different from Persian usage. The governor seemed very solicitous to inflict a punishment that would satisfy me, alike I have no doubt from personal friendliness toward us, and from a desire to appear praiseworthy in the estimation of the English ambassador, to whom he probably expected his conduct in the case would be reported.

Nov. 19. The governor sent for myself and Dr. Grant to wait on him and witness the punishment of the principal, in the assault upon us, whom he had apprehended. We immediately repaired to the palace, and after drinking coffee and conversing about an hour, the culprit was presented on the pavement in the open court. His comrades had absconded. Providentially, the one who attacked me was apprehended. On his being led forward, the governor inquired whether I recognized him as the assailant, to which I replied in the affirmative. He then questioned the ruffian, why he had attacked these gentlemen, who were his own personal friends, often his guests, and for whose safety he felt fully responsible. For half a century, said he, there have been Englishmen in Persia, and never

* Few of the Persians can, or will, comprehend our distinct nationality as Americans, however much we proclaim it.

before has one suffered violence. The ruffian replied that he had done nothing to these gentlemen. But so far from listening to such an answer, the governor ordered him to be immediately stripped and bound to the whipping frame. This consisted of three long and stout poles, framed together at the top and diverging downward, like a surveyor's compass-stand. Each wrist was bound to one of the poles at a height about on a level with his head and a wide strap, applied to the back of his neck and held by two men, thus bending his body forward, kept him from struggling. In that posture, two hundred and fifty lashes were laid upon his naked back in the presence of a large concourse. He went to the frame and submitted to be bound, with an air of entire unconcern and determined hardihood; but though very athletic and with the image of Cain enstamped upon his features, he soon softened down under the stripes, and raised a piteous outcry, appealing first to Soleimân Khân, an Armenian nobleman, and promising to become a *Gauoor—infidel*, i. e. *a Christian*, if the Khân would rescue him; and finding no relief from that quarter, he at length appealed to me, confessing his crime and proposing to espouse *my* religion, if I would arrest his punishment. I understood of course the sincerity of such a proposition in those circumstances.

The promptness of the governor, unsolicited by us as he was, in punishing this ruffian, was highly praiseworthy in a Persian magistrate. And on the whole, we had little reason to regret the occurrence, frightful as it was at the time. In its result, it contributed very essentially to the permanent security of ourselves and the interest of our mission. The king, hearing of it some time afterward through the English ambassador, ordered his brother, the prince of northern Persia, to seize the assailant and send him to the capital. The prince sent officers to take him, but being apprized of their coming, he fled from the province and evaded their pursuit. The summary punishment, however, which he had already received from the governor, and the vigorous efforts made in accordance with royal orders again to apprehend him, produced a strong and lasting impression, that we could not be injured with impunity. It is worthy of remark, moreover, that a series of misfortunes, befalling some of the relatives of the wicked man who had thus assaulted us, a feeling bordering on awe, sprang up and grew into a common proverb, in the province, that whoever should harm the missionaries, the Lord would arrest and punish.

From that period to the present, we have never been annoyed by the Lootee, frequent and desperate as are their outrages on the suffering inhabitants among whom we live. These outrages are so numerous and fearful, that scarcely a week elapses, in which murders are not committed in our city or the neighborhood, though the murderers are often apprehended and executed. The day after I left Oróomiah, as I have since been informed, two of the Lootee were seized, their bodies split in two parts, and the halves hung over

the gates of the city, to deter their comrades; and this was by no means a strange transaction in Persia. Such summary, and terrible punishments may shock the sensibilities of those who dwell in the quiet land of our fathers. They shock *us*, who have so long been familiar with them, in that land of despotism, violence and blood. But we feel little doubt of their necessity there, to give to property and life any measure of security. For, even such appalling examples, and their frequent occurrence, are but a very limited check to the commission of crime, so ineffectual a preventive is mere punishment, in any community, in the absence of morality and religion. And that we have, in such circumstances of exposure, lived so long unharmed and unmolested, in the open prosecution of our missionary work, can indeed be ascribed only to the gracious and constant guardianship of an ever present and watchful Protector.

During the early periods of our residence at Oróomiah, I seldom retired at night, without more or less apprehension of an attack from the Lootee, before morning. But signal deliverances rebuked my solicitude on the subject, and at length, so deeply impressed me with the truth, that the weapon of the assassin, no less than disease and every other providential visitation, is under a heavenly Father's control, that for several of the last years, I have slept as quietly and refreshingly in Persia, as I ever slept in America.

Nov. 22. We were invited by the governor to attend the wedding of Jenghâir Khân, his eldest son. The wedding has been deferred since the arrival of the royal bride, about two months ago, on account of his Excellency's want of funds to defray the necessary expenses. The governor made the inquiry whether we would prefer to be numbered among his own guests, who would consist of the Moollâhs and the elder Khâns of the city, or among those of the bridegroom, consisting of younger people, and to be entertained with music, dancing and other amusements. We expressed our wish to be numbered among the former, requesting the privilege, however, of attending both parties alternately, in the course of the two or three days of the celebration, in consideration of our being strangers desirous to become acquainted with Persian customs. This privilege was readily granted.

Nov. 28. The wedding commenced. An officer was sent to conduct us to the party of the bridegroom. The entertainment was rich, but plain. The amusements, which consisted of music, dancing and comic exhibitions, were less boisterous than is usual on such occasions. There are two general systems of marriage among the Persian Mŭhammedans—one for a limited definite time, for a month, a year, or any other period, at the will of the parties;* and the

* "The marriage by contract, and for a limited period, is peculiar to the Persians. It is said to have been a custom in Arabia, when Mŭhammed first introduced his religion there; but though he tolerated it, Omar abolished it as a species of legal prostitution, inconsistent with good morals. The Turks,

other for life, it being always understood, however, that the husband may in either case divorce his wife whenever he pleases.* The nameless and numberless miseries growing out of either system, I need not attempt to describe. The pretext for the former one is, that transient residents, particularly merchants, find temporary connexions much more convenient for their business, than permanent ones, as the removal of families is thus superseded. The females, who have been repeatedly affianced in that manner, are in about as good repute as widows, though usually only those in the lower classes, or in dependent circumstances, form such connexions. In relation to permanent marriages, it may be said, that divorces are far less frequent than might be expected in the circumstances. Though pure conjugal affection is of very rare growth in Persia, the ties that bind the parents to their children do much also to strengthen their relation to each other. The Persian father, however little he may regard the welfare of the wife, on her own account, still has a great horror at the idea of her becoming the companion of another man, after repudiation, on account of the indignity to himself, and especially on account of her relation to his offspring.

Polygamy, which is practised in Persia by all Mŭhammedans who have the means of supporting a plurality of wives, I hardly need say, is a great gulf of abominations. Mŭhammedan law allows four wives to an individual, but that number is often transcended among the higher classes. The rivals, of course, make it their study and business to compete with each other for the attentions of their husband and master; and with their uncultivated minds and unamiable dispositions, they make their house a perpetual bedlam. One of their number is indeed the acknowledged *Khânum—lady;* which depends on the rank of her pedigree, while the rest are her inferiors, or maids. But it often happens that the latter possess personal charms superior to their mistress, which increases the general difficulty. The children of different mothers, growing up in such circumstances, have early and only the lessons of contention. The husband, whose position is anything but envi-

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therefore, and other Soonées who respect the decrees of this caliph, hold it in abhorrence. The parties agree to live together for a fixed time, which varies from a few days to ninety-nine years. The sum agreed upon as the lady's hire is mentioned in the contract, which is made out by the câzee, or a Moollàh, and regularly witnessed."—*Hist. of Persia*, Vol. II. p. 428.

* "Divorces are never on account of adultery, as that crime, if proved, subjects a woman who has been legally married, to death. The general causes are complaints of badness of temper, or extravagance, on the part of the husbands; and of neglect, or cruel usage, on that of their wives. If a husband sues for a divorce, he is compelled to pay his wife's dower; but if she sues for it, her claim is cancelled. Hence it is not unfrequent among the lower orders, when a man desires to be rid of his partner, to use her so ill, that she is forced to institute a suit for separation, which, if granted, abrogates all her claims upon her husband."—Ibid.

able, will sooner or later, if his means will allow, place one wife in one village, a second in another, and so on, that he may divide his attention among them to his liking, and be at the same time beyond the reach of the notes of their dissatisfaction, as well as to prevent their mutual wranglings. I once heard a European, even in Persia, advocate the system of polygamy, appealing to the patriarchs for authority. Let him, however, study the subject as presented in the case of those same patriarchs, and he will find little for its recommendation. From the family of one, we read of the bond-woman and her son cast out, and the tent of another was not remarkable for domestic harmony. Perhaps the best comment, on the whole subject of matrimony in Persia, is furnished in the fact, that the two words, *wife* and *home*, do not exist in the native languages. The Persians can only say, *woman* and *house*. What a world of meaning clusters around the two former terms, in a country like ours, which the latter do not possess. In Persia, the *names* and the *things* are alike unknown.

Want of conjugal fidelity in females is severely punished in Persia when detected. Being thrown from lofty towers and dashed in pieces, and left to starve on an uninhabitable island in the lake of Oróomiah, are among the punishments. Such, however, is the state of general morals, that female virtue is probably far more rare than infidelity among the Mŭhammedans, notwithstanding these fearful punishments. Indeed, the whole subject may be well understood, when it is stated, that the Moollâhs—the priesthood—are themselves the licensers and managers of the public brothels, and regard them as an important source of their income. With all this corruption and misery, there is still in the general aspect in Persia, great external propriety and decorum,—so much so, that a missionary may reside for years in that country, and be little aware of the actual state of morals among the people around him.

Nov. 29. We opened a box, which had just reached us from America, containing an electrical machine. Our Meerza happened to call on us, just as we had set up the machine, and we gave him a shock. He went immediately to the wedding and reported the wonderful instrument that had arrived from the New World; and the bridegroom sent requesting us to spend the ensuing evening with *his* party, and bring with us for their entertainment the prodigy from America. In the evening, we accordingly put the machine in portable order, and carried it to the wedding. When we arrived, it was the hour of Mŭhammedan prayer; and it was deeply impressive to witness the scores of Moslems in all parts of the great hall, with their faces turned toward Mecca, prostrating themselves, and repeating in a whisper their devotions. Their entire heartlessness in the service was, however, very evident. Numbers broke off, as we entered, and gave us a welcome. The bridegroom conducted us to a seat, and after conversing with us some time, suggested that if we would excuse him, he also would say his prayers.

"Certainly," we replied; and he kneeled down by our side and commenced his devotions, in the course of which he broke off repeatedly to give directions to his servants, or to show us an attention.

Prayers being ended, the bridegroom invited us to exhibit the wonder from the New World, of which all were in lively expectation. We set up the machine and directed a circle to be formed around the room. About fifty of the nobility were soon filed, in a sitting posture, with hands joined. Almost every variety of expression was noticeable in their countenances. Some were pale with fear. One or two feigned business out, broke away from the circle, and retired. Others were smiling with incredulity. We turned the machine a few revolutions, and discharged the bottle. The experiment was a successful one, and removed at once all idea of illusion. The shock was not, however, so heavy as to terrify the company, and we continued, increasing the strength of each successive shock, until the whole party seemed to be wrapped in amazement, declaring that the mysterious engine possessed *unlimited*, as well as *unseen* power. A more favorable opportunity for such an exhibition could not possibly have been presented; and we trust that some desire for knowledge and improvement may have been enkindled in the minds of these scores of the Persian nobles, and the multitudes of people who thronged the court to witness it.

After spending an hour or two with the bridegroom, the governor sent for us to join his party. We repaired to the palace where we were entertained with a splendid exhibition of rockets and other fireworks, on the public common in front of the palace. The Persians are very fond of this amusement and are able to practise it with great perfection. The exhibition of the fire-works closed the wedding of the governor's son.

The Persians, much as they are non-plussed by the electrical machine, are not wanting in "science falsely so called." They are naturally acute metaphysicians, but unguided by "Divine philosophy," their speculations amount to little more than the entities and quiddities of the schoolmen and the dreams of the old Greek writers. Alchemy is still laboring in the brains of multitudes in Persia with all the magic interest and ponderous importance that it possessed in Europe in by-gone centuries. I have been repeatedly asked whether the electrical machine had no connexion with the science of converting the baser metals into gold,—a theory very grateful to an Asiatic mind; and I have found it very difficult to persuade those who have made the inquiry, that such was not the case. One of my acquaintances entertained Mar Yohannan, in America, with experiments in gilding, by the new electro-magnetic process. He introduced a silver watch, presented to the bishop by friends in this country, into an opake liquid mixture; and after some time, on taking out the watch, lo, it was gold! The bishop stared, a few moments, delighted and amazed, without saying a word; at length, he thus

gave utterance to his emotions; "You make *chémie*, (the term by which the Persians denominate alchemy); the people in our country say, the English can make *chémie;* before I did not believe; but it is true; you do make *chémie.*" He soon understood it, however, as a superinducing, rather than a transmuting process.

Freemasonry is another secret which a Persian noble one day suggested, as probably having some connexion with the electrical machine. *Firmóosh-khâná—house of forgetfulness*—is the term used by the Persians to designate it, which was, doubtless, adopted from the mere resemblance of sound. I know not how often I have been questioned in relation to freemasonry; but was fortunately able to plead happy ignorance on the whole subject. It is in even worse repute among Asiatics than among patriotic anti-masons in America. They conceive of it as the quintessence of skepticism, infidelity and atheism and every other evil genius. In the Levant, the climax of opprobrious epithets is often capped with *phramazón*—freemason. A man who will quietly bear to be called a donkey, a dog, a swine or a devil, will regard it as wholly unendurable to be called a phramazón.

It is often amusing to observe with what industry the Persians study to confirm their theories by seeking to recognize analogies in our own. On observing our orrery, in one instance, a sage Moollâh counted off the seven planets, as they were represented on it in succession, and complacently stroking his beard, pronounced them the "seven heavens" of Mŭhammed, and congratulated us on the accuracy of our system. Secular light is, however, gradually dissipating their darkness and preparing the way for their spiritual illumination.

Dec. 1. We set apart to-day as a season of Thanksgiving. Our mercies and deliverances have been so great, during the past year, as in our view to call for special acknowledgement to God. I preached from Ps. 50: 14, "Offer unto God thanksgiving." At our religious service and at supper were a bishop and a deacon from Gĕog-tapá, and the Nestorians connected with our families. In the evening, we amused our company with an exhibition of the electrical machine. They were no less entertained and astonished by it than were the Mŭhammedans at the wedding.

Dec. 6. We invited several Nestorians with their families to dine with us. Husbands and wives sat down at the table together, —a privilege which the poor females had never before enjoyed. Both seemed equally gratified with the arrangement. The example of our own families will prove more effectual than any other human instrumentality, to raise the females to a proper rank among the natives; and this is an important reason, among other and still stronger ones, why missionaries should in general have families.

Dec. 11. This evening, priest Dunka, our translator from the mountains, commenced studying Hebrew. *Dunka*, his name, is the Syriac term for *East*,—a word to which the Nestorians are sin-

gularly attached, both as a name and as a title. They call Mar Shimon, *Patriárka d'M'dunka*, Patriarch of the East; and Christ, they say, will come to judgment from the east. Priest D. has been importuning me, for several months, to teach him Hebrew, but want of time and ill health have until now prevented my attempting it. A half hour thus spent, in the course of a long winter evening, is pleasant to me and will, I trust, be beneficial to him and to our mission. This priest is naturally a fine scholar, and as the Hebrew much resembles the Syriac, it will cost him but little effort to acquire it; and a knowledge of it may prove invaluable in his qualifications as a translator.

Dec. 12. Priest Yohannan, the teacher of our seminary, requested permission to spend his evenings in studying Hebrew with priest Dunka. I could not refuse him the privilege, as he labors hard in the school, during the day, and I hope he also may be aided by this exercise to a better understanding of the Scriptures. Our fine Nestorian boy, John, also preferred his request to join the Hebrew class, but I advised him to defer Hebrew until he shall have advanced farther in English.

Dec. 15. We have recently introduced the practice of reciting verses of Scripture in our family, at our meals. This recital is now generally made in four different languages; in the ancient Syriac by myself; in the modern Syriac, i. e. the Nestorian dialect, by Mrs. Perkins; in Hebrew, by priests Dunka and Yohannan; and in English, by priest Abraham and John. In addition to the agreeable intellectual exercise thus afforded, as we are all learners in these respective languages, the Scripture recited always presents matter for practical conversation and reflection.

Dec. 16. As priest Abraham and John were reciting geography to me, this evening, the idea was suggested that in different countries, people worship different gods,—in some countries, the true God; but in others, the sun, moon, stars and inferior objects. To make the point a practical one, I inquired of priest Abraham what the people in Persia worship, and he quickly answered, "Mammóna," Mammon, which is the Syriac word for wealth. There is no less *truth* than shrewdness in this answer, when applied to the Persians. The most stupid among them, from whose appearance one would suppose that their lives amount to little more than a vegetable existence, are electrified at the mention of money. And the endless intrigues and crimes, practised by all classes, to obtain the smallest sum, are often as ridiculous as they are appalling. The Persians never pay their honest debts without the most grudging and tardy reluctance. It is a common proverb among themselves, that if a Persian once secures a *nîm-shâhi*, a half shâhi, equivalent to three-fourths of a cent, in his hand, he will sooner allow his hand to be severed from his arm than relax his hold of the money. In Persia, most literally and emphatically, is the love of money the root of all evil.

Dec. 17. We received a visit from a Jewish physician of high repute among all classes of the natives. He made a bitter complaint of the oppressions which his people are suffering from the Mŭhammedans. 'Two nights ago,' said he, 'some Moslem ruffians went into the house of one of our people and ordered him to bring out wine. The Jew went out and declared to them that he had no wine; and the ruffians, enraged at the disappointment, killed him on the spot.' Large numbers of the Jews, the physician continued, have tried in vain to induce the governor to apprehend and punish the murderers. This statement accords entirely with other instances of outrageous oppression, which the poor descendants of Israel suffer here from their Mŭhammedan masters. The Dr. concluded his sad tale, by remarking, that if the Messiah does not appear soon, he feared their nation would be exterminated. To my inquiry *when* he expected the Messiah would appear, he replied, that each of the six days of creation is the emblem of a thousand years; that four hundred of the sixth thousand years now remain; that the seventh day is the emblem of a seventh thousand years, at the commencement of which period the Messiah is to come and during which he is to reign; accordingly, four hundred years remain before his advent. I told him that if the Jews must wait four hundred years longer for the Messiah, under their present oppressions and persecutions, I thought he had serious reason to apprehend their extinction. 'O,' said he, 'four hundred years is the *utmost limit.* We expect the Messiah *soon;* he may come, this year or this day.'

Common sufferers as the Nestorians and the Jews are from their oppressive Mŭhammedan masters, we should suppose that they would compassionate each other's condition. But the fact is far otherwise. The Nestorians detest the Jews as cordially as the Mŭhammedans can hate both Jews and Nestorians. They will never eat any article of food prepared by a Jew and will hardly enter a Jewish dwelling. And whenever an Israelite suffers oppression from the Moslems, the Nestorians exult in his sufferings. They affect to do this from religious principle, because the Jews were the murderers of our Saviour.

Dec. 18. The subject which I presented in our Nestorian service, to-day, was the sin of lying. Our large school-room was nearly filled, with attentive listeners. Lying prevails to such an extent among all classes of the Nestorians—most of the ecclesiastics not excepted—as well as among the Mŭhammedans, that this subject is a very practical one. According to Mar Yohannan's statement of the case, which seems also to be a proverb, people in Persia lie, as long as they can find lies to tell, after which they may, from accident or necessity, for once or twice, speak the truth. I have just prepared a small tract on lying, in the Nestorian dialect, intended for our schools and general circulation. It meets with a very ready acceptance. It is composed mainly of quotations from Scripture; which of course cannot present a pretext for opposition from

nominal Christians. The practice of lying, moreover, is condemned in theory by the Nestorians, and reformation of this and kindred vices can be urged with much greater plainness and less liability to offend, than on subjects that might be so construed as to appear sectarian.

Dec. 23. A letter reached us, to-day, from Mar Shimon. It was brought by his younger brother and designated successor, who is now visiting the churches of Oróomiah, to recieve their annual contribution for the Patriarch. I give the reader an extract from the letter, relating to our operations among his people.

"And furthermore, behold, our joy has been great, *very great*, on your account, from the day we heard of your entering Oróomiah, for the purpose of opening schools, that work of benevolence, in which you labor and toil, from your love to the kingdom of Christ. May God give you the strength and assistance of his own might. And may the Lord, our Lord, be with you, in all the labors of love in which you engage. And your reward, your happiness, your bliss and your glory, you will receive in the kingdom of heaven, Amen."

However much or little of sincerity there may be in these professions of the high Nestorian prelate, it is our duty no less than our privilege to *hope* for the best, thankfully recognize the friendliness expressed and manifested, enter the door of faith thus set open to these gentiles, and do with our might what our hands find to do, for their instruction and salvation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNAL: JANUARY—JUNE, 1837.

A MESSENGER brought us a letter, Jan. 7, from Malek Kâsem Meerza, in which the prince states, that he has opened a school, at his residence in Sheeshawân, a village about eighty miles distant from Oróomiah, and he requests of us aid in furnishing school-books and other apparatus. This is the prince who visited our seminary, last autumn, and his commencement of this school is probably the result of that visit. His Highness has placed at the head of his institution an Armenian deacon, who was educated in India, speaks our language and is quite evangelical in his religious views and feelings. The deacon also wrote us, requesting books, particularly the christian Scriptures, which, he says, he can readily place in the hands of young Mŭhammedans.

Jan. 10. The brother of the Patriarch, who is his designated

successor, dined with me. Five bishops were in company with him; Mar Gabriel, Mar Elias, Mar Sléeva from the mountains, and the two who reside in our families. With the three priests and several deacons connected with us, they constituted quite a *clerical* party. At evening they all took tea with us, and afterward, attended our Bible class. The lesson was the last part of the fifth chapter of Matthew. I dwelt particularly on the sin of profaneness, as there presented,—a sin so fearfully prevalent even among the *ecclesiastics* of this people.

Jan. 22. The brother of the Patriarch and the five bishops were present at our Sabbath worship. Many others, besides the members of our seminary, were also at meeting, and I never addressed a more attentive audience. In the evening, priest Abraham told me that the Patriarch's brother expressed himself highly gratified with the simplicity of the forms of our worship and the matter of my discourse. The priests who reside with us often express their admiration of what they term our *resemblance to the apostles* in our religious services; though no "bishop's" hands in the high church sense of that term, have ever been upon us.

Jan. 23. In the morning, I entertained our Nestorian guests with my microscope and some other wonders from the New World, after which they took their leave, apparently much gratified with their visit.

Feb. 13. By invitation, we visited Malek Mânsoor Meerza, a prince who resides in this city, a son of the former king. Like his brother who has opened the school, he appears to be desirous of European knowledge. He is a man of good natural abilities and considerable information for a Persian, but labors under the embarrassing impediment of a consummate *stammerer*. Mar Joseph, who was with us, pronounced this blemish an important providential favor. But for this stammering, said the bishop, royal jealousy might long since have deprived him of his eyes or his head.

Feb. 15. Prince Malek Mânsoor Meerza returned our visit. He was highly entertained with our electrical machine, globes and other articles of school apparatus; and a stove he politely begged, in the Persian manner, by requesting us to order one like it for him to purchase.

Feb. 17. We again received letters from the prince at Sheeshawân and his Armenian teacher. Their school is evidently a door set open by the hand of Providence, and we dare not wholly disregard their application for help. So much have we on our own hands at Oróomiah, however, that we can attempt to do very little elsewhere.

Feb. 23. A Papal bishop from Salmás who was sent from that village to Rome and educated, has come among the Nestorians of this province to gain proselytes. He makes proclamation, that he has received, or is about to receive, twenty-five thousand dollars from Rome to educate and aid such of the Nestorians as shall be

inclined to attach themselves to the Papal cause. He has taken lodgings in a secluded corner of the city, occupied by a few Nestorian families, whom he is worrying with his importunity. A delegation came from those Nestorians, to Mar Yohannan, to-day, representing that the Catholic emissary was pressing them hard to renounce the Nestorian and embrace the Papal faith; and that they are themselves ignorant—unable to discuss with him and in an embarrassed condition; and they desired the bishop and our priests to go over and silence the disturber. To-morrow, therefore, our ecclesiastics are to meet the Catholic bishop on the arena of controversy. They requested me, this evening, to assist them in looking out proof-texts from the Scriptures against image-worship and other corrupt doctrines and practices of Rome, which I was of course very happy to do. I reminded them that their antagonist would not probably abide by the Scriptures. They were fully aware of that, they replied; but the moment he should refuse to acknowledge the authority of Scripture, they would have no more to say to him, and would have no farther occasion for discussion, as their people would be satisfied, from the fact of his rejecting the Bible, that his system is a false one. This is certainly quite a *Protestant* view of the subject.

Feb. 24. Our Nestorian ecclesiastics informed me, that they sat up very late last night after they retired to their rooms, adding still to their proof-texts, and they were equally surprised and delighted to find the Bible so full against many things taught and practised by the church of Rome. About noon Mar Yohannan, priest Abraham and priest Dunka, set off for their theological encounter. The Papist, finding his way at the outset thickly hedged up by their proof-texts, angrily shuffled the New Testament with his fingers and threw it aside. The Nestorians urged this rejection of the gospel as an acknowledged defeat; upon which the Catholic bishop solemnly averred his adherence to the whole Bible. After some discussion, they mutually agreed that an umpire was needed, who should sit in judgment on the merits of their respective arguments, as drawn from the Scriptures. And as such an umpire must be of a third party, they selected the chief Moollâh of the city, and went immediately before that venerable personage. When the doctrines and practices of the two sects were stated to the Mŭhammedan doctor, he became quite enraged towards the Papist—called him a heathen, and told him *in terrorem* that such a blasphemer and idolater ought not to live. The comparative purity and simplicity of the Nestorian belief, on the contrary, drew from him considerable commendation. The Papal bishop was much disconcerted, by the decision of the umpire, and urged that he had been taken by surprise, could not at the time find the scripture passages that would prove his doctrine, and requested that the formal decision might be postponed until evening. The Moollâh granted his request. At evening, the parties assembled, but the Papist begged that the mat-

ter might be deferred until the next morning; and his request was again granted.

Feb. 25. This morning, our Nestorian ecclesiastics exultingly told me, that the Papal bishop had absconded in the course of the night, being evidently conscious of his inability to sustain his cause before the Moollâh. It is particularly gratifying to see the Nestorians cling to the *Bible*, in their controversy with Papists. They have able works, they say, in the ancient Syriac, against Romanism; but they prefer the "word of God," which, as they often repeat, "is the *sword* of the Spirit." Their attachment to the Scriptures has evidently been much quickened, in their late discussion, particularly, as they have witnessed new demonstrations of the low estimate in which the Papists hold the word of God. "The Bible!" said the Catholic bishop, "what is it? Ink and paper; nothing more; our images are much more substantial." Religious controversy, as conducted between the Nestorians and the Papists, would seem rather rough and vituperative in America; but it is perhaps about as good as any kind with which Romanists in Asia can be encountered. The Papal bishop in this case went, for instance, to an influential Nestorian and said, "Turn Catholic, and we will load you with money; we can well afford to do so; because if *you* turn, a multitude will follow you." What will calm argument effect, with men thus blindly devoted to their master, the Pope!

Mar Yohannan, on his return from the controversy, inquired with much interest for the meaning of the word *Lutrân* (Lutheran) —the term by which Papists in the Levant designate Protestants. The Catholic bishop, he said, often called *us*, Lutrân,* a term which he had never before heard, but must, he supposed, be very reproachful, because the Papist stated, in the same connexion, that *we* have no fixed religion, but jump from system to system, just as suits our convenience; and that our present object is to bring the Nestorians into the same unstable condition. Mar Yohannan, supposing some frightful meaning to be wrapped up in the term Lutrân, flatly *denied* that we are *Lutrân*, and asserted that we are English—and as for our religion, he told the Papist, he had seen enough of us to satisfy him, that, compared with the Romish, it is like the light of noon contrasted with the darkness of midnight. We gave the bishop some account of Luther, stating that he became obnoxious to the Catholics by assailing their corruptions. Mar Yohannan was much interested with the case of the Protestant reformer, and remarked, that Luther was doubtless very much such a man as their own bishop Nestorius, who had also become a by-word among Papists, for opposing their idolatry in applying to Mary the epithet, *mother of God.*

* Perhaps no term, unless it be *phramazón*, freemason, is in so bad odor among all the Eastern churches except the Nestorians, as Lutrân, having been made odious by the slanders of Papists. To the Nestorians, the term, *Katoleek*, Catholic, is thus obnoxious.

March 3. Mar Sléeva, a bishop of the mountains, called at my study. As he was passing in the street, just before reaching our house, a Mŭhammedan ruffian came up behind him, seized his cap from his head and ran away with it. The bishop started in pursuit, and soon met two men who manifested an interest for him and inquired where he was going. He told them what had happened, to which they replied that they knew the thief who had taken the turban, had just seen him with it, and asked the bishop how much he would give them to recover it. The good old man gladly offered them all the money he had, which was a single silver piece, of the value of a quarter of a dollar. This they readily accepted, and with the servant of Mar Sléeva, started off in pursuit of the robber. The servant soon returned with the *cap*, indeed, but it was stripped of its large shawl, and everything else of value. The pursuers, it appeared, were companions of the thief, and had thus managed to divert the bishop till the turban was conveyed away, and even gull him of his last farthing. Thus are the defenceless liable to suffer, in this miserable land. How different will be the state of things in *His* reign who shall judge the poor of the people, shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. Mar Sléeva is too poor to clothe himself decently, he and his people having not long since been overrun and plundered by the savage Koords. He therefore felt deeply his *loss*, as well as the indignity of the outrage. I requested one of our priests who was present to give the poor sufferer a cheap shawl from his own cap, promising to procure another for the priest. The venerable, simple-hearted man was deeply affected with the kindness, and implored many blessings on me in return.

March 26. Priest Zadoc, the brother of the Patriarch who visited us last year, is again with us. He affects great learning and is the *vainest* man that I have seen among the Nestorians. He gravely propounded to me, to-day, several quite *philosophic* questions. First he inquired how many days' journey it is from *east* to *west*. I told him, that it is five hundred days' journey. People in all these countries reckon distance by days' journeys, allowing about twenty or twenty-five miles to a day; and my answer had reference to the real horizon. The sapient priest thought that distance very moderate; but when I told him that I had myself come quite two-thirds of the way from west to east, he assented to the probable correctness of the estimate, as I had had the best of opportunities for judging. He next inquired how much farther it is from *north* to *south* than from east to west. I told him, that it is not quite as far, to which he replied that the Nestorians think it much farther. He proceeded to inquire, which is the greatest distance, from north to south, or from the earth to the stars. And when I told him how many years it would require for a man to travel to the moon—and how much nearer that is than any of the stars—supposing there were a good caravan road on that route, he was astonished, as he

had supposed the moon to be much nearer than the New World; for the moon he could often see, while the New World he had hardly heard of, and much less ever seen. He manifested that kind of self-complacency, at the wonders which he had heard, that seemed to say, "I will astonish somebody else by repeating to them these things." Not to be outdone in wisdom, he next challenged me in the science of numbers, repeating quite fluently three or four periods of an enumeration table prepared by some old Syriac writer; and at the close he looked at me with a most amusing air of defiance. I took up a slate and pencil and wrote a long line of figures, and when I read them to him, he rose from his seat in mute amazement, and went to one of my associates and pronounced me more learned than the ancient fathers—declaring that I had repeated numbers enough to count a sufficient quantity of kernels of wheat to fill a room—or even the yards of our houses. When the reader is informed that priest Zadoc is reputed to be one of the most "learned" of the Nestorian ecclesiastics, he will not doubt that they are all *children* in understanding, at least in secular knowledge.

April 30. We received letters, informing us that our associates, Messrs. Holladay and Stocking, with their wives, had reached Constantinople, and requesting that one of us should go as far as Erzróom and meet them.

May 1. Mrs. Grant was seized with fever and ague, and her babe was precipitated by a careless boy from a door down the steps upon a pavement and seriously injured. These circumstances seemed to decide the point that I should go and meet our friends, as Dr. Grant could not leave home. I took with me a Nestorian deacon, intending also to propose to Mar Yohannan to accompany me, if he pleased, both for his own gratification and improvement, and his society and assistance on the road. He was now at his home, spending the festival of Easter, but his village is directly on the route to Erzróom, a day's journey from the city.

May 2. A Mŭhammedan Hâjee—*pilgrim*—visited me, who is quite an intelligent, sober man. In conversation with him, in my study, the subject of intemperance was introduced. This evil he professed deeply to deplore, as making rapid inroads among his countrymen. His own brother, he said, had fallen a victim. Mar Joseph, who was present, took up a scripture tract which I have lately prepared, on intemperance, and read it aloud. The Hâjee expressed his high admiration for every sentence that was read, and at length asked the bishop from what book that paper was written. Mar Joseph told him that every word of it was taken from the Christian's Bible. The Hâjee expressed his astonishment and gladness to hear such doctrines from the holy book of the infidels, and pointedly interrogated the bishop, how it then happens that so many *Christians* become brutes by intemperance. Mar Joseph told him that it is because such Christians do not live up to the requirements of their religion. A momentous and appalling truth! And here is

the stumbling-block over which the Mŭhammedan world is falling into perdition,—the nominal Christians, who dwell among them, do not *live their religion.*

May 3. I started for Erzróom and rode to Gavalân, the village of Mar Yohannan. The bishop had expected Mrs. Perkins and myself to visit his home, in the course of the passing festival; and he told me, that the day before, he had seated himself on the hill, looking for us, until long after sunset. I suggested to him, soon after my arrival, that I had a word of business with him, and he directed all who were present to leave the room. I then began to state to him, that we had friends on the road to join us; but I had not time to add that I had started to meet them, when he anticipated me, and exclaimed, "I'll go with you, sir; I'll go with you." The arrangement was thus made for the bishop to accompany me, before I had time to submit the proposition.

May 4. We rode six fŭrsâkhs, across the mountain-ridge that separates Oróomiah from Salmás, and put up for the night at the village of Ooláh. The Nestorians received me, as well as their bishop, with many demonstrations of joy. Being wearied with my journey, after taking some refreshment, I leaned back against the mud-wall of the humble dwelling in which we stopped, and soon fell asleep, leaving the bishop to entertain the large concourse that had flocked around to welcome our arrival. I slept, I know not how long; but on awaking, I found the bishop still speaking to his people, and as I did not rise for some time, not wishing to disturb them, I had the satisfaction of overhearing him deliver a very good geographical lecture on America and some of the countries of Europe, and give a very intelligent and fair exposition of our missionary objects and labors, and their prospective influence—the whole of course very general—to the delighted assembly of eager listeners. This bishop is much beloved by his people; and as I observe what commanding influence he has among them and what power he possesses to interest and benefit them, I deeply feel the momentous importance of his being a truly converted man.

Ooláh, where we stopped, is a charming village, inhabited by about twenty-five Nestorian families and the same number of Mŭhammedans. Just at sunset, we went to the church to attend evening prayers. Twelve sprightly children were sitting on the green grass, in front of it, in the form of a school, engaged in reading the Psalms. They are instructed by the priest of the village who appears to be a very good old man. He is the only living Nestorian *author* with whom I have met, and he has perhaps no contemporary in his nation in that high calling. He has recently prepared a small volume in the ancient Syriac, in which with considerable ability he combats the Papists. Both the priest and his people have long been importuning us to assist them in erecting a school-house and sustaining a good school in this village; and nothing but want of funds has prevented our complying with that request. In Salmás the Pa-

pists have long had a footing. Two bishops now reside there who were educated at Rome, and have drunk deep of her proselyting spirit. We need a good school in the district as a barrier against them. I lodged in a room occupied by the old priest. In the evening, a number of the villagers came in, and the venerable man, with truly Protestant simplicity, took a copy of the Psalms and familiarly translated one into the spoken language, and afterward, he read and translated a chapter from the Gospels in the same manner. All present listened with interest; and it appeared that the villagers were accustomed to resort to this room frequently in the evening for religious instruction. I was agreeably surprised, both with the practice and with the matter and manner of the priest's exposition of Scripture. I am not aware that this interesting case has a parallel, beyond the immediate influence of our mission.

May. 5. We rode eight fûrsákhs, in a north-western direction, and reached Khoy. This is a beautiful walled town—one of the finest in Persia—containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. The valley in which it is situated, is extremely fertile, but unhealthy. We lodged in the corner room of the principal caravanserái. Having no beds with us, we found the brick pavement rather too hard to afford us very refreshing sleep. Caravanseráis in Persia consist of rows of arched rooms extending around an open court in the form of a hollow square. In the cities, they are built of burnt brick, and in villages usually of unburnt brick, or in fact, *mud*, moulded into the shape of brick and dried in the sun. They are used for the various purposes of storing merchandize, lodging travellers and caravans—the residence and traffic of merchants and the shops of mechanics. The apartments devoted to travellers consist of simple, naked stalls, differing from those of the beasts of burden, if at all, only by having a brick, or elevated earth, floor.

How different are these public "inns," in the dark East,—unfinished, unlighted and unfurnished—where "the horse and his rider" are commonly near neighbors, from the 'Mansion Houses' in America. On our first arrival in New York, when I returned to America, we stopped a day at the United States Hotel; and Mar Yohannan was perhaps more deeply impressed, that first day, than during any subsequent period of his visit in our country; and particularly, with that superb *caravanserái*—so entirely removed from the stables of horses and mules—elegantly finished with windows and doors, and amply supplied with carpets, mirrors, chairs, tables and soft beds. That first day in America revealed to the astonished Nestorian, in far more senses than one, a "New World."

May 6. We rode twelve fûrsákhs, to the village of Kara-ina, *black fountain.* Our direction was north-west, and the region over which we passed, after ascending the mountains west of the plain of Khoy, is made up of alternate low ridges and extensive intervening valleys which afford excellent pasture grounds. An old Turk and his son, belonging to Erzróom, fell in with our party, begging per-

mission, for their better security, to travel in company with us, through the Koordish region. "The Koords," said the Turk, "are neither Mŭhammedans nor *infidels*, (Christians); they are *brutes;* they rob all whom they dare to rob, without discrimination." All classes of the natives, in those wild countries, account it a great privilege to perform their journeys in company with European travellers, as they are thus shielded, in some measure, against Koordish depredation, and oppression from the higher classes of their own countrymen.

May 8. We rode ten fŭrsákhs. The first five brought us to Avâjik, the last village in Persia. This village is also often called Kîleesiá, (church,) taking the name from an ancient Armenian stone church, the walls of which are still standing. This and the neighboring villages were formerly occupied exclusively by Armenians, who abandoned their homes during the Russian invasion, and emigrated into Georgia. Their places are now partially supplied by Persians, from Erivân, who, when the Russians took possession of that province, were glad to escape proximity to their new masters, by retiring to this remote district, which had been abandoned by the Armenians. Five fŭrsákhs more carried us across the boundary to the small Koordish village of Küzzil-dizzá. The boundary between Turkey and Persia is here a high range of mountains, sweeping from Ararat to the south-west and blending with the general ranges of Koordistân. It is probably the Niphates of the Greeks. On the top of this mountain is an extensive section of fine meadow-land, called, *Kâzi-góol*, goose-pond, surrounded by broken rocky ledges. The traveller always dreads to pass through this vale, as it is just upon the boundary, very secluded and usually infested with robbers. There were now no Koords encamped in it, the weather being still too cold to allow them to live there in tents.

The village in which we put up for the night is a small miserable hamlet of stationary Koords, which had not long before been sacked by their migratory neighbors. We selected the largest and best subterranean hovel in the place, but were there obliged to lodge in the same room with the master of the house and his wife and children. The free, social intercourse between the sexes, among the Koords, impresses the traveller, at once as he goes among them, with the superior virtue of their females to that of the dissolute Persians.

Apprehension of a formidable attack from vermin, forbade me to divest myself of any of my clothing. I simply sat down upon a rush mat, leaned against the mud-wall and thus went to sleep. Sad experience soon taught me, however, that all my clothes closely buttoned were but an ineffectual covert against the little marauders, which proved to be far more annoying to us than the dreaded Koords. But to the praise of our host, he treated us in the kindest manner in his power. Among the rude implements of the dairy, in this Koordish dwelling, I noticed particularly the *churn*. It consisted of a large goat-skin, apparently entire, suspended from the roof by a rope.

This skin is filled with milk and rapidly swung by ropes attached to it and plied by children standing on opposite sides, until the butter is separated. This is the method of churning common among the Koords and the mountain Nestorians. The people of Oróomiah use a deep earthern jar as a churn. They fill the vessel with milk, bind a piece of skin over the top, lay it upon a stone or other fulcrum near the middle, and by a handle on the jar for the purpose, balance the ends up and down. Asiatics do not first separate the cream, but always churn the milk itself. The milk of the sheep, which is very rich, is most prized by them; next, that of the goat,—then, of the buffalo, and last, of the cow. Our feelings may perhaps revolt at the idea of using the *milk* of the sheep. But what more harmless and cleanly animal, in all the quadruped race than the sheep?

At Küzzil-dizzá we were very near the base of Mt. Ararat. I had three times before passed this venerable mountain, but had never felt so strong a desire to ascend it as in this instance. The earliness of the season, if there were no other obstacle, would now have forbidden the attempt. The snow extended almost to its base. In August and September, it covers only about one third of the mountain; and an adventurer might then reach the limits of snow in one day, lodge there at night, and advance as far as it is ever practicable and reach the same lodging-place on his return, on the following day. Both Armenians and Mŭhammedans—and I may add, most Europeans, who have travelled in that region and are acquainted with the subject—pronounce it impossible to reach the top of Mt. Ararat. They state that the accumulated masses of snow and ice are not only steep and even perpendicular, but actually project more or less for some distance. They discard the pretensions of Professor Parrott to the honor of having planted his feet upon the summit. And were not the learned Professor reported to be a man of *veracity*, I should feel constrained to mingle my voice with the tones of general doubt. As it is, I wait for better evidence. The ascent, if ever practicable, would be easiest on the north-western side, which is in general less steep by far than the others.

The impressive sublimity of Mt. Ararat increases, (in my case at least,) rather than diminishes, by familiarity. The road by the town of Bayazéed, which is the post-route, and which I followed on my former tour, carries the traveller still nearer the base of the mountain. The country on the western side, as well as Ararat itself, presents striking indications of having felt the former action of volcanoes. Over a region of fifteen or twenty miles, the surface of the ground is thickly strown with loose stones, weighing from one to ten or twenty pounds, which give indubitable signs of having been in a state of partial fusion—are hard as flint, but porous, and are in fact genuine lava. Occasional ridges of the same formation, occur also on various parts of the plain. And the fact that the frequent earthquakes, which shake these regions, seem to have their centre in Mt. Ararat, confirms the idea of its volcanic origin.

May 9. We changed our direction to west and rode eight fürsákhs, to Utch-kileesiá, the Armenian convent. At Dîadéen, which is five fürsákhs west of Küzzil-dizzá, we came upon the eastern branch of the Euphrates. It is a larger and more rapid stream than the western branch, where we crossed the latter near Erzróom. It is called by the natives, *Murád-chai*, river of Murad. Dîadéen is a Koordish town of considerable size, having a fortress which is one of those built by the adventurous Genoese, in their prosperous days, on the route between Trebizond and Persia, to protect their trade with the East. Six or eight of these fortresses still remain, on this route, in a state of partial preservation. The commerce of the Genoese with those remote regions, must have been immense and lucrative, to enable them to rear and sustain such a line of fortifications through wild, inhospitable territories, and at the same time enrich their republic.

The convent, where we passed the night, is in a desolate state, the Armenians of that region who once contributed to its support, having followed the Russians into Georgia. There are now only three resident vartabéds and the same number of priests. The church is an immense building of freestone—one of the largest churches in the Armenian nation; and the workmanship is very fine. It is also very old, having been originally built, as the monks state, fourteen hundred and fifty years ago. It is only for the sake of preserving that venerable structure, that it continues, in so inhospitable a region, to be occupied as a convent. A small Armenian village is all that now remains connected with it, and the lawless Koords sometimes strip both the village and the convent of almost everything but the walls, though the Turkish government extends to it a measure of protection. The inmates of the convent received us with much hospitality. On expressing their regret that they had neither wine nor *rum* to treat us, Mar Yohannan assured them, that we wished for none; and the door being thus opened, he proceeded to give them a very appropriate temperance lecture. The monks appeared much pleased with the agreeable manners and conversation of the Nestorian prelate; and I was myself, as is often the case, deeply interested to observe what attractive powers he possesses. Wherever we stop, crowds flock around him, and listen to his voice, almost as to an oracle.

May 10. We continued our course on the banks of the Euphrates, rode eight fürsákhs and reached *Kara-kileesá*, *black church*. This Armenian village receives it name, as tradition says, from the fact that Timóurlane, (*Timóur-lenk*,*) in his career of devastation,

* *Lenk*, in Persian, means *lame*—an epithet given to Timóur, because he was a cripple The Persians relate, that on arriving in India, a blind bard appeared before the conqueror, who asked him his name and he replied, *Doulâh—fortune*. Said Timóur, I did not know before that fortune was *blind*. She must be, replied the bard, or she would never have sought a home in a *cripple*. The conqueror was so much gratified with the compliment, that he lavished upon the bard a pecuniary *fortune*.

blew up an old stone church there with a species of gun-powder. A part of that ancient fabric is said to form the base of the present church of the village. In the evening, an Armenian priest came to our lodgings, and fell into conversation with Mar Yohannan. Passing from topic to topic, they came at length upon image-worship in churches. The priest argued in support of it as practised by his nation, while the Nestorian bishop got the better of him, reprobating the practice with much clearness and feeling. It is interesting to notice how *evangelical* are the bishop's views and feelings, on all the subjects thus incidentally introduced. A multitude of the villagers here, as at our other stopping-places, gathered around him, with whom he "literally reasoned of temperance, righteousness and a judgment to come." He has the theory of religion quite clearly in his *head;* may he also have it experimentally in his heart.

We passed, to-day, a large tribe of Koords, encamped on the banks of the Euphrates. They are the *Sypokées*, who are all Yezîdées, the reputed worshippers of the devil. An individual from this tribe was one of the bishop's audience this evening. The Yezîdées are somewhat numerous, but they all speak the Koordish language and appear not to differ much in character from other Koords. They cannot with strict propriety be called *worshippers* of the devil. As nearly as I am able to ascertain, they regard the devil as a *malignant* being, but high in rank and the prime minister of the divine displeasure. They call him, *Melik Tâóos* (*mighty angel;*) and regarding such to be his rank and influence, they deem it, at least, good policy for them to conciliate his favor. According to a certain proverb, they would treat even the *devil* well, not knowing into whose hands they *may* fall. Accordingly, while they profess adoration for the one true God, and much respect for Christ, as his messenger, and higher reverence still for Mŭhammed, as the greatest of prophets, they are deeply solicitous to keep on *friendly* terms with his Satanic highness and very careful to do and say nothing to displease him. When one of another nation pronounces the word, *Satan*, in their presence, they are distressed and offended by it, supposing that others, whenever they allude to the devil at all, do it always with disrespect. Not being fully aware of their sensitiveness, I inquired, this evening, of the Yezîdée who was present, in what estimation his people hold the Evil one, wishing merely to elicit information. But he manifested such indications of annoyance and kindling anger, that I desisted from questioning him, and endeavored to obtain some facts on the subject from the Armenians of the village. The secrets of the religious system of the Yezîdées are, however, so studiously concealed, that it is but very imperfectly known to others. One remarkable fact in the system is, that if a *circle* be described about them, either by marking the ground with a stick, or walking around them, they conceive the circle to involve some magical charm and are very reluctant to leave it until it is broken. They are also superstitious, in drinking wine,

about spilling a drop upon the ground. Should the reader be inclined to know more of the Yezîdées, he will find an article respecting them in the Biblical Repository, prepared with considerable research by Rev. H. Homes of Constantinople.*

May 11. We rode six fûrsâkhs, over a level plain and reached the village of Moollâh Soleimân. The plain which we crossed is extremely fertile, and must have afforded a noble and favorite camp ground for Timóurlane and his myriads who are said at one time to have made it their quarters. Moollâh Soleimân is an Armenian Catholic village. Its priest and many of the villagers came to see us, and Mar Yohannan entertained them with religious conversation. Falling into a warm discussion on the merits of image-worship, the bishop repeated, with great pertinency and effect, the language of David in the 105th Psalm: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands; they have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat; they that make them are like unto them; so is *every one that trusteth* in them;" and to this very appropriate quotation, he added the second commandment, to the great confusion of all the Catholics who were present. The priest, however, recovering a little, tried to sustain his cause, by the hackneyed position, that Christ made Peter his vicegerent, and that Peter has a regular line of successors in the pontiffs of Rome, down to the present time, attempting to stammer the hard names of the long dark catalogue, who had encouraged the use of pictures. The bishop replied, that the apostles are *all* in Scripture represented as pillars of the Christian church, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone; that neither prophets, apostles nor Christ had ever recommended image-worship so far as the Bible informs us, but on the contrary, they often and strongly condemn idolatry. "And the Bible," he reiterated, "the Bible is our *anchor*. We must *cling* to that, whatever the popes of Rome may say." It was not a little gratifying to hear a Nestorian bishop, from the deep darkness of Persia, thus expose and combat the corrupt doctrines and practices of Papal Rome, with an intelligence, earnestness and propriety which would do honor to a Protestant prelate.

May 12. We crossed the lofty Ararat range, rode eight fûrsâkhs and reached the village of Dela-bâba. In winding our way through a ravine up the mountains, we observed clusters of small *white birches* that stud the brook which murmurs along by the road-side. They are the first and the only white birches that I have seen in all my travels in Asia,† and the sight of them revived ten thousand early

* See Biblical Repository for April, 1842, p. 329.

† I crossed this mountain by another route, on my former journey to Erzróom.

recollections of the land of my kindred. Mar Yohannan was also much interested, having never seen birches before; and the more so, when I dismounted and peeled a few strips of the bark and told him how I had often amused myself in childhood by writing upon such bark. The reader would more fully appreciate the interest of such trifling incidents, that awaken associations of home, were he long to be a sojourner in distant benighted lands.

Passing down from the mountain range, we entered the beautiful Armenian province of Pasin, which is a great valley extending almost to Erzróom, fertile and well cultivated. At Dela-bába, the village where we stopped for the night, I observed, in an ancient grave-yard, a small arched dome, beautifully built of hewn stone, without any entrance. On inquiry, I was told that its use and history are unknown to both Armenians and Mŭhammedans; but that it *may* have been the work of the *Romans*—which is a very common solution of antiquarian difficulties among the natives as well as travellers in those regions.

May 13. We rode six fŭrsákhs in a western direction, over delightful undulations in the valley which we entered yesterday, and put up for the Sabbath at *Kupry-koy*, Bridgeville. Just before reaching the village, we crossed the river Árrás (Araxes) by the noble structure that gives name to the village. It is the longest bridge that I have seen in Asia, built of fine hewn stone and has the appearance of having stood there many centuries.

May 15. After passing the Sabbath in a drèary, filthy stable, we rode about eight fŭrsákhs and reached Erzróom. Five fŭrsákhs before arriving at the city, we passed Hăssân-kuláah, a walled town already described, containing five or six thousand inhabitants. Its strong fortress is one of those built by the Genoese. At Erzróom, we were hospitably received by Mr. Brant, the British consul, with whom I had not finished shaking hands, when Mr. Johnston, our missionary at Trebizond, entered the room. He had accompanied Messrs. Holladay and Stocking from Trebizond, and leaving them a few miles in the rear when in sight of Erzróom, had rode on himself to provide for them lodgings. We were grateful for the privilege of meeting again in that distant land, and particŭlarly interested with the striking Providence, that had brought me from Persia, Mr. Johnston from Trebizond and our new associates from America, to meet at the place appointed, just at the same time. An hour afterward, Messrs. Holladay and Stocking with their wives arrived. Having rested and procured a takt-rawân for Mrs. Holladay, who had become too feeble to ride farther on horseback, we left Erzróom, May 28th, for Persia. It was so late in the day when we started, that we rode but two or three hours, and pitched our tent by the quiet brook, Nabhee-chái, Prophet's river, for the Sabbath.

May 21. We had enjoyed a peaceful Sabbath and retired to rest, intending to proceed early the next morning. But about 11 o'clock in the evening, a messenger came up to our tent from Erz-

róom, bringing a letter to me from Mr. Zohráb, stating that tidings had just reached the city, that the Koords had plundered a village near the frontier, and the road was reported to be very unsafe. A thousand tender and painful recollections of the past, as well as some apprehension for the future, were called up by that letter, near the very spot, as we were, where three years before, Mrs. Perkins and myself were induced, on account of the disturbed state of the Koords, to leave our direct route and turn off into Georgia, the land which proved to us a scene of so many trials, vexations and sufferings, and had well nigh proved the place of our graves. After consultation, it was concluded that I should return to Erzróom, the next day, and endeavor to ascertain more fully the extent of the danger from the Koords, while the rest of the party should proceed to Hăssân-kuláah, where I hoped to be able to join them the ensuing evening.

May 22. I returned early in the morning to Erzróom, and on conferring with the English consul, found that we might, without imminent hazard, proceed on our journey, as a thousand Turkish troops were to start in a day or two for the frontier, whose approach would be likely to deter the Koords from committing farther depredations. I reached our party, at Hăssân-kuláah, as I had expected; and the next day we proceeded, having the army, as we advanced, about two days in our rear, and by the good providence of God were brought safely to Oróomiah, where we arrived on the 7th of June.

In the heart of the Koordish country, we had the happiness to meet three German missionaries, Messrs. Haas, Hoernle and Schneider, the first named with his family, on their way from Persia to Europe. It was a grateful meeting to us all. We halted on the spot, pitched our tents in the desert, and spent a delightful day together, in conversation, prayer and praise. We could not, however, but sympathize with these excellent brethren, in feelings of deep regret, at the *occasion* of our meeting. *They* were abandoning the field of their missionary hopes and labors. They had been in Persia, and previously in Georgia, a considerable period, had acquired a familiar acquaintance with the native languages, and had successfully commenced operations. They retired not from choice but necessity. The Basle Missionary Society, under whose patronage they labored, decided not to continue operations in Persia, unless the gospel could be openly proclaimed to the Mŭhammedans. This is impracticable. Life would be the price of the attempt. The missionaries had, therefore, no other alternative than to leave the country, however much they regretted the necessity or dissented in opinion from the policy of their excellent patrons.

The withdrawal of these German missionaries is a serious calamity to Persia,—especially, because they are eminently adapted to labor in that country. We need *working* men in Persia—men who, while they are full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and love to preach

Christ and him crucified above all other employments, are, at the same time, not reluctant to use *grammars* and *dictionaries*, and to qualify themselves, if occasion shall require, to make grammars and dictionaries and other school-books. We need men, who are willing to *live* and *labor* for Christ, as well as to die for him. We want no erratic, idle ramblers, like a Jewish convert recently in that country. It is an easy thing for one to proclaim himself ready to *die* for Christ, and wander over the Persian empire, report his movements "in perils oft," excite notoriety at home, and say enough and do enough to raise a storm in every city, and perhaps interrupt the labors and endanger the lives of more prudent, humble, indefatigable and useful missionaries. But this is *not* to evangelize Persia; nor is it the *first* step toward such a result. It *is* to excite suspicion, rouse the jealous Moollâhs to redoubled vigilance in their eagle watch, and retard the object. Persia, at present, needs more light than heat. And the men sent to that country should be qualified and willing to labor hard and patiently to diffuse light, as well as to proclaim Mŭhammed a false Prophet, and Christ the Son of God. Such men were these sterling German missionaries, whose departure is deeply regretted by the Persians, as well as by ourselves.

June 13. A Moollâh called to visit Mar Yohannan, and requested of him the christian Scriptures. When the bishop applied to me for a Bible to give him, I suggested the inquiry, whether it might not be the Moollâh's intention to procure and destroy it. Mar Yohannan assured me to the contrary, and stated that the Moollâh is his old acquintance, belongs in a village near his own, is a very amiable man, and in his (the bishop's) opinion, a sincere inquirer after truth.

June 15. A periodical newspaper has recently been commenced under the auspices of the king, in Mŭhammedan Persia. It is edited by a native who speaks our language—having been once ambassador to England—and is strongly desirous of introducing European knowledge and improvements among his countrymen. This newspaper, though a small thing in itself, and like a feeble taper may soon go out, still, viewed as a sign of the times, as an index of the general tendency of things, is a bright star of hope for the civil renovation of Persia. And shall European light, as it rolls into this country, be wholly under the banners of the men of this world? *Indirect* missionary efforts—and those of an interesting and encouraging character—are practicable, among the Mŭhammedans. The German missionaries had very auspiciously commenced such efforts. Mr. Haas had a flourishing Mŭhammedan school; and his labors had arrested the attention and elicited the approbation of multitudes of the higher classes. A small geography, which he prepared, reached the king, who studied it attentively, manifested a deep interest in it, and directed his Meerza to request Mr. Haas to come and open a school at Tehrân. And as a farther token of the royal approbation of his efforts in healing the sick, as well

as in giving instruction, the king conferred on Mr. H. an order of Persian knighthood. Such attentions are in themselves, of course, of no value to the missionary; but as betokening facilities for the spread of the gospel, it were ingratitude to God, not thankfully to acknowledge them.

We could indeed wish that it were now practicable to preach the gospel openly and directly to the Mŭhammedans in Persia. But because on coming here the missionary does not find the harvest, among that class, already ripe and falling into the ground, his patrons should not abandon the field. Can he reasonably be expected to reap before he has sown? And in a field which Satan has so long and industriously scattered over with tares, shall the churches marvel and despond, if the soil needs cultivation before they can pour in the good seed? And when will it be more practicable to commence the work of cultivation? Who are to prepare geographies, histories, school-books and tracts for Persia, and guide its inhabitants in their incipient inquiries after truth, if not christian missionaries?

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNAL: JULY—DECEMBER, 1837.

We went out to the village of Charbâsh, July 4, to be guests of a Nestorian friend. It was truly refreshing to leave the hot, dusty city, and enjoy the pure air of a village; and our relaxation was rendered doubly interesting by our associations called up by the day. Our entertainment was simple but *clean*, which is not too often the case with meals in Persia. I observed, to-day, a peculiarity of Nestorian address. Our host, in speaking to his wife, did not use that term, nor her name, but the name of her *father;* i. e. supposing her father's name to have been Abraham, her husband would address her, "thou daughter of Abraham," do this, or that. This distant mode of address, which is common among the Nestorians,—taken in connexion with the servile duties which the wives are made to perform at the dictation of their husbands, impresses one not very pleasantly with their conjugal confidence and affection. The females, even among these nominal Christians, are not allowed to eat with the males, but serve them first and afterwards partake of what remains.

We had but just reached home, when our excellent friend, Dr. Riach, arrived. He had made a journey to Tiflis, for the benefit of his impaired health, and returned to Tehrân by this route, increasing

the distance of his tour about two hundred miles, for the sole purpose of visiting us, and aiding and cheering us in our work. His presence, a few days, is quite a relief to our usual loneliness.

July 5. In company with Dr. Riach, I visited the governor. His Excellency and the large number of nobles about him, received Dr. R. with much attention, as a member of the English embassy; and they were all deeply interested by his intelligent conversation. He made it his object, in all his visits at Oróomiah, to excite in the people a desire for improvement, and thus give countenance to our labors. "What is it," said Dr. R. to the governor and his courtiers, "that enables Englishmen to take a penny-worth of iron and convert it into a form, which, when brought to you, readily commands a pound? It is *education*—it is light." His remarks might be termed an appropriate and interesting missionary sermon, and just *such* a sermon as Mŭhammedans here need. They must be enlightened, and thus made to see the fallacy and folly of their own system, before they will be ready to receive the gospel.

July 13. Our seminary was removed into a larger room, the heat of the season being so great as to render it impracticable for so many scholars to remain in the old one. The occasion was celebrated by the first exercise which the school has ever attempted in declamation. The priests and one deacon and two small boys declaimed, and with much propriety. Mr. Stocking pronounced a piece in English, at the commencement of the exercise, to set the school an example. John, our boy, also declaimed in English. The priests and the other boy selected their declamations from the Psalms. Some of the clergy are quite familiar with portions of the Scriptures, particularly with the Psalms, which form a large part of their church services.

July 17. We were cheered by the arrival of Rev. H. Southgate, an Episcopal missionary, who is making a missionary tour into Persia. He is glad to find himself safe at Oróomiah, having taken a route from Erzróom which led him into a dangerous part of the Koordish country. His Mŭhammedan dress shielded him from much of the difficulty and danger of the way, that he must have experienced, had he been known as a European.

July 26. Rode to Gĕog-tapá, in company with Mr. Southgate, about sunset and passed the night. Priest Abraham prepared a good supper and lodgings for us, on the highest house in the village. In the evening, Mar Elias and several of the villagers came to visit us. In our conversation, I inquired whether there was no exposure from *dew*, in sleeping upon the roof, to which they replied, that they have no dews,—and the question thence arose as to their origin in our country,—whether they are from the air or the earth. I explained to them the common theory of the dew being deposited by the atmosphere, and all professed themselves satisfied with its reasonableness. The brightly twinkling stars happened to form the next topic. The peasants in Persia pay much attention to the stars,

as the heavenly bodies are (with the mass,) the only chronometers. And the Mŭhammedans (the Nestorians less) lay great stress on the science of astrology, as I have before suggested. The galaxy caught the philosophic eye of Mar Elias, and he proceeded to offer an explanation. "At the time of the flood," said he "we read that the windows of heaven were opened. That light streak is one of those windows which has never been again closed up. So our *Melpánas* (ancient teachers) say." John, who was with me, caught the inspiration of the theme, and rose and repeated, in English, the following beautiful hymn, that he had recently learned from a small philosophy which he had been studying.

HYMN.

"God, our great Creator, Jesus,
Made the world we live upon;
All above and all beneath us,
Are the works of God the Son.

He made the stars and made the comets,
Made the moon and *milky way;*
Made the sun and all the planets,
Light for night and light for day.

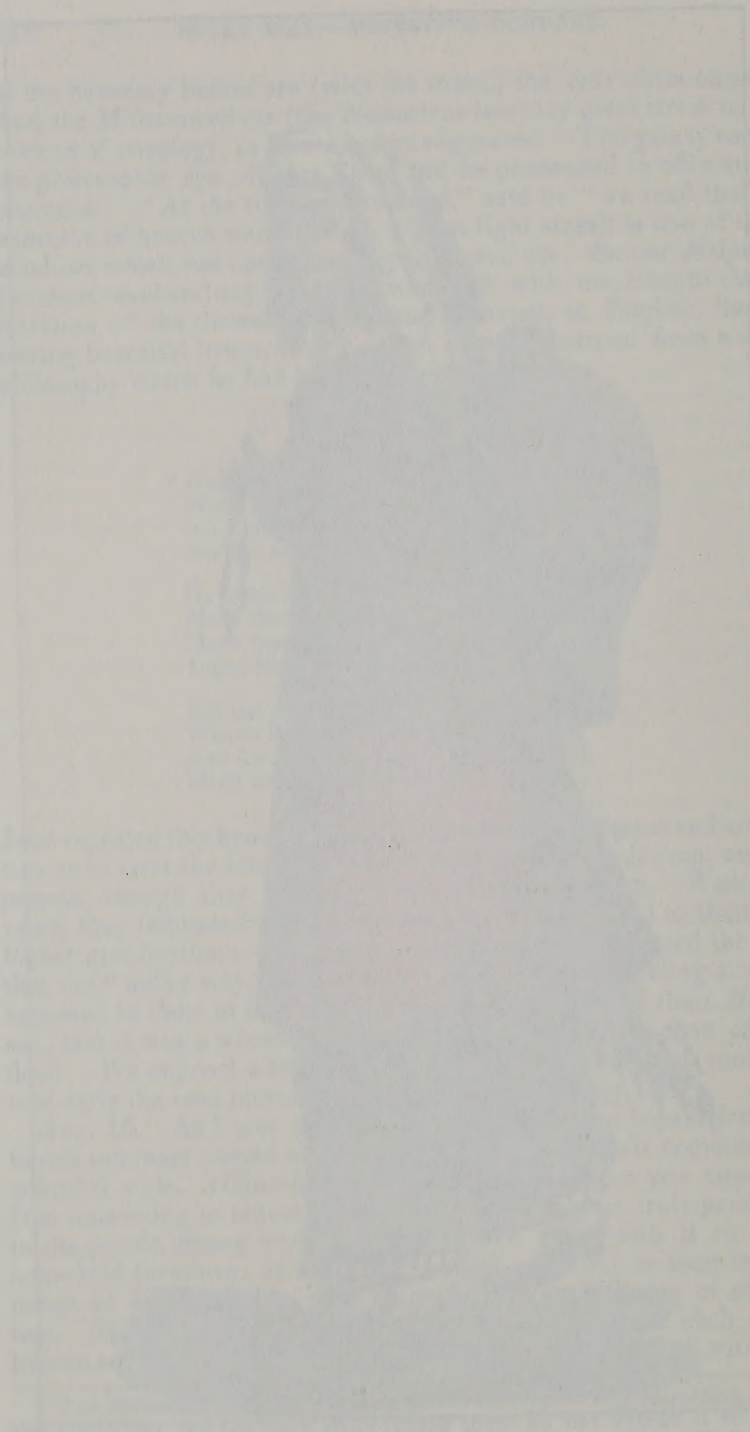
But the greatest work of Jesus,
Was to leave his throne on high,
And from sin and hell to save us,
Bleed and die on Calvary."

John repeated this hymn with such admirable distinctness and animation as to rivet the attention of his aged father, the bishop, and all present, though they were ignorant of the meaning. With one voice, they requested him to translate it, which he did to their still higher gratification;—and when at the close he suggested the idea that the "milky way," is made up of myriads of twinkling stars, it appeared to them at least as probable as the theory of their *Melpánas*, that it was a window of heaven left open at the time of the flood. We enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep on the high roof and rose early the next morning and returned to the city.

Aug. 15. As I was at work in our garden, the boys belonging to our seminary passed along and saluted me in their common patriarchal style, *Alláha-kúvet yavil*, May God give you strength. It is interesting to notice how much there is that is truly primitive in the people among whom we dwell. We meet with it in their household furniture; in their agricultural utensils; in their instruments of music; but most of all perhaps in their modes of salutation. When two persons meet they mutually salute each other by one saying, "Peace be with you,"* and the other, "with you

* The Mŭhammedans never give this beautiful, primitive salutation to native Christians, and the more strict among them do not extend it to Europeans. "God keep you," is used by them, in addressing *infidels*, (Christians).

A NESTORIAN GIRL, CARRYING WATER.



also, be peace." When one enters the house of another, he says the same, "Peace be with you," and the other replies, "Your coming is welcome." When a guest leaves a house, he says, "May God grant you increase; may your days be prosperous;" and the other replies, "May God be with you." And these salutations are repeated, as often as persons meet or enter each other's apartments, if it be every half hour of the day. Our Western style of salutation strikes an oriental as meagre, distant and cold; and seems hardly less so to ourselves, after residing some time in the East. We would not of course, however, exchange the honest brevity of American compliments for the sweet-sounding verbiage, venerable as beautiful though it be, of heartless Asiatics.

If you do a Nestorian a kindness, or wish him prosperity, he says, in thanking you, "May God give you the kingdom of heaven." When one puts on a new garment, enters a new house, or purchases a new article, his friends congratulate him, by saying, "May God bless your garment to you; may God bless your house," etc. The same kind of pious phraseology runs into all their business and intercourse. When one enters upon a piece of work, he repeats, "If the Lord will, I shall accomplish it." When a boy or a man begins to study a book, he writes upon the margin of the first page, "By the strength of the Lord I shall learn this book." When a child commits the letters of his alphabet, as often as he repeats them through, he is taught to say, at the close, "Glory to Christ our king." And the copyist commences his volume by a rubric sentence, under an adorned margin, on the first page, "In the strength of our Lord Jesus Christ we begin to write."

Scores of Nestorian girls come into our yard, regularly, morning, noon and night, and carry water from our reservoir, with "Rebecca's pitcher," upon their shoulders. The vessel which they use is, however, an earthern *jug*, rather than a pitcher, as indicated in the accompanying drawing. And the *pitchers* of those ancient damsels were doubtless of the same description. When a child, in reading the allusions to this subject in the Bible, I have often wondered how a "*pitcher*" filled with water, could be borne upon the shoulder. In Persia I found the explanation. The jug, which holds from two to five gallons, has a handle through which a rope is passed and held by the hands, and it is thus conveniently carried. Innumerable incidents of a most common nature are constantly occurring before our eyes in the East, that forcibly illustrate Scripture allusions. As another instance, the girls who flock around our fountain to fill their "pitchers," often crowd and jostle each other, and the jug of some one of them falls upon the pavement and is dashed in pieces; and there is "the pitcher broken at the fountain,"—irreparably broken—its value and usefulness at an end—the striking emblem, used in Scripture, of old age and the end of life. The beautiful illustrations of the Bible, presented thus vividly and constantly to the mis-

sionary in Asia, is a source of untold pleasure to him and one of the greatest mitigations to his exile from kindred and home.

The fact that there is much in the character and customs of the Nestorians which is *primitive*, naturally suggests the idea of their Jewish origin, as our familiarity with Jewish customs, is greater than with those of other Eastern nations, from our early perusal of the Scriptures. It is, however, well known to a resident or traveller in the East, that domestic manners and customs, among the Jews and Nestorians and other nations there, are not in general *Jewish* nor *Nestorian*, nor *national*, distinctively;—they are rather *Eastern—oriental*, in the broad sense of that term. Hence the argument drawn from this source, to make any given people *Jewish* in their origin proves nothing, by proving *too much*; as it might with equal propriety be applied to almost all Eastern nations, and make them all of the same origin. With the Nestorians that come to our fountain for water, for instance, are many Mŭhammedan girls, whose "pitchers" upon their shoulders and general appearance as fully entitle them to be called the descendants of Jewish Rebeccas and Rachels, as their christian neighbors; and the same is true in other things. And yet mistake on this subject, from the circumstances I have mentioned, is perfectly natural.

Aug. 17. We were invited to visit Gĕog-tapá, it being the season to gather grapes from the vineyards; many acres on the borders of which are now covered over with the clusters of the vine, spread out, drying for raisins. The grapes are laid thickly upon inclined terraces, prepared for the purpose. The vineyards, on the plain of Oróomiah, which are almost numberless and boundless, present a very striking appearance at this season of the year. It is common for Nestorian girls and women to labor in the fields, during the summer. They weed the cotton, and assist in pruning the vines and gathering the grapes. Mothers take their cradles, with their infants in them, upon their shoulders, in the morning, and carry them to the distant field or vineyard. The child lies bound in the cradle all day, being visited by the mother, who is at her work near by, a few times to nurse it; and at night, the little stranger is carried home in the same way. The wife of priest Abraham told us, to-day, that her husband would not allow her to go out, during the present season, preferring to do all the work himself. It is interesting to observe this incipient improvement, in the regard for females, among those who reside with us.

Aug. 20. To avoid the extreme heat of the city, most of the members of our mission went out fifteen miles, to the village of Ardishái, to spend a day or two with Mar Gabriel. We started so late that we reached our destination not until some time in the evening. The bishop welcomed us to his hospitable dwelling, and late as it was, an excellent meal was prepared for us, and a large number of the villagers assembled to greet us and gratify their curiosity, before we retired to rest.

Aug. 21. Our visitors again became numerous quite early this morning. In the course of the forenoon, Mr. Stocking and myself rode four miles, to a point on the lake, at which a small vessel, belonging to Malek Kâsem Meerza, was lying at anchor. The vessel is one of five or six belonging to the same prince, nearly the size of an American schooner, but of the rudest conceivable construction. They have flat bottoms and a triangular form; or more strictly, they are square at the stern and the sides are slightly curved, giving them very much the shape of a common flat-iron. The bishop expressed his admiration of the vessel which we visited, and inquired whether our countrymen have any as large and well built. And when I gave him some account of American shipping, his mingled emotions of astonishment and incredulity were very strongly depicted on his countenance. This vessel is manned by ten men, who were now loading it with timber, to transport to Tabrèez. There are no natural forests at Oróomiah; but the willows, poplars and sycamores planted on the water-courses, are of such size and so abundant here as to render timber quite an article of export to the neighboring districts. The progress of these vessels is very slow and their voyages long, depending on the favor of the winds and the more tardy movements of the crew, who, in prospect of hunger alone, will ply their long, rude oars.

The navigation of the lake is monopolized by Malek Kâsem Meerza, to whom the privilege was granted by his royal nephew, the Shâh. A nobleman of Oróomiah, in the spirit of "free trade and sailors' rights," built two vessels, a few years ago, in imitation of those of the prince; but he was never permitted to use them and they now lie rotting upon the beach. An extensive business might be carried on, by an efficient navigation, between Oróomiah and Tabréez. The transportation by caravans which requires a week, could thus be accomplished in a day,—the distance between the two cities being diminished by more than half, in addition to the increased speed. And all travellers, who value time or ease of conveyance, would of course be among the patrons. The lake is distant twenty-five miles from Tabréez and half that from Oróomiah; but the way is almost a water level, ready for the tracks of rail-road cars. If wood is too scarce there for the consumption of steam-engines, it requires, as we have been told, only men of "sense" (science) to find plenty of coal. We hope, at least, that a *horse-boat* may ere long find its way to that lake; for ten or twelve days is much more time than a missionary at Oróomiah can afford to devote to a journey to Tabréez, whither our object often calls us.

In the afternoon, we visited the *pottery* at Ardishâi. Coarse earthen ware is manufactured there in great abundance, and like all other articles made in Persia, with the simplest apparatus. The ease and rapidity with which the ware is made to assume any shape desired, vividly reminded us of the beauty and force of the figure drawn from this source and used by the apostle to illustrate the

doctrine of divine sovereignty; "As the clay in the hands of the potter." Just before evening, most of our party bathed in the lake. The water is so salt that a crystal coat forms upon a person bathing in it the moment he rises up, and its specific gravity is so great that it buoys him upon its surface and renders it difficult to sink.

Aug. 22. We rose at day-break and started for home. As we passed out of the village, we noticed, at that early hour, two fat buffaloes just knocked down in preparation for the festival which commences to-day. A fast of two weeks closes, during which the Nestorians have eaten no flesh, and to make up for this season of abstinence, they consider it proper to hold a festival and allowable to indulge in the excessive use of meat. Such *religious* practices must of course exert a highly immoral influence. Just before we reached the city, we met the prince, Malek Mânsoor Meerza, starting for Tabréez. He had with him a large retinue, himself in front, in princely style, carrying a fowling-hawk in his hand. He halted and conversed with me a few moments, and kindly proposed to take letters for us to Tabréez.

Sept. 10. The king has just sent several orders to the governor of Oróomiah, which not a little embarrass him. One thousand soldiers, belonging to this province, deserted from the king's army about four months ago and returned to their homes. His Majesty now orders the governor to exact from each of them thirty tomâns ($75,) brand him in his forehead and burn down his house. The order was written with the king's *own hand*, which invests it with special importance, and accompanied by the frightful threat—"if you do not execute this command, I will give you a kick from which you will never recover, in this world." The governor's authority is too weak to enable him to carry into effect the royal order, and he knows not what to do. There is little of quiet and comfort, for either rulers or people in Persia. Those deserters doubtless deserve punishment. But they had been pressed into service, half naked, leaving their families destitute at home, and had received only a fraction of their scanty stipend from government. The soldier has thus but small motives to patriotic loyalty. And the local governors are constantly liable to receive orders which they cannot execute, but the non-fulfilment of which may cost them their places or even their heads. In such a country, discontent, foreboding and terror must reign in every bosom. As a practical relief, however, the reader should be informed, that the royal edicts of modern times in Persia, are not invariably like those laws of the ancient Medes and Persians which "change not." They are not unfrequently mitigated or cancelled, by the capricious monarch. Life in that country is therefore a cup of trembling, between hope and fear.

Oct. 3. Received the following note from prince Malek Kâsem Meerza.

"*Ashân*, 1837, *Sept.* 22.

Rev. J. Perkins and Dr. A. Grant,

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure, in giving you information, that we intend, God willing, to visit Oróomiah, in the course of this month, and if nothing impedes us, we will feel the highest pleasure, in visiting there your most celebrated school, and of imitating it if possible. I remain, Sirs, yours very truly,

M. K. M."

Too much should not be inferred from such letters. They are interesting, as indicating a desire, in Persians of rank, to encourage improvements. But we cannot rely on them to effect a great deal by their own exertions. They are too weak and selfish to make sacrifices in the work. Their commendation of the missionary and his object is indeed immensely important, in its general effects on the people. But it is still the missionary who must put his shoulder to the wheel and perform the labor, or it will never be accomplished.

Oct. 18. Our Nestorian ecclesiastics have sometimes heard us refer to a branch of the Syrian church in India, of the existence of which they seem previously to have had some knowledge. Mar Yohannan, a day or two since, directed priest Dunka, to prepare a letter, in his name, to those Christians. When the letter was completed, it was submitted to me for perusal. I give the reader the following literal translation of it, alike for the statistics it contains and the manner of stating them.

"*In the name of God:*

The grace of God; the peace of our Lord, from the mouth of Mar Yohannan, bishop, and from the priests and the deacons; and the whole multitude of the faithful, the Syrian Christians of the East, in other terms, the Chaldeans;—unto the people, blessed and pure, redeemed by the flowing blood of salvation; clothed in the baptism of water, that unfading robe, made perfect by water and the Spirit; and unto the wise and exalted priests; and unto the select deacons; and the unblemished chiefs; unto a people saved by the Lord Jesus. May the living God keep you from all the snares of the Destroyer, in answer to the prayers of the holy and just ones who observe the pure commandments. May you be firm and immoveable, under the banner of the cross of life. Amen.

"Know ye that this is the business of our epistle which we send unto you. First, we would inquire for your welfare; and next, we would state that we have heard, there are Syrian Christians in your country, and our desire is great to see you. But it is a day of oppression with us, and the way is distant and difficult, and we cannot come to you. Our desire, therefore, is this; that you send unto us also an epistle, informing us what is your language and your faith and religious observances.

"By this letter, know ye, that we are Nestorians, believing in

Christ, in two natures but one person. We call Mary the mother of *Christ*, (not the mother of *God*,) yea and Amen. And furthermore, know ye, on seeing this letter, that there are, in our country, Mar Shimon, the spiritual head or Patriarch; and Mar Yeesho, the metropolitan. There are Mar Yohannan, Mar Gabriel, Mar Joseph and Mar Elias, of the province of Oróomiah. There are Mar Khnân-yéesho, the metropolitan, and Mar Dunka, and Mar Yohannan, bishops of the province of Droostáka. And Mar Sléeva, bishop of the district of Gávar, and Mar Sergis, bishop of the district, Jalem Jéloo, and Mar Yeeshooyábh, bishop of the province Bárbar—and a few other bishops. There are arch-deacons and priests and readers, and a people of believing Christians, many, very many.

"Again; know ye that our religious observances are these. First, the fasts and festivals which we observe. We keep fifty days as the fast of our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and on the fiftieth day, we hold a festival. Further, there is another festival, which we call the festival of Christ's ascension to heaven. And again, the feast of Pentecost. Fifty days, commencing with Pentecost, is the fast of the apostles; and at the close of this fast we keep the feast of the apostles. Again, we keep a fast of fifteen days in the month of August, called the fast of St. Mary. Again, there are the seven weeks' fast of Elias, and the seven weeks' fast of Moses, which some men observe and some do not observe. There is the feast of the transfiguration of Christ; the feast of the cross and the feast of the birth of Christ, and the feast of the baptism of Christ.

"These eight festivals of our Lord we observe, and we have many holy days and the Sabbath day, on which we do not labor. And on Wednesday and Friday, we eat no flesh. The Sabbath day we reckon far—far above the others. The sacrament of the body and blood of Christ we celebrate, with the leaven, the olive oil and pure meal; and with wine.

"Again; we hold, concerning the matrimonial union of man with woman, that within four generations on the side of the man; and four generations on the side of the woman, they shall not marry. Within these bounds, they are kindred. Amen.

"Again; know ye that images and pictures we in no wise admit, and we never have admitted them; and there are none kept among us; *not one.*

"When this letter shall reach you, write ye to our Patriarch, and to the metropolitans, and the bishops, everything respecting your people, as what cities ye dwell in, what are your religious observances and so on. Amen.

"This letter is written in the city of Oróomiah; in the first month of Chéree (October) and on the seventh day of the month.

(Signed) The unworthy MAR YOHANNAN."

It is pleasing to see one branch of the ancient church of Antioch searching for a sister branch, in a different and far distant land.

May the revival of their acquaintance and intercourse, result in the revival of their united and efficient efforts for the ushering in of the millennial glory of Zion. The statistics contained in this curious document may be considered as essentially correct. Priest Dunka, the writer, has travelled among all the clans of the Nestorians in these regions and is personally acquainted with most of their clergy. While it is cheering to see some of the most revolting features of Romanism and of the other oriental sects distinctly and fully discarded by the Nestorians, still, the recital of the cumbersome mass of their worse than useless formalities is sufficient deeply to pain the heart of the spiritual believer, and especially of the missionary who dwells among them, and sees and feels how much this miserable hay, wood and stubble is substituted for the purity and glory of the gospel. The revival of the spirit and power of Christianity will, we trust, gradually dislodge them from their usurped position.

Oct. 21. The Nestorians of this district are at present in a state of much excitement. The Russian emperor is on a visit in Georgia, and a Nestorian who has lived many years in that country has just come here, who is stirring up the people to send a delegation to petition the emperor either to take possession of their country, or assist them to emigrate from it into Georgia. It is not strange that the heavy and habitual oppression which the Nestorians experience from their Mŭhammedan masters should make them desirous of *change*. They are strongly attached to their beautiful and fertile country, and will never probably be willing to abandon it. But such excitements are unfavorable to our labors for their improvement. To one acquainted in these countries, it is clear that the condition of the Nestorians would be far enough from improved in any respect, by their coming into a nearer connexion with Georgia. No despotism is more grinding than that which exists in that province. And what their religious prospects would be, in case of such a change, we may infer, from the deep and appalling corruption of morals, which Russian troops and agents have spread, like a pestilence, through Georgia, during the present generation; and the settled policy of the government to which it is prompted by the priesthood to exclude Protestant missionaries from all its dominions.

Nov. 1. Prince, Malek Kâsem Meerza, arrived on his visit at Oróomiah. His Mŭhammedan school of about a dozen scholars, and his teacher, the Armenian from India, have accompanied him. The prince, as well as the scholars, is studying the English language and the elements of an English education; and they all appear to be succeeding much better than I had supposed.

Nov. 3. I received the following note from the above-named Armenian teacher of the prince.

"*Oróomiah, Nov.* 1837.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

His royal Highness, Malek Kâsem Meerza, who at the first sight of the copy of your Temperance Reports, deemed it worthy to be

fuel for the fire, is at present so much pleased with the highly beneficial instructions contained in it, that he orders me, this morning, to lecture the first class in my school in that most exellent book. Should you therefore kindly spare five copies of it, for this purpose, you will greatly oblige an affectionate friend of the temperance cause, who will make his best efforts to promote its interest, and remain with sentiments of respect, yours very obediently,

(Signed) M. D. T."

I sent the teacher the only copy of temperance documents which I had by me. The case of the prince, in this connexion, is interesting. In becoming acquainted with irreligious Europeans, he had become addicted to the excessive use of strong drink, and had nearly ruined his health. A few months ago, our friend, Dr. Riach, was called to prescribe for him, and his prescription was total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors. Dr. R. accompanied his prescription with an appropriate lecture on the general subject, and the prince has since that time, according to his own statement, broken off from the use of strong drink. This afternoon, the teacher and school of His Royal Highness, called to visit our Nestorian seminary. His scholars united with our classes in some of their recitations, and they appeared to be making very encouraging progress. It was particularly interesting to see the haughty Mŭhammedans, young Khâns among the rest, forgetting their religious prejudices in the emulation of study, and taking their places in the same classes with the despised native Christians.

Nov. 4. At the invitation of the prince, we called to visit him. He has made surprising progress in learning English since he visited Oróomiah two years ago. For our entertainment, he called for his volume of temperance documents, and read a part of the first page and translated it into Persian. He declared his intention of translating the whole volume into Persian, and presenting it to the king. If the perusal of it shall prove a means of preventing a relapse to his cups, it will perform a most important office for him and his countrymen, though it should never be translated into their native language. The prince is evidently a man of very fine talents, and he appears to desire that light should break in upon Persia. His teacher states that he remits the taxes of those individuals in his village who are disposed to send their sons to his school.

Nov. 6. We have recently commenced an evening exercise in languages, in which all the natives connected with our families, the seminary scholars who study English, and the members of our mission, participate. Each individual previously prepares a sentence—the Nestorians in English, and we in the modern Syriac. These sentences are committed to memory and repeated, also presented in writing at the exercise, and some time is spent in extempore efforts in conversation. It is an important aid both to us and the Nestorians, in the acquisition of the respective languages which we mu-

tually find difficult. The effort at composition also awakens the dormant minds of the natives, affords them agreeable employment, and saves them from idleness and temptation to vice during their long autumn and winter evenings.

Nov. 7. Major W. an English officer who is spending a few weeks at Oróomiah, for the purpose of drilling troops, has, we have reason to hope, recently passed from death unto life. He spent the first week after his arrival, in my family, no comfortable quarters having been provided for him elsewhere by government. He then appeared to cherish much respect for religion; but it was not until a few days after he took lodgings in another house, that he expressed to us the joy and peace which were then, for the first time, springing up in his soul. It is delightful and instructive, to witness the striking resemblance between the views and feelings of this solitary convert in distant Persia, and the subjects of American revivals. His deepest concern now is, that he may devote himself entirely to the service of God, and be made instrumental of turning others to righteousness. To the missionary, such cases are precious mercy drops, in a dark and desert land.

Nov. 8. The prince and his Moollâh visited our seminary. Both expressed themselves highly gratified with the performance of the scholars. His Royal Highness exhorted them to proceed diligently with their studies, by enumerating the many advantages which they would derive from education. After visiting the school, the prince dined with us and passed the evening. We held our exercise in language, and he took part with us, repeating, in his turn, simple English phrases. Some of the sentences presented by the Nestorians were quite oriental and highly complimentary in their character. I may give the reader a specimen. A delightful rain had just fallen—an event most welcome in Persia, after its entire absence for many months, during the warm part of the year. In allusion to this, priest Yohannan, the principal of our seminary, remarked, in his usual deliberate and solemn manner, "We believe that the footsteps of His Royal Highness, Malek Kâsem Meerza, to this province, are viewed propitiously by heaven, the event being signalized by this plentiful fall of rain." The prince acknowledged the compliment, and expressed himself as highly pleased with our plan of learning languages.

Nov. 9. The Armenian teacher from India called at my study, of whom my translators made inquiries respecting the Syrian Christians of that country; and when they learned that *all* the Syrian Christians in India, are of the Jacobite sect, they expressed much regret that Mar Yohannan had addressed to them the above letter. The most bitter hostility has existed, from time immemorial, between the Nestorians and the Jacobites. The latter are *monophysites*,—holding to but *one nature* in Christ, which is the most important circumstance of their difference. The Jacobites are also much less simple and evangelical in their religious practices than

the Nestorians. They are about as much devoted to the use of pictures as the Armenians or the Catholics.

Nov. 10. The prince invited the members of our mission to dine with him. Our *wives* were also invited, but they excused themselves, on the ground that his lady was not to be present on the occasion. It is well that they had so reasonable an excuse, as their compliance with the invitation, under any circumstances, might have been regarded as improper, by the people of this city who have seen few Europeans, and know little of their manners and customs. The dinner, which was prepared in European style, was liberal, but not extravagant. In the evening, we were entertained by the members of the prince's school, with an exercise in language, copied after the one which his Highness witnessed when he dined with us. It was not a little pleasant to us, to hear those Mŭhammedan scholars modestly utter their very well composed English sentences. The prince remarked freely on our missionary labors. He highly approved them, and expressed his belief, that we are in no danger of being molested, while we shall continue to direct our attention and efforts mainly to the benefit of the Nestorians, and not openly attack the religion of the Mŭhammedans. He spoke candidly, and as a friend. While he has obviously no longer much attachment to the Mŭhammedan system, he well understands and fully declared to us, that the time has not yet come to attack that system openly in Persia. In the course of the evening, the subject of the manufacture of sugar from the *beet* was introduced. The prince stated, that he had tried the experiment on a small scale, but was unsuccessful, being little acquainted with the process. He requested us to procure, for him some treatise on that subject, that he might renew the experiment. The beet of a superior kind is abundant in this part of Persia. His Highness declared, that he had seen one, produced in the district of Meandâub, of the enormous weight of ninety pounds!

Nov. 17. The prince sent word to me, that, as he is soon to leave Oróomiah, he would be happy to come and dine with us and spend the evening. He came, and demeaned himself as in former instances, with great propriety and sociability. He has for some time been importuning Mr. Merrick to return with him to his residence at Shishawân, as his teacher, and Mr. M. has concluded to accept the invitation. He will board at the prince's table, and at all times have access to him and his scholars. The hand of the Lord is very perceptible in this arrangement, as in almost everything else, pertaining to our missionary work.

Dec. 8. In addition to my employment in translating parts of the Scriptures, which occupies most of my time, I am at present engaged also in the translation of Peter Parley's Geography, and Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic, from all of which we prepare reading lessons, on cards, for our schools. I am often amused by the inquiries of my translators, suggested by their attention to

the geography. On one occasion, they soberly asked me, whether Peter Parley is not one of the *American saints*, supposing that such boundless knowledge as his book displays, could be possessed by no mortal less than a saint; and they were much surprised, when I told them that the author of this book is not only not canonized, but is still living and not yet a very old man. I embraced the opportunity to state to the priests that the Christians in America whom we represent, unlike those in Asia, have no patron saints; and referred them to the words of our Lord, "call no man master," which seemed to satisfy them on the subject. We find the works of Peter Parley and others of that description, very valuable, both as text-books for those who are studying English and to translate for reading lessons in the native language.

Dec. 9. Our translators offered a correction of Parley's Geography, notwithstanding their admiration of his sainted infallibility. The statement that "the white bear is found only in North America," priest Dunka declared erroneous, asserting that he had himself seen white bears in the Koordish mountains. And several others of whom I have since made the inquiry, bear the same testimony. The author will, we trust, admit the correction, coming as it does from some of his most ardent admirers.

Dec. 11. A Nestorian, whom we visited, inquired of me whether it be a fact, that there are mountains, in the New World, which discharge fire from their tops. He said his son, who attends our seminary, had told him that one of his lessons contained such a statement. It is cheering to see the elements of knowledge, thus beginning to diffuse themselves, like the silent leaven, among this ignorant, degraded people. Our host was equally astonished and entertained with the account of volcanoes, which I took occasion to give him, and he appeared highly pleased with the prospect of his son's becoming intelligent on such subjects; nor can we be less pleased with such a prospect, especially when we consider the character of their own literature. We called a few moments on the priest of the village. In conversation on the severity of the winter, he produced an old book, which professes to prognosticate the state of the weather and casual events for indefinite future periods. As I opened the book, the first passage which met my eye, was the following, viz.; "If the fast, preceding Christmas, happens to commence on Sunday, expect a hard winter and much snow, followed by a wet spring and a sickly summer." Turning to another place, I read, "If on the first Friday of the moon, its corners are nearly perpendicular, expect a famine, wars in Turkey and the birth of many children." This book is a large volume, in the ancient Syriac language; and it appeared to be made up of matter of the same general character with that which I have quoted. The copy that I saw was written about a century ago, and the work is said to have existed from time immemorial. It is regarded by the people, somewhat in the light of an oracle, exerts much influence on their habits

of thinking and does not a little to satisfy them with their ignorance. There is no lack of *such* literature in the ancient language of the Nestorians.

Dec. 20. An unusually large quantity of wine has been made in this country during the past season; and the consequence is, the most appalling prevalence of intemperance. Our translators expressed to me, to-day, their deep sorrow on accouut of this evil; and I have no doubt that they spoke sincerely; for they have nearly abandoned the use of wine. I told them that I supposed many of their people are better satisfied to suffer the numberless evils which strong drink is bringing upon them, than they would be, with our practice of abstaining from it. "There is no man of sense," said priest Dunka, "who does not heartily approve of your practice." "But we have multitudes among us," replied priest Abraham, "who, if an angel were to descend from heaven and preach temperance to them, would not abandon their cups." Intemperance is said to be less prevalent back in the mountains, where the vine is little cultivated; but whenever the wild mountaineers are able to obtain it, in their visits to this land of plenty, they show themselves even more *mighty* than the people here, *to mingle strong drink.*

CHAPTER XX.

JOURNAL: JANUARY—SEPTEMBER, 1838.

I ATTENDED a wedding, Jan. 9, at the house of Mar Gabriel, at Ardishái. During the noise and confusion of eating and drinking, a minstrel sat playing on a rude violin and singing sacred songs, composed on the most solemn and impressive subjects revealed in the Scriptures, as the coming of Christ, the judgment and the rich man in torment. The giddy company appeared to have no idea, that there was any incongruity between the subjects of these songs and the convivial scenes, in which they were so eagerly and thoughtlessly engaged. And this is not strange, considering their lack of religious instruction. We are, however, much encouraged by their incipient desire to learn and reform. Our scripture tracts, on their prevalent vices, are beginning to be sought by them. Priest Abraham lately told me, that several persons, who are themselves unable to read, had requested copies of the tracts on intemperance, lying, theft and swearing, and of the ten commandments, that they may keep them in their houses, and when they have guests from among our scholars, or the clergy, who can read, they may thus be able to listen to the truths of the gospel.

We are happily furnished with means for preparing these leaves

of the tree of life and from a source quite unexpected. I received, Feb. 8, a donation of forty dollars from Dr. Riach and major Woodfall for the American Tract Society,—the fruit of their interest excited by the perusal of the Report of that Society, a copy of which I recently sent to them.

As the reader may be interested in the very gentlemanly and christian manner in which this handsome donation was communicated, I will here insert their letter which accompanied it.

"*Tabréez, Jan.* 16, 1838.

To the Rev. J. Perkins, American missionary at Oróomiah,

Dear Sir,—The undersigned have the pleasure to request that you will have the kindness to receive the donations affixed to our respective names, which we wish to contribute to the American Tract Society. We are induced to trouble you on this occasion, from the expectation we have, that it is in your power, without much inconvenience to yourself, to remit the sum to the society mentioned, or to carry it in your accounts, to its credit.

It is with great delight that we seize this opportunity of expressing to you and to the rest of our friends associated with you, at Oróomiah, whom we consider to be the representatives of your country, in this distant land, the heartfelt satisfaction we have derived from the perusal of the last year's Report of the American Tract Society, which you kindly sent to us, and we look forward with hope to the further fruits of the efforts there detailed, having thus an assurance, that the time is approaching, when Christians will consider all mankind as brothers, and as heirs together of better things than this life affords.

There is a youthful vigor and a grandeur in the exertions which America is now making, to remove sin and misery from the world, and to give in exchange to the whole human family temporal and spiritual blessings, the contemplation of which is most gratifying and cheering to our hearts; and we gladly adopt the present occasion of adding our little mite to funds, which we feel have hitherto been so wisely and efficiently employed in the great cause.

We glory in your country, so worthy an off-shoot from our dear father-land, for having so decidedly taken the first place among the great nations of the world, in executing the departing command of our blessed Redeemer; and we would sincerely pray, that, with God's blessing, on his children's efforts, in both countries, England and America, may join together, in bonds of christian charity, and combining their united strength, for the purpose of advancing Christ's kingdom, may be the happy instruments of leading millions in our own and other countries to be partakers of eternal joys.

We are with great esteem and affection, Dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

(Signed) Geo. Woodfall, *Major*,
J. P. Riach, *attached to H. B. M. Legation.*"

The following is my note in reply to the above communication.

"*Oróomiah, Feb.* 10, 1838.

Messrs. Woodfall and Riach, etc.

Dear Sirs,—Your favor of the 16th ult. enclosing to my address $40, as a donation to the American Tract Society, came duly to hand. You impose on us not the least inconvenience, by sending your donations to our mission. We receive appropriations from the American Tract Society to facilitate our operations, and we have only to place this sum to the Society's account.

Permit me to express to you the heart-felt pleasure afforded to myself and my associates, by this demonstration of your interest in the prosperity of the philanthropic society to whose funds you so liberally contribute—by the kind regard for ourselves which you express in your letter—and by the generous—I had almost said, flattering—tribute of respect and veneration which you pay to our beloved native land.

Your letter—from a source and written in terms which must make any countrymen of ours, whose eye it may meet, feel honestly proud of his relationship to yours—I shall take the liberty to transmit to the American Tract Society, and I am sure that the official organs of that Society will feel the sincerest pleasure in gratefully acknowledging your generous donation, and your truly christian interest in their object and labors.

Most heartily do we reciprocate your ardent desire, that England and America may advance, hand in hand, like parent and child, in the great work of diffusing the light of eternal life throughout the world. May their mighty and ample energies be vigorously roused and efficiently directed to this blessed work, and never tire, till it shall reach its glorious consummation.

Fervently praying that the luxury of doing good may long continue to be yours, and with the assurance of my unfeigned regards, in which my associates join me,

I remain very gratefully yours,

(Signed) J. Perkins."

The reader who is familiar with the operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, will recal many instances in which noble-minded Englishmen, in the East, high in respectability, rank and official station, have generously contributed to the funds of that Board, during the pressure of its pecuniary embarrassments, within the last few years. And yet far more valuable than their pecuniary aid, is the protection and general encouragement which such Englishmen extend to our missionaries in Asia. What American would not gratefully acknowledge our obligations thus incurred, reciprocate the kindly sentiments and feelings which they manifest, and study thus indissolubly to cement the bonds of brotherhood that so properly and naturally bind the two countries—I will not say, *nations*—to each other.

Feb. 11. Priest Yohannan stated that he and other priests had often spoken together on the subject of my going into their church in the city, every Sabbath, and on feast days, and preaching the gospel to their people, as I preach to the members of the seminary, on our premises; and that they were unanimous in their opinion, that it is desirable I should do so. This proposition is peculiarly interesting, coming as it does from influential ecclesiastics.

We had long preached statedly on the Sabbath to the members of our seminary, on our premises, extensively in our village schools during the week, and more or less in an informal manner, from house to house, as opportunities occurred and our other labors permitted. But we had not expected at present to enter their churches as clergymen, and formally proclaim the gospel; for we apprehended, that the native ecclesiastics, much as they rejoiced in our more general labors, might regard themselves in danger of being undervalued by their people in their *clerical* capacity by a comparison with us, and perhaps take offence at the measure, were we to assume the attitude of regular preachers in their churches. We were, therefore, hardly less surprised than gratified, by the request of the most intelligent and influential of these ecclesiastics, which gradually grew into an importunity that would take no denial, that we should enter their churches every Sabbath, and proclaim the gospel to their people. We at length yielded, though with some diffidence still, and were soon invited to preach in far more churches than we could possibly occupy. During the year previous to my leaving our station, those of our number who were able to speak the language, preached commonly three times each on the Sabbath, to as many different congregations, situated some miles distant from each other; and occasionally, we yielded to the importunity of the clergy of other churches still, to preach the gospel to their people.

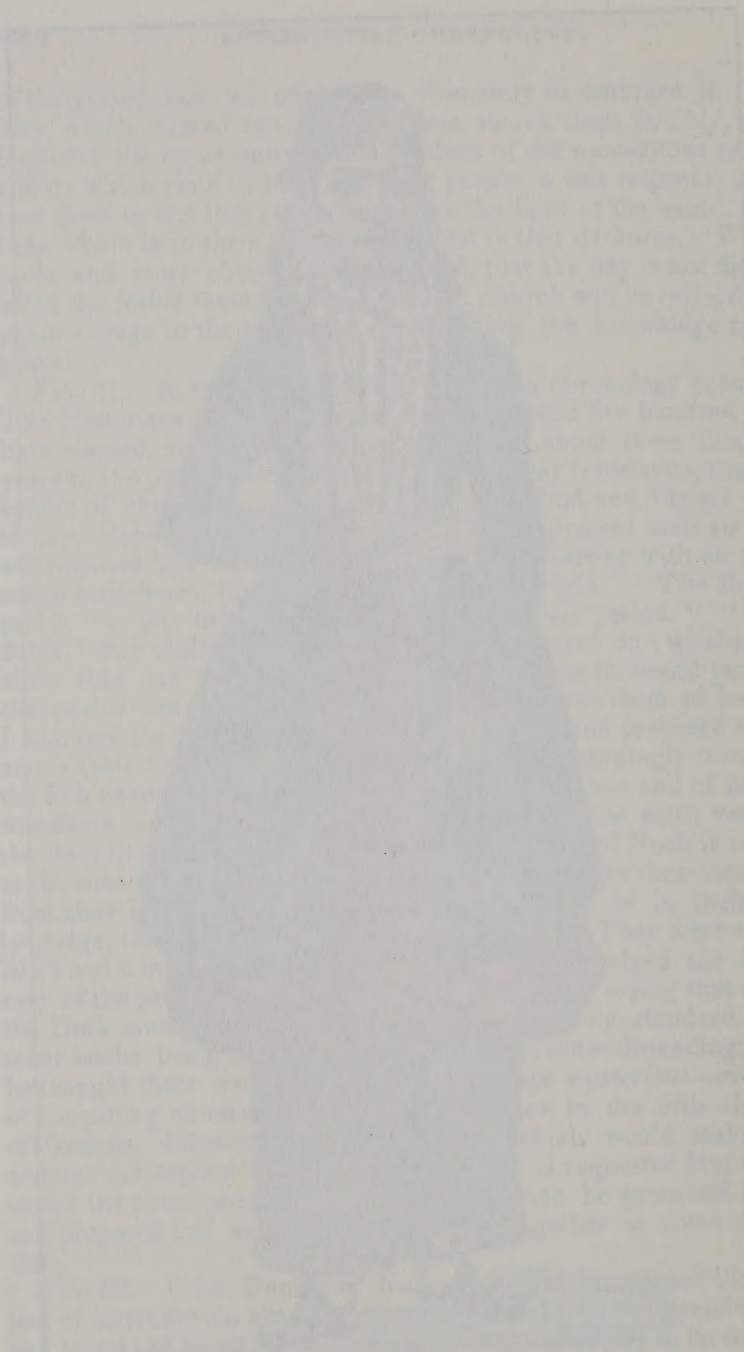
Feb. 13. As we were translating the part of Parley's Geography on South Eastern Asia, the mention of the christian missionaries as being there, attracted the notice of my translators to the general subject of missions. They were much interested to find that English and American missionaries are scattered so extensively over the world, and said that it was in fulfilment of Christ's command, "Go teach all nations." I reminded them of the zeal, in this glorious work, which early characterized the Nestorian church. "We know it," they replied, "but those favored days with us are now gone by; and we can only obey that other saying of Christ, 'Cast not your pearls before swine.' Were we to preach the gospel a century to these Mŭhammedans around us, they would only revile us and our message, and perhaps kill us in return." I told them that I conceived the most effectual means of preaching the gospel to the Mŭhammedans, to be a holy example in those professing Christianity who live among them; that, should the followers of the Impostor behold nominal Christians, keeping the commandments of God, they would soon be constrained to admire the religion

of the gospel, and we might hope ultimately to embrace it. The idea, which seemed new to the priests, struck them forcibly, and I improved the opportunity to remind them of the momentous responsibility which rests on them and their people in this respect; and to lead them to feel that as Christians are the light of the world, if the light which is in them is darkness, great is that darkness. We are more and more cheered with the hope, that the day is not distant, when the feeble remnant of this ancient church will be revived, and again engage in the holy work of spreading the knowledge of the gospel.

Feb. 21. In translating, to-day, a point in chronology occurred. The Nestorians suppose that near seven thousand five hundred years have elapsed, since the creation, reckoning about three thousand years to the period before the flood. I told my translators, that our system of chronology allows but sixteen hundred and fifty-six years to have elapsed before that event. They expressed their surprise and inquired how we arrived at that number, asserting with an air of entire confidence, that their records must be right. "The Bible," said I, "is our only record of the antediluvian period." "Your Bible," they replied, "must then differ from ours; and we shall not allow that our other books, which assign three thousand years to that period are mistaken, until *our Bible* proves them to be so." I admitted the reasonableness of that position, and proposed to examine their Scriptures on the subject. We accordingly turned to the fifth chapter of Genesis, where the ages of Adam and of his descendants down to Noah are given, and then to the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of Genesis, in which the age of Noah is stated, at the time of the flood; and by adding the numbers thus obtained, from *their* Bible, which the priests were able to do in their own language, the amount came out precisely 1656. They were astonished and confounded. Priest Abraham acknowledged the accuracy of the process; but priest Dunka demurred, saying that while the *Bible* must be acknowledged as the unerring standard, their other books being thereby found erroneous, notwithstanding, still, he thought there was some peculiar—perhaps *mysterious*—method of computing chronology, as given by Moses, in the fifth chapter of Genesis, different from our method, which would make the amount correspond to their old estimate. I requested him to examine the point carefully at his leisure, which he promised to do, and proposed that we should recur to it together at some future time.

Feb. 22. Priest Dunka, of his own accord, introduced the subject of antediluvian chronology, stating that he had re-examined it, and found the result at which we arrived the other day to be entirely correct. Not long since, in translating geography, this same priest remarked, that it is stated in their books, that *Arabia* is the largest country in the world, whereas, he knew the statement to be erroneous; for he himself had travelled in Russia and was sure that

A NESTORIAN GIRL WITH HER ORNAMENTS



that country is larger than Arabia. It was also recently the frank admission of this priest, that their old writers sometimes *contradict each other*, which of course, said the priest, proves some of them to be mistaken. These cases are interesting, as they render the errors in the old books of the Nestorians palpable, and on points which cannot be considered as *sectarian*. The people venerate their ancient writers as all but inspired, while they, at the same time, in theory at least, hold that the Bible must be the ultimate standard. The work being fairly commenced, in such instances as I have named, the way may soon be opened, to prove to them the errors of many of their religious *traditions*.

Feb. 23. Received a donation of twenty-five dollars from Major Woodfall, for the American Board. He is the same English officer whom I have already mentioned as having become hopefully pious during a short residence in this city, and was one of the donors to the Tract Society to whose generous offering to that cause I have also referred. It is pleasing to witness benevolent effort, as well as the other christian graces, so early, delightfully and spontaneously developing itself in Major W. Is *this grace* sufficiently inculcated, in Christian lands, as the fruit and the evidence of real piety; and its absence reproved as invalidating a christian hope? An apostle dared to submit, that if any professing Christian, seeing his brother have need, shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth *the love of God in him?* And may not the pastor of the present day say as much—nay, is he excusable for saying less—in relation to his brethren of the human family, who are famishing for want of the bread of heaven?

March 7. One of the ladies of our mission repeated, at our evening exercise in languages, the direction of Paul in 2 Timothy 2: 9—10, "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold; or costly array, but, (which becometh women professing godliness,) with *good works*." This Scripture quotation excited much attention among the natives who were present. Nestorian girls, and women to the age of middle life, are very fond of wearing jewels, beads, pieces of silver money—base coin silver-washed, and other rude trinkets, on their heads, about their persons, and even in their *noses*. The accompanying drawing is intended to represent a Nestorian girl thus ornamented. The whole paraphernalia, including all those mentioned and the girdle and rings about the wrists and ancles, sometimes amount to the enormous weight of ten or twelve pounds.

I have often referred to the Scripture quoted above, and to the language of Isaiah, on the same subject, in conversation with the Nestorians in our family; and the effect has been encouraging. John, our boy, told me, a few days ago, that his aged father would not allow his sister, who was recently married, to wear any ornaments on the occasion; because the practice is contrary to the *Bi-*

ble, and the *missionary* ladies wear none. This was taking high ground, considering the force of such customs among the Nestorians.

March 9. Priest Abraham informed me, that he had just destroyed his wife's trinkets—adding that he had not allowed her to wear them for a long time; but that he now saw the Scriptures to be so full and strong against them, he would have them no longer in her possession.

March 10. We received a reply from the parents of Joseph, to whom we had submitted the proposition of taking their son into one of the families of the mission. The proposition was negatived by the parents, on account of their apprehension, that we are training *such* scholars—those who live in our families—with the design of sending them off to the New World. Similar apprehensions have occasionally, from the first, been expressed by the timid Nestorians; and parents have sometimes taken their children suddenly from our schools, when such rumors have been revived, and restored them again, after a few days, as the reports subsided. It is extremely difficult, in these benighted lands, where *selfishness* is so predominant, to convince people, that labors, like ours, are prompted by disinterested motives. I inquired of priest Abraham, to-day, whether his people regard us as so dishonest, as to be *man-stealers;* to which he artlessly replied, that it is natural for those who are dishonest themselves, which, he said, is the case with many of the Nestorians, to think all others so; but their apprehensions respecting their children, he added, arises mainly from their ignorance and the cruel treatment which they receive from their Mŭhammedan masters, who sometimes steal, or at least decoy from their homes, Nestorian children. The priest also stated, that the people of his own village and others who know most of us, have now ceased to feel any such apprehensions, and cherish unlimited confidence in us and our object.

March 12. My birth-day is in this instance marked by the pleasing circumstance of the commencement of a female boarding-school, on the mission premises. The idea of educating females, which was so strange to the Nestorians, when we reached Oróomiah, is now becoming a favorite one. We have, for a considerable time, had a few girls, both in our seminary and the village schools; as we preferred that they should attend with the boys rather than be separated, apprehending that the establishment of a female school, distinctively such, might excite undue notoriety and perhaps opposition, were it to be prematurely attempted. Now, the Nestorians who have become acquainted with us, seem to be fully prepared to sustain the measure, and the ecclesiastics connected with our families are active in recommending it.

The scene is as grateful as it is novel, in benighted Persia, to behold Nestorian mothers leading their little girls to school, and often lingering, a half hour, with delightful interest, to hear them read. Notwithstanding their hard lot,—their not being allowed to eat with the men—their laboring in the fields—their ignorance and general

A NESTORIAN MOTHER & HER LITTLE GIRL

degradation, Nestorian females still possess some very interesting traits of character. I have never seen mothers more affectionately attached to their children than among this people. And the barbarous practice of the girls, loading themselves with rude ornaments, arises from a praiseworthy desire for *respectability*. Under their intolerable burdens, there is still a spark of noble aspiration to be something. And knowing nothing of the value of accomplishment of character, they develop this commendable ambition, as naturally as strongly, in their rude attempts to decorate their persons.

We may properly regard our female boarding-school as one of the most hopeful departments of our missionary work. The condition of females, being, in any country, the measure as well as the index of the elevation of society, just as fast as we are able to raise them, among the Nestorians, the other sex will necessarily rise. The girls, here, as everywhere, are also much more docile and tractable than the boys, and not at all behind the latter, in their aptness to learn. The subject of wearing ornaments, having been discussed, as above mentioned, by some of the natives, the members of our female boarding-school, at length laid theirs all aside, without any interference from us on the subject. The living example of the ladies of our mission, I hardly need say, does more than almost any amount of teaching or preaching, without this, would be able to effect, for the improvement of their condition and prospects.

March 18. Our biblical exercise with the natives, to-day, was on the third chapter of Revelation, a part of the searching addresses of our Lord to the churches. Nothing can be more appropriate for the Nestorians than the messages to the churches of Sardis and Laodicea. The Nestorians have also a name to live and are dead —and they are "neither cold nor hot." The bishop and priests who were present appeared fully to understand the strong figurative language of those addresses, but, alas, they are slow to make the proper application. As a member of our mission recently remarked, they seem to be SO DEAD, that while the sword of the Spirit is thrust through and through them, it produces almost no sensation. Till the Spirit of God shall wield his own sword, it will never be felt—nor slay that it may make alive.

March 23. Was the time appointed by the friends of Joseph, the boy above-named, for his ordination, as deacon; in which capacity he was expected to become the daily reader of the devotions of the church of his village and cease attending our seminary. Most of the Nestorian ecclesiastics are ordained while mere boys. Their readers being few, they often need their services before they arrive at adult years; and as they attach very little sacredness to their religious forms, destitute as they are of spiritual views and feelings, they conceive no impropriety in committing those forms to the hands of children. Joseph's friends had, however, hastened his ordination, (he is now eleven or twelve years old,) in consequence of their apprehension, that, should he continue to prosecute his studies, he

might be sent off to the New World. But the boy being apprized of the intention of his friends, and having a strong desire to pursue his education, *ran away*, early this morning and hid himself to avoid his ordination! He was at length found and was soon back at school, by the permission of his parents, determined to prosecute his studies at all events.

March 28. One of our scholars, the brother of a bishop who resides in the Koordish mountains, not far from Jûlamérk, obtained permission to go home, on account of the death of a relative. A deacon came after him, who begged of me a Bible and a copy of the Psalms, stating that he has a small school at his home, and is almost destitute of books for his scholars. It is pleasant thus to send forth the word of life into those regions where the missionary himself cannot properly venture. "The *word* of God is not bound."

April 3. At a late exercise of our school in declamation, a priest of this city was present, who is notoriously "given to much wine," and even stronger drink. One of the scholars declaimed the short tract, on the subject of intemperance, which is made up entirely of quotations from the Bible. The priest was so struck with the force of Scripture truth thus presented, that at the close of the exercise, he requested of me copies of that tract,—also copies of our tracts on other prevalent vices, for his family, and another set for his deacon and a third to be kept and read in his church.

April 5. The issue of the king's campaign against Herât is yet doubtful. The last intelligence reports him as still under the walls of that city, his efforts to take it having hitherto proved ineffectual. The Persians are feeble warriors before the bold and bloody Affghâns—and would be much more so, before the science and practice of Europeans. They have, however, had the enterprise, during the past winter, to cast a forty-two pounder in the king's camp, and are about to cast another. In the deficiency of material, for the purpose, in that desert region, they robbed the mules and camels in the great caravans, of their *bells*! Much uncertainty hangs over the political prospects of this country. Internal commotions, in connexion with foreign war, seem almost inevitable. We know, however, that he who ruleth among the nations, will order all things right, and never forget the welfare of his kingdom.

April 19. We visited the village of Gĕog-tapá by special invitation, this week being the festival of Easter. The beautiful swell, back of the village, now presents a full claim to its poetical name—cerulean hill—being clothed with the rich carpet of spring. It is one of the largest of those artificial mounds, of which there are many on the plain of Oróomiah, supposed to have been accumulated by the ancient fire-worshippers. These mounds are often partially excavated, for the purpose of obtaining the soil, for manure, as well as stones for building, from the old walls imbedded in them. A few days since, in excavating the side of the hill at Gĕog-tapá, a discovery was made, which has not a little roused the curiosity and

speculation of the simple-hearted villagers. The excavator reached a stone tomb, about forty feet below the surface of the hill, in which he found a human skeleton and in its skull, several copper spikes, from four to five inches long. He took out the spikes and carefully replaced the skull in its bed, regarding it as highly sacrilegious to disturb the bones and ashes of the dead. Mar Elias, the bishop re sident in that village, presented to me one of the spikes, which he had obtained from the discoverer. A thick coat of verdigris had formed on it, though copper, it is well known, long resists decomposition. The bishop told me that the popular explanation of the whole matter, among the villagers, is, that the person to whom the skull belonged, when alive, was a wicked, oppressive ruler; and that the angels of God were commissioned to destroy him, by darting the spikes through his head! Such an explanation would of course be more naturally suggested to the superstitious Nestorians, groaning under the rigors of oppression, than to people in different circumstances. Mar Elias declared his rejection of it as rather puerile, and Mar Yohannan, who was also present, pronounced it too foolish to repeat; and both took special pains to assure us, that they adopt no such explanations. I suggested to them, that the tomb may have been the work of the ancient fire-worshippers, and driving nails into the head, their method of destroying their enemies or their victims. With this view, the bishops readily coincided; and they were particularly interested, when I referred to the fact stated in Judges 4: 21,—"Then Jael, Heber's wife took a nail of the tent and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground; for he was fast asleep and weary; so he died"—and remarked to them, that perhaps this Scripture is illustrated by their discovery in the excavation, though the nail of the tent was probably a wooden pin. "I told the discoverer," said Mar Elias, "to let me give you one of the nails, and you would make it explain the Bible."

A few days ago, our Persian Meerza incidentally stated, that in excavating the side of another mound, which is situated about twelve miles from the one above-mentioned, a few years ago, an earthen pot of silver coins of some European stamp was found; and near that, a large earthen sarcophagus, containing a human skeleton, with nails driven into the skull! Coincidences that may lead to interesting discoveries.

Much, however, as our antiquarian curiosity was excited by the incidents of to-day, we were still more interested to observe how careful the Nestorian bishops were, that we should not be left to suppose them inclined to listen to "old wives' fables," and the indications thus afforded, that they are abandoning such fables, with which they have hitherto been so fully encumbered, and are beginning to rest their belief on more rational, and especially on more scriptural, ground.

July 9. The English ambassador has issued orders that all the

British officers in this country, shall prepare to leave it; and our mission sent me to Tabréez to make arrangements for our protection in their absence. One of our English friends has elicited the assurance from the Russian representatives here, that they are ready to protect us. But the transfer of our relation cannot well be made until the English ambassador shall arrive, who is expected to be here soon. *War* seems inevitable and near, between England and Persia. The English demand the abandonment of the siege of Herât and satisfaction for abuse offered by a Persian officer to a courier of the ambassador. I have been informed that the inhabitants of Herât now have on hand a stock of provisions, sufficient to last them a long time; that they have constructed subterranean passages by which they reach the Persian camp, surprise the troops, seize their arms and make fearful havoc; and are also able to communicate abroad and procure additional supplies, in case of necessity. It is further stated that the fortifications of Herât are so strong, that the Persians, by no efforts whatever, can make any serious impression upon them. Add to all this, the bold, warlike character of the Affghâns, aided and encouraged by the counsels and labors of the intrepid Lieut. Pottinger, an English adventurer, who has been with them for months, and the prospect of the Shâh's taking the city is hopeless enough, blindly as he is bent upon it, being urged on, as it is said, by the Russian ambassador.

The courier, above-mentioned, was bearing despatches from Affghanistân to Persia. In passing the royal camp, he was seized by Hâjee Khân, a brigadier general, and beaten and threatened with death, being suspected of conveying to the English ambassador advices from the Herâtées. The cunning Persian knew well the power of compliments in his country. To the general's threat, that he would cut off his head, with a most submissive bow he promptly replied, "I am your sacrifice; and shall be most highly honored to die by the hands of so exalted an executioner!" The insult was a very serious one to the English, identified as the messenger always is, in this feudal country, with those who send him,—being, in fact, in this case, to the ambassador, what the latter is to his government.

Chăppârs, (runners, or couriers,) are an important class in Persia. They ride heavily armed and with great speed, being furnished with relays every twenty-five or thirty miles, which are kept ready at the *Chăppâr-khâna*, or post-house, by persons appointed for the purpose, who receive a stated remuneration. The king employs a great number of couriers, whom he despatches, both periodically and occasionally, to convey orders and messages all over his kingdom. And governors of districts and provinces adopt the same system, on a scale corresponding to the extent of their respective jurisdictions. They also send messengers both regularly and occasionally, to their superiors to whom they are expected to report the news of the day and the state of their administration. Travellers, by procuring an order from government, may be

furnished with chăppár horses, on their journies, for a few cents per mile. The rate of travelling, by this method, is from seventy to one hundred miles a day. A *surjée* (*driver*, or postillion,) accompanies the courier, on another horse, and conducts both back to the station. The *câsîd*, or foot-messenger, is extensively employed by merchants and others, in Persia, to carry letters; he travels from forty to sixty miles per day,—being clothed in rags that he may not attract notice, nor tempt the cupidity of robbers.

Sept. 19. Our nearest Mŭhammedan neighbor—a fine young man—was thrown from a young horse, and so much injured, that he died in an hour or two after the fall. During the present season, he has been very busily engaged in enlarging and repairing his house, and this evening, his *vspousal* was to have been celebrated. In an hour, how changed the scene! His house is now the abode of lamentation and wailing, so loud as to be distinctly heard in our own dwelling. Among the Persians, grief, on such occasions, whether real or feigned, is expressed by boisterous vociferation, accompanied with beating the breast, pulling the hair and rending the garments, as was the case with the Jews of old and is still true of all orientals.

Sept. 20. Early this morning, two Moollâhs ascended upon the roof of our deceased neighbor, and with the plaintive strains of their shrill voices recapitulated the circumstances of his death and made dolorous comments, to renew the lamentation,—a practice which is universal, among the Mŭhammedans in Persia. A little after sunrise, the corpse was borne out, not to be buried, but to be deposited for a time in a mosk, after which it is to be removed to Kirbulá, the hallowed cemetery near Bagdad, to which multitudes of the wealthy from all these regions, are annually transported. When the corpse was carried from the house to the mosk, the garments of the deceased were spread upon a fine horse which preceded, and the procession moved on, at the hoarse blast of trumpets, accompanied with chanting and wailing,—all being intended to give effect to the occasion. 'The mourners went about the streets.' And during the day, numbers of Khâns, Moollâhs and others called at the house, to condole with the bereaved relatives.

As the deceased was our neighbor, I also called, with one of my associates, just at evening, to express our sympathy with the family in their affliction. A large hall was still filled with Persian guests, most of them Moollâhs. Soon after we were seated, rose-water was brought and poured into our hands. Having *no beards* to scent, we rubbed it upon our *mustaches*. We were also treated to *coffee*. Entertainments hardly accord with our ideas of the solemnity suitable to such occasions. There was, however, no levity apparent in the company. When we expressed our condolence to the head of the family, an uncle of the deceased, he replied by thanking us and assuring us of his strong attachment to us, as friends and neighbors; and the chief Moollâh present, interrupted, with a loud voice, and

much *apparent* sincerity, "Who is not attached to these men, who have come among us, to do the work of God?" From any but an *Asiatic's* tongue, this language, in the earnest manner in which it was uttered, would have conveyed much meaning. Nor have we any reason to think lightly of it from this Moollâh, except our knowledge of the general treachery of Persian character. It is at least due to the Mŭhammedans of Oróomiah—especially to the higher classes, Moollâhs as well as others—to acknowledge that they treat us with much kindness and respect, which, in our remote, dependent situation is a great favor and matter of unfeigned gratitude to God.

Sept. 23. To-day, five infants—children of members of our mission—were baptized. These children were all born within the period of two months, and in two instances, (in one, a pair of *twins*,) two were born on the same day. Precious as are these gifts of our heavenly Father, especially in our separation from country and home, we still cannot help feeling a deeply *painful* solicitude for them, in this sickly climate, and yet more, on account of their *moral* exposures, in this benighted land. As the subject of the children of missionaries is one of general interest, I insert here some of the leading thoughts which I presented on the occasion of their baptism.

The circumstances of the children of missionaries are peculiarly trying, and such as should naturally and strongly commend them to the sympathy and the prayers of Christians. These children are always exposed to a greater amount of physical suffering, than children in our native land. They are the victims of some of the same causes which work the early prostration and premature death of missionaries themselves. They are exotic plants. The lands in which they are born are not strictly their native lands. The climate is generally more or less uncongenial, and often decidedly hostile, to the children even, of foreigners. The sad experience of several English ambassadors to this country, on this point, has led them to the conclusion, that it is impracticable for Europeans to rear families in Persia; and our own experience is a sad confirmation of the correctness of that conclusion.

Many of the lands, to which our missionaries go, are often scourged by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day;" and the children of missionaries are sometimes numbered among its victims. And some of our missionaries are situated where medical relief, in case of the sickness of their children, cannot be obtained. Our own first-born died suddenly at Tabréez, as I have stated, of a disease which might at least have been greatly mitigated by judicious prescription; but there was no physician, who could understand our language, within four hundred miles of us; and we were in similar circumstances, during the sickness and death of our third child. The case of these children, then, appeals tenderly for a special interest

in the *prayers* of Christians, that they may be saved from such an amount of physical suffering, or prepared by grace to sustain it—and for the early removal which awaits so many of them.

The children of missionaries also necessarily suffer the privation of many privileges, enjoyed by children in our native land. These privations are more and greater than can be told. What, for instance, are the intellectual advantages enjoyed by these children? In general, they have no school, no teacher, and no instruction, except the very limited amount which the missionary himself communicates, during the few moments which he is able, with the utmost difficulty and but very irregularly, to redeem from his pressing care and toil for the salvation of the perishing around him.

These children also fail of those provisions for comfortable subsistence in life, which religion and common prudence, so far from condemning, naturally dictate to parents in christian lands. The faithful missionary relinquishes every earthly prospect, and rejo ces to receive nothing but the most sparing subsistence for himself and his family, while he labors as the agent of the churches. We would not regard this want of a temporal provision as an irreparable calamity to his children. On the contrary, this example of consecration in the parent, may prove the most valuable patrimony which he could leave to his offspring. But the privation should at least bespeak the earnest prayers of Christians for these children, that they may be benefitted by that example, that they may not fail also of the "durable riches,"—of laying up "treasures in heaven."

The children of missionaries are most alarmingly exposed to moral contamination. So far as residence is concerned, they are upon a *level* with the benighted around them. Nothing but the single taper of the missionary's own example shines upon their pathway. All else is deep darkness. They feel nothing of the pure moral atmosphere of enlightened christian lands. Every man, every *child* whom they meet, is a sower of tares. They cannot step from their parent's dwelling without being in peril. The universal example abroad is supreme selfishness and corruption. The very hum of the native language is surcharged with obscenity, falsehood, profaneness and irreligion. The peril is much nearer. The domestic—the nurse, who enters the missionary's abode to assist the sick mother, brings with her the deadly poison; and ere he is aware, there is painful evidence that it has been too successfully administered to his unsuspecting children. It is not long ago, that a painful case occurred, in a pious English family in Persia. The parents had, with much pains-taking, secured the services of a Mŭhammedan domestic, whose kind attention to their little one for some time created in them only increased confidence and satisfaction. But how were they surprised and shocked, on one day finding their little girl, then four years old, *kneeling with her face towards Mecca, and lisping the devotions of the False Prophet!*

Such constant and appalling exposure of the children of mission-

aries appeals with an eloquence which nothing else can, for the prayers of Christians, that the Lord, who alone can afford them effectual succor, would shield them from the threatening destruction. The fact that so many judicious missionaries deem it to be their duty to part with their children and send them home, for preparation to obtain a comfortable subsistence and to be useful in future life, and for security from hostile influences, speaks volumes on this subject. What but a sense of dire necessity could impel them, so early, to transfer the tender trust which Providence so peculiarly commits to their own guardianship, to other hands? And but imperfectly indeed are these exposures and privations remedied, in the case of those children who go to the land of their kindred. The generous kindness and assiduity, which they so promptly receive from Christians at home, are certainly above all praise. But what *can* make up for the absence of *parental* influence, watchfulness, affection and fidelity, at that tender age! These children are virtually *orphans*, and still beset with temptations and dangers on every hand, not the least of which arise from indulgence and undue attentions. *All* the children of missionaries, wherever they are situated, must ordinarily become literal orphans, when very young. Under the trials and toils of their arduous work, the parents must soon sink, and the children be thrown, unprotected and unprovided for, upon a perilous world. With what tenderness and emphasis does the case of *such orphans* plead with Christians for an interest in their prayers, that *God* would be their Father!

The children of missionaries should be, to the churches, objects of deep interest, as well as of tender sympathy. Their conversion bears an important connexion to the spread of the gospel. If pious, they may accomplish inestimable good. Like the missionary himself, they are "a city set on a hill." The influence of their example, even in childhood, is commanding. And if spared to adult years, they may become far more able and efficient missionaries than their parents. They will ordinarily enjoy much better health. Having survived the struggles and exposures of a feeble infancy, their systems grow up inured to the sickly influences of a hostile climate, and possess an elasticity, which can readily bend and again recover, where the robust missionary, fresh from his native shores, falls quickly under the power of disease. These children, if pious, would also, in some respects, be much better qualified for missionary labor than their parents. Born and reared on benighted ground, they are familiar with the habits and feelings of the native population; and know well how to acquire and exert the most commanding influence over them. And the native language, the difficulties in the acquisition of which are so long a mountain-barrier, on the threshold of missionary usefulness, these children have already acquired, unconsciously but perfectly, in their childhood,—and they can use it, with as much freedom and effect as their own; while their parents, however active and laborious in attempting to train

their inelastic organs, may be but halting stammerers, until the day of their death.

On the other hand, if the children of missionaries do not early become pious, they may, and probably will, do irreparable injury to the cause of missions. Their position is one of influence, wherever they are situated. They are, in any case, "a spectacle unto the world, to angels and to men." And if the light that is in them be darkness, how great must be that darkness. How utterly unavailing will be the toils and the tears of the faithful missionary, with the example of ungodly children arrayed against him at the mission station; and what scandal must such children bring upon the cause in which the parent is engaged, when sent to a christian land!

What affecting motives then urge the churches to offer fervent prayer for these sons and daughters of promise, that they may be prepared to aid their fathers and mothers, in their arduous labors, and succeed them, when they fall asleep, in the missionary vineyard. When the venerable Morrison ceased from his labors in China, a son, bearing his name and his own moral likeness, stood ready to heal the otherwise irreparable breach. And how delightful, how auspicious for Zion, if at all mission stations, when the fathers fall asleep, such sons should be found to advance and fill their places. How would the ranks of the heralds of the gospel be strengthened and enlarged, and how rapidly would the chariot of salvation roll onward through the world!

There is great *hope* to stimulate Christians to pray for this object. Notwithstanding all that is trying in the circumstances of the children of missionaries, their case still presents peculiar encouragement. The near and intimate connexion, between their conversion and the spread of the gospel, is itself a circumstance of great encouragement. He, who has graven Zion on the palms of his hands, knows well the value of this instrumentality in promoting its weal; and He who accepted young Samuel and made him a prophet, at the consecration of a pious mother, will also, in answer to prayer, accept the children of missionaries and put their instrumentality in effective operation for the advancement of his kingdom.

There is also rich encouragement, in relation to these children, in the promises of Scripture. The Lord has promised "mercy unto *thousands*, (thousands of generations,) of them that love him and keep his commandments." And for whom can this pledge be urged with more delightful confidence, than for the children of those, who, from love to Christ and in obedience to his command, have forsaken country and kindred and gone forth, ready to encounter all things, in proclaiming his gospel! Not that there is any merit in such consecration. The faithful missionary is but an unprofitable servant, having done only what it was his duty to do. Nor does the sacred and self-denying nature of his work, preclude the possibility of entering it with improper motives—nor hallow those motives—nor insure the promised blessing to him who thus enters it. In the

family of our Lord even there was a Judas; but his being there secured to him neither part nor lot with the true disciples. But to believe that God has connected the bestowment of precious mercies with the obedience of the sincere, godly missionary, is so far from being arrogance, that to disbelieve it, would betray alike a want of gratitude to him and of confidence in his word. The last and one of the most prominent commands which our Lord gave to his disciples was, "Go teach all nations." The faithful missionary, so far as it is in his power, literally obeys this as well as the other commandments. Nor was the Saviour himself silent, on the connexion of blessings with such missionary consecration. Said Peter on one occasion, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee; and Jesus answered and said unto him, verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time; houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and land, with persecutions, and in the world to come, eternal life." What promises could be more ample! And will not this Saviour listen to prayer, for the children of his missionary servants? Yes; our children, who are subject to an amount of suffering unknown to children in a christian land; who, if not early removed by death, grow up strangers to the precious privileges enjoyed by their kindred at home, and amid moral pollution from which divine grace alone can succor them, will never be forsaken nor forgotten of God.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
  And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine;
  Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans, they are left behind;
  Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts;
  If weeping o'er their dust.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOURNAL: OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1838.

From the prospect of a war between England and Persia, we naturally feel a measure of apprehension. Knowing, however, that we enjoy the protection of the God of missions, who also rules among the nations, we need yield to no distressing solicitude. Indeed, in

view of His dealings with our mission, from the first, we have ever felt constrained to thank Him and take courage, rather than give way to desponding forebodings. We have ever been prepared for reverses; i. e. to count no *strange* thing to have happened, should they come; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

While we have been not a little straitened for want of *funds*, during the present year, we have still so economized, by multiplying and lengthening the vacations of our schools, and retrenching, as far as possible, our family expenditures, as to prevent the suspension of any of our labors. We have thus not been compelled to disappoint the Nestorians, nor to attempt to explain to them the causes of the temporary embarrassment of our patrons, which it would be very difficult for them to understand. Had the sum allowed our mission been any less, interruption would have been unavoidable. Nor could we long sustain our present efforts without an increase of means. Some of our number, for instance, kept but one fire during the last winter, to save fuel; and were thus obliged to bring their kitchen, their study, their recitation-room, dining-room and nursery, all into the same apartment. To say nothing of the serious abridgment of usefulness, by curtailing intercourse with the natives, which such an arrangement must cause, it of course becomes very inconvenient, if not wholly impracticable, in case of sickness. Some of our number, too, are becoming short of clothing, which they have not the means of procuring, and are hazarding a state of destitution, in the hope of early relief. These private inconveniences, however, we most cheerfully sustain, to avoid the necessity of interrupting our missionary operations

We still meet with not a breath of opposition, from any quarter. Our schools are full and flourishing. The Nestorians, under our immediate influence, never gave more encouraging evidence of interest in their studies and general improvement, than at the present time. Our services on the Sabbath are particularly interesting. In the morning, all the Nestorians in our families, the members of the seminary and female boarding-school, assemble in the capacity of a Sabbath school. The teachers, ten or twelve in number, all ecclesiastics—bishops, priests and deacons—spend an hour with the missionaries on Saturday, in preparing the lesson. This interesting assembly meet also with the missionaries at their English worship, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and in the afternoon, they all assemble for another religious exercise in their own language, which consists of a familiar exposition of the Scriptures, by the senior member of the mission. We trust that the seed sown in the minds of the Nestorians, in these deeply interesting services of the Sabbath, as well as their daily study of the Scriptures, will ere long spring up and bring forth fruit unto salvation.

Oct. 30. Two European Papal emissaries have just entered this province, apparently with the design of attempting to subject the Nestorians here to the dominion of the Pope. A missionary recent-

ly wrote me from Malta, that it is currently reported there, that the Pope designs sending one hundred missionaries immediately into these eastern countries. Though but a small part of that number may come, the Nestorians will, doubtless, receive their full share of attention. The importance of this field is well understood by Papists.

Nov. 3. Letters from America bring to us the very grateful tidings of precious revivals of religion in that favored land. We also receive intelligence of partial relief from our pressing want of pecuniary means, which is peculiarly welcome to us at the present time. We are anxious to multiply our schools and prosecute more vigorously all our operations, especially, as we behold Catholics, coming in like a flood, to make havoc of the Nestorian flock. We have of late felt deeply distressed in view of our want of means to meet the emergency.

Nov. 6. The Rev. Wm. Glen, who was for seventeen years a missionary of the Scottish missionary society at Astrakhân, arrived a few months ago at Tabréez, where he contemplates translating the Bible into the Persian language. He appears to be a man of much ability and of a truly evangelical spirit. He is at present sustained by the joint patronage of the United Associate Synod of Scotland and the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is gratifying to know that the Mŭhammedans of Persia are not entirely forgotten in the sympathies of British Christians. Though the gospel cannot now with safety be openly proclaimed to them, they must not be abandoned to unmitigated despair. What if our blessed Lord had consigned our fallen world to hopeless perdition, because it presented to his pure, omniscient eye, as he looked down from heaven, nothing but a scene of wide-spread desolation,—a moral disease, so desperate, that the sufferers did not even desire a remedy! Ah, that was the very aspect which touched the divine compassion. May his disciples follow the example of their Master.

Nov. 8. A Catholic deacon from the region of Mosûl, called at my study. He is probably connected with the European Catholic emissaries; and may have come here at their bidding, for the purpose of opening a Papal school. The priests, my translators, engaged in a warm discussion with him, on image-worship, and other corrupt practices of the Papal church. They also attacked the practice of praying to saints, condemning it in the most unmeasured terms, and reiterating that there is one God, and one *Mediator*, the man Jesus Christ. I was much interested in listening to this discussion to observe an important advance, in our Nestorian priests, in evangelical views and feelings. The books of the Nestorians and common practice, recognize praying to the Virgin and other departed saints—or rather, supplicating their intercession—but the priests, to-day, of their own accord, took scriptural ground on the subject. Toward the close of the discussion, in which I did little more than listen, the priests exhorted the Papist to abandon his er-

roneous system and embrace the *truth*, meaning the *Nestorian belief*. He replied, that he would "turn" for money; and on being farther pressed, he repeated, that he would not "turn" without money; but for ten tomâns, ($25,) or some such consideration, he was ready to change his religion. I have no doubt that the Papist, who seems to be pinched with poverty, was sincere in this proposition; and he would probably afterward "turn" back again for a much smaller sum. The Nestorian priests manifested no wish to purchase him. I, however, embraced the opportunity to remind them all, that the Romish practice of buying converts is far enough from the apostolic method of enlarging Christ's kingdom.

Oct. 16. In company with Mr. Holladay, I visited the school at Gĕog-tapá. The aged father of John—our favorite boy—as we rose to leave him, importuned me to spend the night with him; and to assure me that I should be welcome, he said, "you had *one* house in America; but here, *every* house in the village is yours." The village contains about one hundred houses; and Mr. Holladay, in view of the strong demonstrations of kindness which we received, pleasantly suggested the inquiry, whether this declaration of the pilgrim, as this old man is called, might not be regarded as in a certain sense, a fulfilment of the promise of our Lord, that whosoever *forsaketh* father, etc. should receive a *hundred fold* in this life. The cordial reception, which we everywhere meet from the Nestorians, at least calls on us for unfeigned thanksgiving to God; especially as this ready access to them is so important to the success of our efforts for their salvation.

Nov. 23. We were engaged in translating Philippians ii. We had recently made application to Yeeshoo, (Joshua, or Jesus,) a deacon from the mountains, who has been a considerable time in our employ, to go and open a school at Ardishái, the village of Mar Gabriel. The deacon, apprehending that, on account of the captiousness of the bishop and the rudeness of the people there, he might find his situation less comfortable than with us at the mission station, refused to go, though the object was one of acknowledged importance. As, therefore, we came, in translating, to the 5th verse, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ *Jesus*," the coincidence of the *name* of deacon Yeeshoo, (*Jesus*,) with that of our blessed Lord, arrested the attention of the priests, the contrast of *spirit* in the two, thus becoming the more striking. And the priests were so deeply impressed with the duty of unreserved consecration to Christ, in the light of his amazing condescension, as set forth in the succeeding verses, that they both declared themselves ready to go to Ardishái and engage in the school, unwelcome as the task might be, if we would send them.

Nov. 29. We observed to-day as our annual Thanksgiving. I preached from Gen. 32: 10, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am

become two bands." This text was suggested to my mind, for the occasion, by the recollection of the solitary journey which I made to this city, (whose gates had seldom been entered by European feet before me,) between four and five years ago, and now beholding *fifteen Americans*,—the four families of our mission and their seven children—in our circle, and contemplating, in connexion with the contrast, the manifold missionary blessings and mercies, which the Lord has so richly bestowed upon us, from that period to the present time.

Nov. 30. The Persian Meerza, who has been with us from the commencement of our residence here, informed me that the king's brother, the prince of Azerbijân, has allowed him a stipend of twenty tomâns, ($50,) for this year, as he did for the last, to enable him to prosecute his studies under our instruction. This is an encouraging token of the prince's continued confidence in us, and shows that he feels at least some degree of interest in the diffusion of knowledge among his subjects. In reference to the Mŭhammedans of Persia, we must not despise "the day of small things."

I have just written a letter to the British and Foreign Bible Society, in answer to one received yesterday, making inquiries respecting three vagrant Chaldeans, who had made their way from the Papal village of Khŏsrovâ, in Salmás, through the Russian Provinces of Georgia, over the Caucasus and across the continent of Europe to England; and have caused the Bible Society a vast amount of trouble and not a little expense. They had, in their possession, an old letter, in French, purporting to have been written by bishop Chevris, a Jesuit missionary to the Nestorians, and addressed to an agent of the B. F. Bible Society at Constantinople, requesting funds from that society, to establish a college among the Nestorians, and for some other objects. This Jesuit died of the plague at Tabréez about ten years ago. He had been employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in translating a part of the gospels into the Koordish language. One of these Chaldeans, it appears, is a nephew of the Jesuit and had resided with him. He had subsequently lived with me, some time, as a servant, and was dismissed for intemperance. The old French letter in question, on the death of his uncle, fell into his hands. And by showing this letter and using my name *viva voce*, the party were assisted from place to place in making their way to England; and there, they attempted to procure money professedly for the college, proposed in the letter of the Jesuit, representing the institution as already in operation in a place near Oróomiah, and stating that the said nephew of the Jesuit—the bearer of the letter—and myself are its present directors!

Neither of the vagrants can read, their zeal and the magnificence of their literary schemes notwithstanding. They seem, however, to have been extensively believed and they excited much sympathy, both in England and in Germany, from the fact of their being *Chaldean Christians*, until their mercenary conduct led to suspicion of their

being impostors. I am glad they prove to be Papists, rather than Nestorians; though there are, doubtless, numbers among the latter also who, ignorant, stupid Asiatics though they be, are still arch and dishonest enough to show themselves equally expert and daring rogues, should they have the opportunity.

Dec. 3. Mar Elias spent most of the day in my study, engaged in reading my translation of the Epistle to the Philippians, which we recently finished. He expressed himself highly gratified with the accuracy of the translation, and was delighted with the beauty and vividness of the epistle itself, which he appeared for the first time to understand. With their very limited education, the best instructed of the clergy have but an imperfect knowledge of the ancient Syriac—the language in which their Scriptures exist—and they thus fail of reaching the clear light and the full meaning of divine truth. A mist hangs over the pages of Revelation, while obliged to read them through the shell of an obsolete language; and if so with the clergy, the people, who do not read at all, are of course in still deeper darkness.

Dec. 4. Mar Joseph, some months ago, wandered away to the Russian provinces, in the visionary hope of personal emolument, and of discovering some means for the removal of the Nestorians from Persia into Georgia. His adventure, we may hope, will prove beneficial, both to himself and the Nestorians. He has become thoroughly disgusted with Georgia. Religious antipathy on the part of the governor of Erivân, who is an Armenian, caused the bishop to be arrested and kept some time in confinement, and the same antipathy prevented one hundred families of Nestorians, who had abandoned their native country near Vân, in the eastern part of Turkey, and made their way to the frontier, from being permitted to enter Georgia. Those poor Nestorians are now making their way back to their old homes in Turkey, having sacrificed their little all to their childish scheme of emigration. They must suffer extremely for some time, houseless and pennyless as they are; and especially, during the severity of the present winter. We hope the experience of the bishop and of the poor emigrants will have the effect of allaying the mania for emigration among the Nestorians, and render them better contented with their present masters, notwithstanding their severe oppression.

Dec. 5. I requested the opinion of Mar Elias, who again spent most of the day in my study, in one or two instances, relative to the translation of passages of Scripture. In reply, he modestly said, that his opinion could be of little use, as his knowledge of the Bible was very imperfect. "Until you came here," he continued, "and brought us Bibles, I had scarcely ever seen the Prophets or the Epistles." And both he and the priests remarked in the same connexion, that there had been a *revival* of the knowledge of the Scriptures among them, since our mission was commenced. Most of the Gospels, the Psalms and parts of the Pentateuch, are embodied

in their Liturgy, in the ancient Syriac; and the best instructed of the ecclesiastics thus become in a measure familiar with those portions of the Bible; but with the other parts, the mass of them as well as the people, were almost as little acquainted, before the commencement of our misssion, as though they had no existence.

Dec. 8. As we reached the 16th verse in translating the second chapter of Ephesians, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holiday, or of the new moon or of the Sabbath days," I inquired of priest Dunka how he understood the passage. He replied, that a caution is uttered in that verse, against any one's attempting to divert him or his people from their observance of their stated fasts and exclusive use of vegetable diet on particular days. I requested him to read in connexion with it, the 17th verse of the same chapter; "which, (those things specified in the 16th verse,) are a shadow of things to come; but the body is Christ." He read it and promptly acknowledged that this passage had reference rather to *Jewish* observances that are now superseded by the gospel. His appearance, moreover, indicated that he *knew* the spirit of this Scripture bore heavily on some of the ceremonies of his own church; but he had not the courage or the candor, to make such an acknowledgment. I did not think it expedient or necessary to urge this application. There is little gained and much may be lost, in directly assailing the religious observances of oriental Christians. It is better to preach to them the simple truth—and this cannot fail to eradicate error. Dr. Chalmers has a sermon, entitled, "the expulsive power of a new affection," from which the missionary in Western Asia may learn important lessons. It is worse than in vain, that we essay to draw an oriental from his hay, wood and stubble, until we point him to the firm foundation. And this we must do, by inviting him to the high common ground of the gospel, and then pour its blazing, searching light into the dark chambers of his soul—simply preach to him, Jesus Christ, and as he begins to learn *Christ*, he will of his own accord relax his hold of all other foundations.

But the missionary, in pursuing this conservative course, is sometimes charged of tampering with error, conniving at sin, as he is also by some accused of accommodating himself too much to the social usages of the natives. These are serious matters, and deserve consideration. They are subjects in relation to which the missionary himself feels embarrassments and difficulties, that he is able to meet and dispose of only by recurring to general principles of the Bible. On reaching his field, he naturally and properly looks to Paul, the great primitive missionary—to his example and precepts, and endeavors to follow these so far as his circumstances resemble those of the apostle; not that in looking to *Paul*, he has any occasion to *turn from* the Lord Jesus—the great and perfect model. The apostle himself exhorts us, "be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ." But some of the practical parts of the

life and duty of missionaries, we find more fully carried out by Paul, in his long course of missionary labor, than in the more general instructions and brief scene of public action, in the case of his and our divine Master.

The missionary is thus led to make the subject-matter of his message what the apostle declares to have been his: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified;" and again, "we preach Christ crucified; unto the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them that believe, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Such evidently should be the missionary's engrossing theme, instead of questions of words and of forms to no profit. And to regulate his intercourse with the natives and the manner of his instruction and preaching to them, he recurs to those other declarations of Paul in relation to *his* course in these things. Take for illustration the passage in 1 Cor. 9: 19—23. "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant to all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews, I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak, became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake." Remarkable declarations, intended doubtless, to be used as a kind of *vade mecum* by missionaries in all subsequent times!

The policy of Paul, as sketched in these passages of Scripture, bears upon its face the impress of exalted self-denial. It was in fact, as well as in figure, becoming a *servant* unto all men. And it is instructive to observe his well chosen method of sustaining himself under it. He kept his mind full of the grand object in view. It was "for the gospel's sake;" that he "might gain the more." A momentous object, and one that would of course warrant him in making any sacrifice, and pursuing any expedients, to advance it, that are not in themselves, nor their tendency, evil. The modern missionary doubtless loses much in not dwelling on this point—warming, expanding and elevating his soul, by contemplating his object, the same which induced the counsels of heaven to delegate the Son of God himself on a mission to earth,—a mission, too, involving the humiliation of his incarnation, the painful self-denials of his life, the appalling ignominy of his arrest and trial, and the unutterable agonies of his tragical death. It is of course impossible for finite minds fully to estimate the magnitude of the object in question. Till we can fathom the miseries of that world of wo, from which the soul of the redeemed is rescued, and guage the felicities to which it is raised in heaven—measure the indescribable poignancy of the one and the ecstatic raptures of the other, in all the boundless in-

finitude of their extent and duration, we can at best have but a very limited idea of the value of a single soul and the importance of its salvation. It is possible, however, to catch a glimpse from the points here suggested, and especially from the fact, that this object was sufficient, in the view of the *Infinite* mind, to call for the costliest sacrifice that the universe could offer,—that heaven itself could make. And just in proportion as the missionary accustoms himself to dwell upon the grandeur and magnitude of this object, he is ready with Paul to be a *servant* to all, to accommodate his conduct to the feelings and usages of the people for whose salvation he labors, so far as the interests of their salvation are thereby promoted. Whether it was necessary and expedient, that Paul should make this accommodation, it will not of course be questioned, that an apostle, acting under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, was competent to decide. Nor is it difficult to perceive the *reasonableness* of this course from the nature of the case. It would obviously be fruitless for a *foreigner*, in any land, to hope to acquire extensive influence and confidence, while entirely disregarding the customs and feelings of the people among whom he should dwell. How could he gain ready access to them, or they be attracted to him, while he should make prominent and insist on *all* his foreign customs, many of which, however good in themselves, may appear in him, to the natives of other climes, altogether repulsive, and quite as absurd as some of their practices seem to him.

The state of things, among the oriental churches, clinging tenaciously to their carnal ordinances, is not dissimilar to that of the Jews, in our Lord's time, teaching, as they did, "for doctrines the commandments of men." The broad principles of Paul cover alike the case of those nominal Christians, of Jews and of all gentile nations. But to be properly understood, as a model for missionary imitation, these principles should be somewhat more fully analyzed, in the light of his declarations above-quoted. The apostle begins by asserting his *christian freedom*, of which his possession was as real as that of any other believer; nor could any be more sensible—we might almost say, *proud*—of that freedom. "For though," says he, "I be *free* from *all* men;" i. e. he was Christ's freeman; in bondage to nobody. His religion, *on his own account*, need regard nothing, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God. He might, at once and forever, shake himself from every vestige of Jewish ceremonies and act in entire disregard of the customs, prejudices and opinions of this world. But he pursued just the opposite course. In his own account of it, he says, "for though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself *servant* to all, that I might gain the more." This voluntarily assumed bondage was nothing more nor less than a careful attention and scrupulous deference to the practices and feelings of men, which were in themselves indifferent; but a violation or disregard of which might offend them, and divert their attention from the great concerns of salvation.

This deference was exercised in *religious matters*. "And unto the Jews," said the apostle, "I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law." Paul, from the period of his conversion, cared as little about the whole mass of the lumber of Jewish observances as any other man. And yet, "for the gospel's sake," that he "might gain the more," we find him acting in strict accordance with the declaration, that he became as a *Jew*. Among the unconverted of that people, he conversed as though the Mosaic law might still be in force; and Timothy, the son of a Greek, he took and circumcised, to render him a more acceptable laborer to the *Jews*. Among *Jewish converts*, also, who considered themselves to be still under the ritual law, he became as one of them, joining with them, in their worship and purifications, so far as he could, without misleading them, in order that he might soften their prejudices and become to them the means of edification. "To them that are without law," he continues, "as without law, (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without law," i. e. with the *gentiles*, on the other hand, he mingled and conversed just as freely as though he had known nothing about Mosaic institutions, that he might win them over to embrace the gospel. Not however, (as he warns us in the parenthesis,) that he disregarded the authority and commands of God. He considered himself to be under the law to Christ,—bound to receive it from his hands, as a rule of duty and taught by his grace to love and delight in it. "To the weak," still continues the apostle, "I became as weak, that I might gain the weak." He condescended to the infirmities and scruples of the weak in faith, as if he too had been weak, abridging his liberty lest he should grieve them, without making any ostentation of stronger faith or greater knowledge, or showing any neglect of them or contempt of their weakness. Hence his triumphant declaration,—triumphant alike over private convenience and personal prejudice,—"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Thus did the apostle Paul, in every respect in which he could do it with a good conscience, become *all* things to *all* men, in *religious matters*, by an habitual, cheerful, patient endurance of their infirmities, and toleration of their mistakes and prejudices in things unessential, that by every means he could devise, he might save some, from each of the several descriptions of men among whom he travelled and labored. And we have strong reason to believe, that he also experienced this scrupulous regard, in temporal matters, as well as religious,—at least, so far as these things could affect his grand object. His broad assertion, I am made all things to all men, though in a measure doubtless figurative, still implies that he accommodated himself to their customs and prejudices, in things

secular, as well as spiritual. While, moreover, he did the greater, it were unreasonable to suppose, that he would be slow to do the less; while he submitted to the cumbersome burden of Jewish ceremonials, circumcised a fellow-laborer, shaved his head and took vows, that he might conciliate the Jews, it is in the highest degree improbable, that he would hesitate to accommodate himself to existing styles of etiquette or equipage, when thereby his influence and usefulness were to be promoted.

The policy pursued by Paul may and should be adopted by modern missionaries. They too ought carefully to abstain from offending the people to whom they are sent, and raising their apprehension and opposition, by recklessly disregarding customs, prejudices and feelings, in things not affecting salvation, whether they be religious observances, or civil and social usages. We need not of course attempt to bring particular acts of the apostle, and apply them *literally* in the case of those whose circumstances may differ much from his. The general principle which is obvious, is all that is needed. The wisdom of the serpent, blended with the harmlessness of the dove, which the missionary's profession assumes that he possesses, will enable him rightly and readily to apply the principle to his practice. As was Paul, so is he, *free from all men. On his own account*, he may, when he goes among the Eastern churches, insist on the entire simplicity of the gospel system, as it was left by the Saviour and his apostles. And he may adhere to the manners and customs of his native land and urge them on others, in the spirit of a faithful patriot, in matters not at variance with the gospel. He may do this, so far as he, as a *private* believer, is himself concerned. He is Christ's freeman,—in bondage to no one. But the missionary is not an isolated being. And his voluntarily assumed responsibilities, as an ambassador of Christ, though thus free, render it just as incumbent on him as it was on Paul, to make himself a *servant* to all men. If Paul, for the gospel's sake, felt called upon to adopt many of the religious practices of the Jews, which had been superseded by the gospel dispensation, the modern missionary may, at least, feel justified in letting alone unessential practices, (which practices may have been, in their origin, not anti-scriptural, though now so grossly perverted,) the attacking of which might shut the door of access for preaching Christ at once against him!

There is also the same reason for the modern missionary, as for the apostle, not to offend the people whom he would benefit, in the common matters of life, as well as in relation to their religious customs and prejudices. Disregard, in the one case, might as effectually destroy his influence as in the other. There is, moreover, much reason to question, whether in many of the habits and customs that prevail, in foreign lands, which the young missionary, fresh from his native shores, with his native partialities and patriotism in full vigor, might naturally enough desire to introduce, would be of real

advantage. The *oriental* house* must be built of *oriental* materials and adapted to an eastern, and not a western clime. And many of the social changes which he might be conscientiously officious to urge, would be found, on experiment, no improvements on existing usage; the danger of exciting prejudice, entirely out of the question. At any rate, the way to introduce such changes as are desirable is, not to begin abruptly, but by gradual, conciliatory measures. As the course pursued by the apostle was the only reasonable one, viewed in the abstract, the same is equally so in relation to the modern missionary. Did Paul make the greater sacrifices and should he thwart his object by failing to make the less? Did he suffer the loss of all things and finally lay down his life to glorify the Saviour, and would he have been a reasonable man, to have allowed that grand object to be defeated, or hindered, by refusing to submit to such trifling matters, as shaving his head, keeping the passover, abstaining from meat that had been offered to idols, or even circumcising a companion!

We hear of heroic Moravians, who sold themselves into bondage, that they might secure a passage to the West India Islands and a residence there, to preach Christ to the perishing slaves? Would those Moravians have been reasonable men, had they, on their arrival, closed the ears and steeled the hearts of their companions in bondage towards them, by failing to yield trifles,—by disputing, for instance, with those simple sons of nature, which should be regarded as preferable in warding off a torrid sun, a white cap or a black one? Or, which were the most convenient, in weeding the sugar-cane, a short hoe, or a long one? Or respecting other such trifles, as meat, drink, apparel or equipage? Or, had their discussions extended to religious matters, would it have been reasonable in the missionaries, to have offended them by insisting on this or that *attitude* in worship, and thus have failed to secure for Christ the homage of their affections?

And in relation to us who go to Persia,—who yield up the ten thousand endearments of the land of our fathers to bring the perishing to a knowledge of salvation, would it be reasonable in us, to impede that momentous object, by refusing to accommodate ourselves in things indifferent,—to object, for instance, to burden our faces with the weight of mustaches and whiskers; or neglect to visit the people, at their houses, because we must there do the penance of sitting on the floor and eating with our fingers? Or, in relation to their *religious* feelings and usages, refuse to do as Paul did, in like circumstances, treat them with tenderness and caution?

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* The missionary, for instance, who would build for himself a framed house, in Persia, (could timber be procured,) instead of a *mud* one, should bear in mind, that the parching dryness and penetrating heat of that climate, would soon warp every shingle and clapboard and perhaps every floor-board, from their places and split them in pieces. It is very difficult to keep articles of furniture there, under cover, in a state of preservation.

The missionary, who goes forth with any due measure of his Master's spirit, is ready to make, both small and great *sacrifices*, in matters of every description, for the advancement of the grand object that carries him to his field. The holy Baxter speaks of clergymen of his day who thought more of the position of a button on their coats, than of the salvation of a soul. But such recklessness will, we trust, be found in no man who bears the name of a Protestant missionary. Indeed the danger may arise from just the reverse of this unconcern. The ardor of his zeal—the intensity of his desires to lead the benighted around him immediately to embrace the gospel, may prompt the missionary—particularly the young missionary—to strike roughly at their religious prejudices, in the hope of clearing them all at once away, and bringing the perishing directly to the fountain of salvation. But the example of Paul and his own mature experience, would lead him tremblingly to apprehend, that such a blow might dash the cup of life, which he is hastening to bear to them, forever beyond their reach, and perhaps beyond the reach of their children.

I shall not of course be understood, by the candid at least, to advocate an indiscriminate conformity in the missionary to native customs. Such a conformity is not demanded by the interests of our work, even among the Nestorians, the purest portion of the oriental churches. Its effect would be to diminish rather than increase the missionary's influence, for the time, and yet more serious would be the ultimate injury. But equally true is it, that in some, in *many* points, of etiquette and equipage, he must conform or sacrifice the momentous objects of his mission. And while *we* may be called upon to *adopt none* of the *religious* peculiarities of that people, the dictates of common prudence and the spirit of the gospel require us to let them alone, or if we touch them, to treat them with tenderness and caution.

To us who feel the responsibility of acting in relation to these things, it is matter of unfeigned gratitude, that our patrons have intelligent and judicious views on these subjects and particularly in relation to the religious observances of the Eastern churches. The reader will recollect the views contained in my Instructions, by one of the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., as quoted in the second chapter of this volume. In the Instructions* delivered to another member of our mission at a subsequent period, the same Secretary says, "We would exhort you not to descend from the high spiritual position on which Christ has placed you, by his commission, to publish the *gospel*, and not discussions about feasts and fasts—about rites and ceremonies—about the thousand modes and forms of religious observance which the people among whom you go have substituted for the gospel,—though these discussions have their place and importance and will occasionally be forced upon you. Address

* Missionary Herald—Sept. 1839.

men in view of that moral nature which is common to all men as sinners—lost—perishing—needing a Saviour. And preach to them Jesus. Aim at the conscience and the heart. Make your attacks directly upon the citadel. Take the strong hold, and the outposts will surrender of course. Cleanse the fountains and the streams will be purified. Make good the tree and its fruit will be good."

And in entire accordance with these views are the Instructions to a member* of the mission at Constantinople, delivered about the same time. "You are not sent among those churches to proselyte. Let the Armenian remain an Armenian if he will,—and the Greek, a Greek; and the Nestorian, a Nestorian; and the oriental, an oriental. Modes of government, both civil and ecclesiastical, are doubtless important; but they are not the great thing. We cannot afford to spend much of our time, strength and money upon them, while so great a work lies before us, as the conversion of the world. It may also be said of the rites and ceremonies of those sects, that they are mere out-works, which it is not necessary to remove, before you come to the citadel; and an assault upon them will awaken more alarm—more fierce hostility—more general and decided opposition, than upon the citadel itself. Direct your whole force to the principal post, and when that is taken, the others will fall at once. It is not the rites, ceremonies and superstitions of these people, that you, a foreigner and stranger, can attack to the best advantage; and these will be corrected, as a thing of course, when your main work is accomplished."

It would not be difficult to show, by reference to the subject, that even the impetuous Luther, as he is often erroneously viewed, adopted essentially this same conservative course, in the commencement of the glorious Protestant reformation, and pursued it until the irresistible power and rapidity of its progress, bore him along and compelled him to gird on his armor and openly take the field. Merle D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation is hardly a less instructive text-book on the best method of conducting missions to the oriental churches, than a faithful chronicler of the times and events of which it treats. After all, the missionary to those fallen churches, often feels his need of higher than human guidance to lead him in the right way on these subjects. And if some at home, who are so unsparing in their censures on him, for what they, in their inexperience and want of acquaintance with the circumstances, deem too *conservative* a line of policy, would devote the time and thought thus expended, to prayer, in asking for him that wisdom which is from above and is able to direct, they would much better subserve the interests of the great cause and more consistently attest their attachment and devotion to the same.

Before dismissing this subject, I should perhaps guard the reader against supposing, that, while I advocate *conservativeness* in mission-

* Rev. Mr. Hamlin.

ary labors among the oriental churches, I have any fellowship with that adoration of forms and shadows—"that homage," as another has expressed it, "paid to the altar, rather than to the God of the altar,"—which is now so rife in America as well as in England. This modern pharisaism has thrust itself upon my attention, in the course of my visit to the U. S. in connexion with the *Nestorian bishop*, in instances enough, if described, to fill a volume, and in a manner not a little painful to contemplate. Not long after our visit to Virginia, an editor of a religious Newspaper,* in that State, sent me a number, which tells the whole story in few words, and from which I give below an extract to the reader.

"A New Argument for Episcopacy.

The Rev. Mr. Perkins and Mar Yohannan have recently been on a visit to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Holladay, in Virginia. A few days ago, the Episcopal clergyman in one of our towns in which they stopped for the Sabbath, importuned the good bishop to attend his church half of the day, which the stranger did. The clergyman, in the integrity of his heart, seized upon the opportunity to make a *glorification* of Episcopacy, a thing which has been so repeatedly attempted, in similar circumstances, since Mar Yohannan's arrival in this country, as not a little to annoy him, as he himself informs us,—the artless Nestorian, in his own simple language, having come to America, not to divide Christians here, but to hold communion with *all* who love our Lord Jesus Christ, of whatever name; whereas, the *Episcopalians*, he adds, always inquire eagerly of him about the *forms* and *ceremonies* of his church, (the FIRST *question* uniformly being, *how many orders of clergy* have you,) while they ask hardly ever a word about the state of morals or vital religion among his people.

But we hasten to the *logic* of the subject. The Episcopal clergyman, in question, labored to prove to his congregation, in the presence of Mar Yohannan, that the Nestorians are *Episcopalians;* and as they refer their conversion to Christianity back to the time of the apostles, *therefore*, modern Episcopacy must be *apostolic*. One link in the ponderous chain of argumentation, leading to this conclusion, as alluded to by the good clergyman, (and we suppose originated by him,) was the resemblance between Mar Yohannan's CLOAK and the Episcopal *robe*. But unfortunately for the argument, Mar Yohannan's cloak is *the common Persian cloak*, worn alike by all sects and classes in Persia, as Mr. Perkins informs us,—nothing but the bishop's CAP, in his dress, being peculiar and distinctive of his *clerical* office. The zealous Episcopal champion must in consistency, therefore, claim *all the Persians, Mŭhammedans*, as well as others—the reverend *Moollâhs* among the rest—to be good brother

* Watchman of the South, Vol. V. No. 38. May 12, 1842.

Episcopalians; i. e. if the fashion of Mar Yohannan's cloak makes him an *Episcopalian.*

On hearing of this argument, [continues the paper,] we were reminded of an instance of the application of similar *logic*, on another, but perhaps somewhat similar, subject. It was at a time when *anti-masonry* raged, particularly in the northern sections of our country. The honest masons, like good Episcopalians of our day, were zealous, of course, in bringing forth their strong reasons in support of their system. And one old gentleman, in the ardor of his zeal, to establish the *antiquity* of freemasonry, declared that our venerable father *Adam*, was himself a *freemason;* and when called upon for proof of that position, 'Why,' said he, 'we have it recorded in the Bible, that *Adam* wore an *apron!*'

Oh what a pity, that the builders of Christ's spiritual temple, (for such we believe many of our Episcopal brethren to be,) should think so much more of the fashion and fabric of their scaffolding, than of the temple itself! Such builders will sooner or later find, when the scaffolding shall be seen to be *only scaffolding*, and shall be thrown aside as useless, that they have labored in vain, and spent their strength for nought. How must such zeal for form appear, to an artless mind, unaccustomed to it! Listen, and see how it *does* appear. In our town, on the first evening of Mr. Perkins's and Mar Yohannan's arrival here, two *Episcopalian* clergyman were the first to make their way to their lodgings; and wished the *bishop* to be at their churches both morning and evening on the Sabbath—one of them confidently urging, *we have a claim, because you belong to us.* 'I do not wish to hear this word,' earnestly replied Mar Yohannan; 'I have not come here to make difference among Christians; I love *all* who love our Lord Jesus Christ. The *name* is *nothing*, but *faith and love;* I desire to see all Christians, in your happy country, love one another—I do not wish to hear you say, *you belong to us.* We all have *one* Lord; we will all go to *one heaven.*'

What reply could our worthy Episcopal brother make to this pointed lecture from the artless Nestorian prelate? Not one word. And if it is not enough to rebuke the party zeal, which is so arrogant, at the present time, in many of our Episcopal friends, then that arrogance must surely be girded in a brazen—yea, a thrice brazen, coat of mail!"

While I am constrained to admit the general correctness of the above statements, I by no means suppose that all, and I trust not the mass of Episcopalians, in this country, are possessed of such a zeal for forms. I have heard many in that communion, deplore the existence of the evil, by whom the spirit of worldly aspiration, that has sprung up in a portion of their church and seems to be threatening its vitality, is doubtless as deeply regretted, as it can be, by us.

As matter of fact, the case of the Nestorians furnishes nothing peculiar, that makes for the zealots of Episcopacy. They were separated from the general church, toward the middle of the fifth century; a period subsequent, as every reader of church history is of course ready to acknowledge, to the time when Episcopal polity was generally adopted. Long ages of night, dark enough to bring forth almost any form or doctrine, had preceded that separation. Their case, therefore, proves no more on the *age* of Episcopacy, which is not admitted, than that of the Greeks, the Armenians, or the Papists. But it is as far from my inclination, as it is foreign to the objects of this volume, to discuss the merits of any system of Church polity, or to impair the just claims of any.

While it is, of course, much to be lamented that a christian prelate from benighted Asia, should witness such developments of a narrow exclusiveness among Christians in Protestant America, it is matter of unfeigned gratitude to God, that he has not, as we trust, been thus injured. He has been disappointed by it, and often not a little grieved; particularly, by some open attacks upon himself, in periodicals. That I may do nobody injustice, and not be mistaken, on this subject, I will quote from documents. The Churchman, an Episcopal paper of New York, contains the following article.

"MAR YOHANNAN.

Mr. Editor,—At the risk of bringing up an unwelcome subject, I wish to say a few words, concerning the person, whose name stands at the head of this article. I wish to speak to the merits of the case, as it now stands, and with as little reference to the Nestorians as may be; not because I consider it unimportant that their true position should be known, or look upon them in any other light than as justly condemned by a general council; but because I desire rather to look at the immediate question, concerning Mar Yohannan.

1. What evidence has Mar Yohannan brought, to substantiate his claims to the office of a bishop? Anything more than his own assertion, backed by the declaration of the missionary who accompanies him? If so, is this enough? Mr. Geo. Montgomery West declared himself to be a bishop, and so have some other persons, on very insufficient grounds; and it strikes me, that the less we know of a church, the more we should require certain proof of its claims. Is not the truth this; that we are over anxious to grasp at the proof to the claims of the Episcopacy, afforded in such instances as that of Mar Yohannan, and therefore are willing to admit the claims of persons, situated as he is, on easy trust? I may be wrong in all this, but it strikes me as a point worthy of consideration.

2. What does Mar Yohannan himself believe, in relation to the

points condemned by the council of Ephesus? That council did condemn *something*. Some have supposed, something not held by Nestorius, and therefore, not him. Be that as it may, though one would suppose the chances quite as great that the council were right, in their view of Nestorius, as we, at this late day, can be; they did condemn something; and that something, whatever it be, is heresy; and they who hold it are heretics, whether Nestorius held it or not; or whether they have had anything to do with him or not. That which the council did condemn was this; the notion that Christ was not born, God and man; and consequently, that the Virgin was not the mother of God, but of a man, in whom God afterward dwelt. Now does not Mar Yohannan hold this very doctrine? I have reason to feel well assured that he does. This may be known; certainly, the clergy must have conversed with him on this point, and his opinion can be had. Why then should not this be definitely ascertained?

3. What effect should Mar Yohannan's associating himself with separatists have upon us? If an English bishop came to this country, and, avoiding his legitimate brethren, threw himself into the hands of separatists, what effect would it have on his reception? I know it may be said, that Mar Yohannan could have known nothing of our church, before he came hither. This is no excuse for committing schism, in the manner he has done; and by this time, he does know about our church; and yet, how has his course changed?

I have not spoken these things in the order in which they would naturally come up. That would be this: What does Mar Yohannan himself believe? If here, he is cleared of the condemned heresy, call it Nestorianism, or what you will; then the next question is, what proofs has he, of his consecration and succession? If these are found satisfactory, the inquiry will follow; has not this bishop, by his intercommunion with separatists, so put himself under the censure of the church, and so violated unity, that he must be put in the same category with those, in whose company he is found? And all this will be in accordance with the apostolic canons; the directions of which, on these points, are 1. That heretics shall not be received into communion; 2. That no strange bishop shall be received without letters commendatory; 3. That those bishops who pray with heretics shall not be received into communion; and those who suffer them to officiate as clergymen shall be deposed. In one or all of these points, Mar Yohannan will certainly be found wanting; and either is sufficient to exclude him from communion. I may add, that in the last Report of the Board of American Missions [the American Board, etc.] it is stated, that the Nestorians had *lent one of their churches to the Presbyterians and allowed them to hold an ordination in it!* QUERY."*

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* The Churchman, Vol. 12. No. 36. Nov. 12. 1842.

I have little disposition to notice at length any of the points mentioned in the above article. As, however, I engaged to protect Mar Yohannan, during his travels in this country, I shall be excused for offering a few words as his apologist. In relation to his claims to the rank and title of a bishop, he probably never suspected that they would be called in question here, under the circumstances in which he came. He was not a great deal surprised, when, on visiting the Greek Patriarch, at Constantinople, that dignitary demanded of him the display of a *ring*, as a voucher of his office. And though deficient in this token, he readily found relief by playfully reminding the Patriarch of the comment, on the *gold ring on the finger*, in the epistle of James. Not expecting to be called upon for written credentials, in Protestant America, while accompanying the living missionary, he is here, to be sure, entirely unfurnished with such documents. In relation to his associating with different denominations of Christians, in America, he has done this, alike from choice and from principle; and with the impression, that he was strengthening, rather than infringing, the bonds of christian unity in so doing. And the fraternal reception which he has in general met, from all, whether in public ecclesiastical bodies, religious meetings, or social intercourse, has deeply and delightfully impressed him with the truth of the apostolic declaration, that all true Christians, of whatever name, have one Lord, one faith, one baptism and one God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. In relation to the ordination of a member of our mission in a Nestorian church, the facts are essentially as stated. It was the same spirit of christian fellowship which has marked his course, in this country, that led Mar Yohannan and the other bishops of Oróomiah, to welcome us to the use of that church,—and the same which prompts them to introduce us into all their churches, to preach the gospel to their people, in the fraternal manner described in the course of this volume. That this bishop has usually accompanied the author, with whom he had been associated seven years before leaving his native country, and to whom, as his guardian, he committed himself and was committed by his people, during his visit to this land of strangers, can hardly appear singular, or unreasonable, to those acquainted with the circumstances,—certainly not, to the reader who has perused this volume in course; nor more so, that he should mingle principally with those denominations, who have, so many years, had missionaries among his people, and whom he and they wish to occupy the field, so long as the Nestorians shall need the aid of foreign laborers.

But I am perhaps in danger of forestalling the bishop, and will let him offer his own vindication, and in his own manner. Several articles, attacking him, had appeared from a certain town in New England, which, though they crept into a periodical of another denomination and in another State, readily revealed their origin to those acquainted with certain incidents connected with the bishop's

visit to the said town, and with the course pursued there by certain *proselytes* to Episcopacy. The paragraphs to which I refer, had repeatedly been mentioned to Mar Yohannan, by different persons; but he happily felt little troubled about them. When, however, the article that I have quoted, came out, with his name in capitals as a title, and became matter of common conversation, among the students of the place where he was residing, he was so much annoyed on the subject, that he resolved on putting forth a public vindication, through the Boston Recorder, which is almost the only religious paper with whose name he is familiar. I advised him not to enter into a newspaper controversy, in a land of strangers, and with his imperfect knowledge of our language; and he yielded to this advice, but on condition that I would introduce his reply, which he had already prepared, into my volume. It is therefore to redeem a pledge, as well as to enable the bishop to tell his own story, that I give to the reader a translation of it in this connexion.

Mar Yohannan's Vindication.

"My brethren of the Episcopalians:

What evil or wicked thing have I wrought, in relation to you, that some of you should write about me in your newspapers, and scatter them through all America?

1. I am one poor man and my nation is poor. I came to thank Christians in this country, for having helped us and to ask them to help us more, for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are members of one another; if one member suffers, do not all suffer with it? Well; if you had desired our good, would you not sometimes have inquired of me thus: What is the condition of your people in that land of heathens? Is there a church there? Are there good men? Are there tokens of the influence of the Holy Spirit? What is the state of knowledge and instruction? What are the morals? But from very few of you have I heard one of these questions. You ask, *how many orders have you?* My friends, *forms* are nothing; 'Neither is circumcision anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.'

2. If you say, that our church is built upon the apostolic foundation, the oldest of the churches; why, shall we place our confidence in age, name, or forms? No; but in the Lamb of God, who descended from his throne on high to save that which was lost. Observe and behold. The Creator of the heights and of the depths, did not demean himself so loftily as some denominations, who say, WE ARE; *there is no other true church.* The Lord said, Every man who exalteth himself shall be abased, but whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted. Again; your church came out from the church of the Pope. Is there not some leaven of the Pope still re-

maining in many of you? Take care; If you say, "no, this word is a mistake," I have proofs. What are those *pictures* in some of your churches? This is a mark of the Pope! I know you do not worship the pictures; but your children, who rise up after you, seeing them in the churches, will worship them. Mark that second commandment—God said, Thou shalt not make unto thee any likeness, or resemblance, of anything in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. Another commandment of God is, Love your neighbors as yourselves; but you say, OUR CHURCH IS GREAT. Very well; your church has become great, has it? Why? that it may despise small churches? Our Lord Jesus Christ says, Whoever will be greatest, let him be *servant* of all. This haughtiness is another mark of the Pope, who teaches that none will be saved who are out of his Church.

3. Come, let us see; has our Lord pronounced blessings on the *meek*, or on the *proud?* I believe he pronounced his blessings on the meek, declaring that they shall inherit the earth. Again, said our Lord, two men went up into the temple to pray, one of them a pharisee and one of them a publican; the pharisee proudly offered his prayer; and the publican in humility; God heard the publican and disregarded the pharisee. So every one, who exalteth himself, shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted. King David also says, The meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in abundance of peace—and many other like things does he say in the Psalms, in favor of the lowly and against the proud. And what humility did our Saviour manifest, when He was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep dumb before her shearer, so he opened not his mouth, according to the words of Isaiah.

4. Come, let us see about Nestorius, what evil he has wrought towards you. If you speak of other nations, he has sharply rebuked them; but in relation to you, he has done nothing. And others he rebuked for their idolatry, in calling Mary the mother of God, and many other wicked works which were done among those nations, and which you do not understand. And do you, too, like the Catholics, cast Nestorius out into utter darkness? If you would be informed, Nestorius has marked out no new path for us. We have not gone after him. Our nation sympathized with him, and we still love him as our ownselves; and if all the world should say so, we will not cast him off; for he was persecuted for righteousness' sake. And our Lord has said, Blessed are they who are persecuted and evil spoken of, for righteousness' sake; their reward shall be great in heaven.

5. I do not say that your way [church polity] is not a good one—very good, if you properly follow it; not in exclusiveness and ostentation, saying, we are *the only true church;* nor in hypocrisy, like sepulchres which are white without, but within, full of all un-

cleanness. God looketh upon the heart. It is important for Christians to abound in love, and not in vain-glorying. But every tree is known by its fruit; men also, by their works.

6. I love Episcopalians; and Congregationalists; and Presbyterians; and Dutchmen; and Lutherans; and Methodists; and Baptists,—all, as brethren in Christ. There is no difference in them with me. The greater brethren are all these; and if there be less, *we* are the *least*. We open our churches to their priests, and receive them as the priests of God and the apostles of our Lord. Our Lord said, Whosoever receiveth a prophet, in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward. And whosoever receiveth a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward. Thus have we learned from our Lord.

7. You are displeased with me, are you, because I have associated with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists? So the newspaper teaches. I do not practise partiality. Is it very strange, that I associate most with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists? No; they are equally our brethren; and they have come and helped us, in books and teachers, and have done a great and good work for our nation. Ought I to abandon them and form new alliances? We do not so understand propriety and justice. Would it not have been a great wonder, very wrong in me and very bad for my nation, had I forsaken them and connected myself with others? It would be a black reproach and a great sin for us thus to abuse the good they have done for us. God would be displeased with us for such a course of ingratitude. But we will never be unmindful of their beneficence. We will cling to these benefactors, as we do to Nestorius. Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Whoever shall give to drink a cup of cold water, shall not lose his reward; how much greater will be the reward of those, who have given to drink the instructions of Christ. And shall we abuse the good work which they have done for us? Never. We must obey God rather than man; and keep the commandments of God rather than the commandments of men. We all have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is over all and in all; over us, over you and over them; who will judge us all at the last day; and if found at his right hand, will raise us all to the same heaven. We shall dwell in *peace together* there. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all forever, Amen.

Your fellow sinner and unworthy christian brother,

MAR YOHANNAN."

Nov. 1842.

How devoutly it is, indeed, to be wished, that all evangelical denominations and all branches and members of each, should, as they desire the advancement of Christ's kingdom, more studiously heed

the injunction, to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." The news of pecuniary embarrassment, by which we have been so repeatedly tried and cast down, in our distant field, has never saddened us, like the tidings of division and strife, in the churches at home. For while commercial reverses may, for a season, reduce the pecuniary means of our patrons, contention, we feel assured, will wither the life of the missionary spirit and of piety itself, and close both the hearts and the hands of the churches to the wants of a perishing world, more effectually than all other influences combined.

It is a familiar proverb, that the approach of a foreign foe quells internal discord. And have not the children of God, common enemies, sufficiently formidable, wakeful and near, to hush their mutual commotions, unite them in a common bond and prompt them to a common conflict? Especially is it most fervently to be desired, that in the *foreign* plans and operations of the different Protestant churches, fraternal harmony should prevail. None can gain, but all must lose, by collision or interference abroad. The natives, in benighted lands, however slow to copy what is lovely and of good report, are quick enough to discern the inconsistency of contentions, among those that bring to them good tidings, that publish *peace*. Let it be the earnest prayer of all, that the foreign watchmen may soon see eye to eye and together sing, not more, in the proximity of their stations, than in the harmony of their feelings and their efforts; and that believers at home may be of one heart and one mind. And fondly would we hope, that the troublous turmoil of foaming waves and billows which we now deplore,

> "Is merely the working of a sea,
> Before a calm, which rocks itself to rest."

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNAL: JANUARY—JUNE, 1839.

At this period, a solemn and mournful providence clothed our mission in sackcloth. Several of our number had been, so repeatedly, laid upon the brink of the grave by disease, and again raised up to health, that we had almost ceased to apprehend an early removal by death, when the youngest and one of the healthiest, was suddenly cut down. Mrs. Grant is the only adult member of the mission at Oróomiah, who has yet died. Her short, but devoted and useful life, and her peaceful and happy death—a living and a

dying sacrifice, as she was, to the welfare of the people and the cause that form our general subject—deserve a brief record in this connexion.

Mrs. Judith S. Grant was the adopted daughter of the Hon. Wm. Campbell, of Cherry Valley, N. Y. She was born Jan. 12, 1814. She was bereaved of her mother, when only three days old, by whom, in the near prospect of death, she was committed to Mrs. Campbell, her aunt, who received, reared and educated her, as her own child. Her proper name was Lathrop. Her excellent foster-mother early cherished a strong desire, that her adopted daughter might become a missionary; and the Head of missions accepted the parental offering. There was, however, corresponding effort, in connexion with that desire, on the part of the parent. I have often heard Mrs. Grant allude to little sacrifices, which she was early taught, by her mother, to make, for the purpose of contributing something to missions; and from the time of her beginning to make these sacrifices, her interest became deep and fixed, in the great cause.

Mrs. Grant had naturally a mind of a very high order, which was enlarged, polished and enriched by extensive cultivation. Its powers were all symmetrically and early developed. But a little more than twenty-one years of age when she was married, she possessed, at that early period, a maturity, which qualified her to adorn any circle, and fill any sphere of female responsibility. But much as we saw to admire in the cast and culture of her mind, there was yet more to love, in the qualities of her heart. Frank and artless as a child, she was still discreet; cheerful, in all circumstances, without levity; remarkably patient and submissive under trials; possessing a kindness of disposition that seemed to know no bounds; social, to an extent that charmed all who knew her; tender and sympathetic in a high degree; and these and many other qualities of a kindred nature, all sweetened and hallowed by warm religious affection. We are not aware at precisely what period she cherished the hope of personal salvation. She made a public profession of religion, April 3, 1831. Her piety was silent and unostentatious, but strikingly active and practical. It was deep and uniform, but never officious and obtrusive.

Mrs. Grant very soon mastered the difficult native languages, and engaged with much zeal and ability in our missionary labors. Previously to the commencement of our female boarding-school, she did all in her power to enlighten and benefit the native females, by teaching some of her domestics to read, and cultivating extensive acquaintance among both Nestorians and Mŭhammedans of her sex, by whom she was much beloved. When our female school was at length opened, she entered with peculiar interest and ardor upon its instruction, as the sphere to which she had so long aspired. And when her health would not admit of her going to the school, she was accustomed to receive and instruct the girls, an hour or two in a day, at her room.

Perhaps no trait in her very estimable character, was more conspicuous, than her promptness, ability and delight, in administering relief and comfort in the chamber of sickness,—a trait unspeakably important, in every missionary. How often have I seen her hastening like an angel of mercy, from house to house and room to room, when several of our mission have been sick at the same time? And often have most of us, who were her fellow-laborers, been tenderly affected by her soothing presence, and the constancy of her attentions and efforts, to mitigate our pains and hasten our recovery. Mrs. Grant never conceived it a *condescension* to have given herself to the missionary cause, but quite the reverse. I have known her shed tears, when contemplating the interest of our work, and exclaim, "why was one so unworthy as I am, permitted to live and labor in such a field!" Nor when thus cut down like a flower, did she regard her life as thrown away, or regret her consecration to the cause which she so much loved. "Tell my friends," she said, in the course of her sickness, "that I have never regretted that I came to Persia as a missionary." She was taken sick, on the 3rd of January (1839). Her disease was a violent, bilious intermittent fever. From the commencement of the attack, she regarded her recovery as uncertain and rather improbable, and accordingly set her house in order. During the few previous months, she had appeared unusually weaned from the world and rapidly ripening for her rest and reward. After a severe sickness of eleven days, during which she was cheered in her lucid intervals by the light of the Redeemer's countenance, and evidently rapt, in her erratic moments, in celestial visions, she died, Jan. 14, at the age of twenty-five years and two days. Like so many other dying mothers, nor least often, the female missionary,

> She set, as sets the morning star which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides,
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven.

No pen, nor pencil, could portray the affecting interest of that death-bed scene,—the little group of fellow-pilgrims, in a foreign, benighted clime, mutually endeared by common sufferings, exposures, joys and sorrows, gathered round the departing saint—a golden chain, its links bound so tenderly to each other, about to be sundered—their number diminished and their strength weakened; a husband, bereaved; three young children—two of them, infant twin-sisters—to be left orphans in a land of darkness; and the perishing natives, crowding around and uttering their loud lamentations! But the dying couch of the missionary, though to the survivors, peculiarly sorrowful, is also, in a special degree, "privileged beyond the common walks of life—quite on the verge of heaven."

Mrs. G's death, like the trump of an angel, sent an unwonted thrill through every bosom among the natives connected with our

mission, laying all hearts open to admonition. A peaceful and happy death is a phenomenon which they had seldom, if ever, before witnessed; and this made a very deep impression. A religion which has power, not only to control and hallow the life, but also to impart joy and triumph in the hour of death, is something which excites their marvel, and constrains them to acknowledge, that it must be a religion which comes from heaven and leads to heaven. It was, perhaps, the greatest burden of Mrs. Grant's prayer, during her last sickness, that her death might be made an instrument of promoting their salvation. We trust this prayer will be answered. Nor did her dying exhortations and the solemn providence, we believe, fail to quicken her associates also in their preparation for death, and in doing with their might what their hands find to do. "She hath done what she could," is the text from which it was my privilege to preach her funeral sermon, and which was subsequently inscribed on her tomb-stone—and to few could this exalted commendation of our Lord, with more truth be applied, than to this gifted, devoted young missionary.

A letter recently received from our excellent friend, Col. Woodfall, states that the prospect of an immediate adjustment of differences, between the English and Persian governments, is by no means certain. When, a few months ago, the Shâh learned that English troops had landed on his southern frontier, he was frightened, raised the siege of Herât and sent a message to the English ambassador, who was then at Tabréez on his departure out of the country, entreating him to remain and promising to accede to any conditions of pacification which the English government should dictate. With this fair prospect of a ready settlement, the ambassador started for Tehrân. But from appearances, it was soon apprehended, that the king intends still to play the Persian and act a treacherous part,—perhaps return to Herât. The English troops remain on the southern frontier, and in case his Persian majesty persists in opposing the wishes of their government, there will probably be war. Political revolutions, in these Mŭhammedan countries, frightful and troublesome as they are in themselves, are still perhaps hardly to be regretted. They are doubtless to have an important and direct agency in the overthrow of the religion of the Prophet and the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon its ruins. Nor can we reasonably anticipate permanent peace, in any of these lands, until they shall yield to the sway of the Prince of peace.

In the prospect of the English ambassador's leaving Persia, last summer, I addressed to him the following letter.

"To His Excellency, Sir John McNeill, H. B. M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Persia,

Sir,—Permit me to express to you the sincere regret which we feel, that we are unable to do ourselves the pleasure of seeing your

Excellency, before you may leave this country. One of my colleagues, as well as myself, went to Tabréez, soon after we heard of your expected departure, in the hope that at least one of us might meet you there; but circumstances beyond our control compelled us to return; and we now find it hardly practicable to leave our families and repeat the journey.

Permit me, therefore, to take this method of expressing to you, in behalf of myself and our mission, our very deep sense of obligation to your Excellency, alike for personal and official favors,—to the gentlemen of your suite and detachment, with the most of whom we have the pleasure of acquaintance, for their many kind and polite attentions,—and to the very powerful and revered government, which you represent, for the efficient protection which it has afforded us and our object, during our residence in this country. We should most heartily regret your intended departure, did we not confidently hope and expect, that, as a consequence of this and attendant measures, British influence will soon be reëstablished in this country, on a firm and advantageous basis; and while we would not meddle with party politics, yet, as philanthropists and as Christians, we do rejoice, whenever we behold indications of the extension of English influence in Asia; for we feel confident that such indications present one of the surest of human pledges of the amelioration of both the temporal and eternal prospects of men, in any countries thus affected.

Were we to reside at Tabréez, we believe that, it having been known that we have enjoyed English protection, the moral influence of the English name might be sufficient still to protect us. But situated as we are, in this remote town, which has never been the residence of Europeans for any considerable period and is fearfully infested with lawless Lootée, it is our decided opinion, that prudence requires us to make some arrangement for additional security for ourselves and our families, on the departure of your mission. And we beg you to suggest to the Rev. Mr. Merrick, who hopes to meet you at Tabréez, and will act as our agent in the case, any measures which you may deem proper to be taken, and afford him all the assistance which may be found necessary, to secure the object. Fervently praying that abundant blessings may rest on you personally, and that complete success may attend your Excellency's official measures; and with sentiments of unfeigned gratitude and great respect, I beg to remain, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,
In behalf of the American mission to the Nestorians,
(Signed) J. PERKINS.
Oróomiah, Aug. 22, 1838."

Jan. 9. I received the following reply to the above letter:

"*Tabréez, Jan.* 1, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of receiving, some time ago, your letter to me, requesting to be informed what course I considered it most advisable for the American missionaries at Oróomiah to pursue, in case the British mission should withdraw from the Shâh's dominions, and conveying to me your own thanks and those of your companions, for the protection you had hitherto received from the British mission.

I have delayed answering your letter, until it should be in my power to decide whether or not her Majesty's legation would withdraw from the Persian territories; and now, that this step has become necessary, I beg leave to inform you, that in my opinion, it will be advantageous to you, and to the gentlemen who are associated with you, to seek the protection of the only other European mission at the Persian court.

It affords me great pleasure to assure you, that the unobtrusive conduct of the American missionaries in Persia, and the practical good sense and good feeling which have been conspicuous in their proceedings, has made it a very agreeable duty to me, to assist in affording them, in the progress of their beneficial labors amongst the Christians of Azerbijân, the protection from personal annoyance or injury, which they have had occasion to request, and which the respect due to their own characters had already disposed the Persian authorities to extend to them.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
(Signed) JOHN MCNEILL."

Feb. 2. The English embassy left Persia, immediately after the above letter was written. In accordance with the advice of the ambassador, I have just been to Tabréez, in company with Dr. Grant, to obtain Russian passports. The winter journey was not particularly agreeable in itself and the native authorities had declared their intention to take good care of us, though we should have no European protection. Still, a proper regard for the security of our mission, seemed to require us to take this precaution without delay. The Russian consul-general, received us very kindly, and besides furnishing us with the desired passports, proposed of his own accord, to inform the Emeer-i-nizâm—the acting governor of Azerbijân, that we have Russian protection, and request him to write to the governor of Oróomiah, communicating the same fact and directing the latter to take care of us. Contrary to our previous apprehensions, since the English ambassador has left Persia, every thing continues quiet here as before. We had supposed that his departure might be the signal of general disorder. But there is not the least indication of commotion, which certainly shows progress among the Persians in civilization. And in my late visit to Ta-

bréez, my attention was arrested by other and strong indications of such progress. The briskness of trade and the amount of European articles in the bazars of that city almost surpass conception. There has been a great advance, in these respects, during the three or four years since I resided there. Nor are these the only marks of advancement. Among other things, I visited two lithographic presses—the property of Persians and recently put in operation by Persians—which are vigorously at work, printing Persian books. And never did I witness more promptness and agility in the management of the press, than was manifested by the athletic, intelligent natives who were at work at these presses; and seldom have I beheld a scene, which to my mind, partook more of the morally sublime, than that scene, patronized and sustained, as the printing establishment is, wholly by native Persians. Nor is advancement in civilization confined to this part of the country. Among the interesting signs of the times, is a recent order of the king, that all who approach his royal person, shall be dressed in European costume.

The French Jesuits, who visited Oróomiah last autumn, went to Tabréez; and they were so surprised and impressed with the existing facilities there for gaining access to the Mŭhammedans, that they lost no time in applying to Prince Kahramân Meerza for a firmân to enable them to open a school for young Mussulmâns. The desired firmân was readily granted, and one of them has hastened off with all possible speed to Constantinople and Paris to obtain funds and men to carry their plan into execution.

Malek Kâsem Meerza continues as friendly as ever to us and our operations. We visited him at Tabréez, and he suggested to us, that it would be well to visit the Emeer-i-nizâm, and kindly proposed to make the necessary arrangements and accompany us on such a visit. In this proposal he evidently had in mind that, as the English ambassador had left the country, we might have occasion to ask favors of the Emeer, and should do well to show him the previous attention of a visit. His manifest concern for our safety and welfare demands our grateful acknowledgement.

While at Tabréez, I learned some encouraging facts, respecting a cluster of Armenian Christians, situated near Shooshá, the seat of the late German mission in Georgia. An Armenian priest, from that group, recently came to Tabréez, and stated that his whole village had seceded from the Armenian church, having imbibed evangelical views and feelings. They had in consequence drawn upon themselves the bitter persecution of the hierarchy, and the storm became so violent, that the priest had fled into Persia. The good seed which the German missionaries scattered in Georgia has been silently at work. It would be very premature to pronounce their labor thrown away, in consequence of the interruption of their mission. Not a holy desire which they have cherished, not a prayer they have offered, not an effort they have put forth, not a dollar they expended for the perishing in that country, will be lost. The

A PERSIAN DERVISH.

seeds of truth which they sowed have taken root, are springing up and will bring forth a golden harvest. Under the ashes of that demolished mission are living embers, which the breath of Jehovah, without the voice of the living missionary, is fanning into a flame, that will blaze and extend, till the Armenian churches in that dark land, shall be enlightened and reformed.

Feb. 6. Several new orders have just reached our governor, from the king. Some of them are the following; viz. Every landholder must set out a thousand young trees; no beggars may be tolerated, except the lame, the sick and the blind; every man who shall appear in the garb of a *Dervish* must be compelled to become a soldier; no person may talk about the *king*—of his doing this or that—but each must occupy himself with his own business. The last named order was doubtless prompted by the king's failure, in his expedition against Herât, which he is ashamed to have made the topic of general conversation among his subjects. The other edicts are highly commendable. There being no *forests* in Persia, except orchards, and the trees planted upon the water-courses, the increased cultivation of these will tend alike to improve the aspect of the country and augment the resources and comforts of the people. The propriety of the other orders is readily obvious to one who witnesses the hosts of beggars that swarm in the streets of these Eastern countries, and especially the *dervishes*, who are as numerous, and profligate in Persia as the Friars and Capuchins and other vagrant monks in Spain and Italy. These disgusting vagabonds wear long, bushy hair, dangling down upon their shoulders,—carry a fantastic knotty club in the hand—sometimes a hatchet in the girdle—and half of a huge cocoa-nut shell, furnished with a cord as a handle, upon the arm in which to receive charity. On meeting them in the road, they will assail you with a torrent of compliments and blessings, mingled with importunity for a present, which, however, changes into a storm of maledictions, the moment you pass them, without gratifying their wishes; the same fountain most emphatically and plentifully sending forth "sweet water and bitter."

Feb. 8. We have just placed eleven more of the most promising boys of our seminary on a permanent foundation, by doubling their stipend, to enable them to prosecute their studies without interruption. We give them fifty cents per week, during their actual attendance at school, (not including vacations,) which is sufficient to board and clothe them. They have all commenced studying English, making the number of Nestorians about twenty, who are learning our language. We hope gradually to elevate the character of our seminary, by securing more permanent attendance on the part of the scholars, and greater system in their studies, at least, when by the aid of our press we shall be able to furnish them more amply with school-books.

Feb. 9. The subject of the lesson for our Sabbath school tomorrow, which Mr. Holladay and myself expounded to the teachers

at their meeting to-day, is the coming of Christ, as presented in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. Mar Joseph had been at home, during most of the week, to attend the wedding of a niece. And the scenes at Nestorian weddings so strikingly correspond to what Christ there declares to have been the state of things at the event of the flood, and as also to be prevalent at the time of his coming, that this bishop's attention was particularly arrested, by that part of the subject. All present were solemn and thoughtful; but he was evidently agitated and much concerned. At the close of our meeting, he said to me, "If the account of the matter given here by Christ is correct—and of course it is—our people who do little but eat, drink, dance and neglect prayer, fasting and religion, are all going to destruction, and what must *I* do?" Priest Dunka checked the bishop for asserting that *all* are going to perdition, suggesting that there may be here and there an exception. But Mar Joseph reiterated, "*We are all going to hell;* and what is to be done?" I told him to do as Lot of old did; not that he need literally flee from his country, but separate himself from the ungodly practices of its inhabitants. I then left the room; but the bishop repeated the same inquiry to Mr. Holladay, "What shall I do, in the midst of this general prevalence of worldliness and ungodliness?" Mr. Holladay pointed him to the Scripture, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest, thou alone must bear it," which he read with serious attention and soon retired.

Feb. 14. Priest Abraham informed me, that Mar Elias has commenced reading portions of the epistles statedly in his church, translating them at the same time from the ancient into the vernacular language. The priest added that some of the people are much pleased with this innovation, while others—and a profligate priest of the village among them—show impatience and dissatisfaction with the practice, and complain, that Mar Elias is constantly annoying them with the doctrines of "Paul—Paul—Paul," of whom they seem before scarcely to have heard. I inquired of priest Abraham whether the good bishop would not be frightened from his work, by this opposition of one of his priests and some of his people. "Oh no;" replied priest A., "Mar Elias is waked up and deeply engaged in the undertaking." No better conduct could reasonably be expected from the priest who opposes the bishop. In the first place, he is profligate in character, and in the next place, he is so ignorant as to understand but very little of what he chants from his Liturgy, from day to day, in his church. Such being the character of not a few of the Nestorian clergy, I often marvel that there is even so much morality as actually exists among the mass of the people. The religion of the Bible, though presented in a language so imperfectly understood and by a priesthood always ignorant and often profligate, has still, under all these hindrances, exerted a very salutary influence on their character. What then may not be hoped, from its influence, when the Bible shall be given to

them in their living tongue; and its truths be proclaimed by a well educated and pious clergy!

Our field becomes increasingly interesting, as those who are under our immediate influence, advance in intelligence and improvement. Nor is the sphere of our present operations so contracted as may be supposed. In the ardor of our desire to occupy the almost impenetrable mountains—which is indeed an important object and should be accomplished at the earliest practicable period—let us not overlook the Nestorians of the plain. In so doing we are in danger of dropping the *substance*, while we essay to grasp the *shadow*. To the nearly forty thousand Nestorians in the province of Oróomiah, we have unobstructed access; and in how important a relation do *they* stand to the mountaineers, who come down in such numbers, from year to year, and must feel the influence of any changes among the people of the plain, to say nothing of the individuals from the mountains, who are brought under our immediate influence and instruction. And in no less interesting a relation do the Nestorians of this province stand to the Mŭhammedans of Persia, among whom they dwell, and who cannot fail to observe any reformation in their christian subjects, and sooner or later be affected by it.

Suffering severely as we did, from the commencement of our residence at Oróomiah from its unhealthy climate, we early felt the need of a *health-retreat*, to which the sick of our number might repair for occasional relief. The subject, however, was embarrassed with difficulties. Any mountain village to which we might go, even within the Persian territory, would be constantly liable to be sacked by the savage Koords from beyond. And retiring from the city and plain, even temporarily, would withdraw our strength and influence, more or less, from the most central and important part of our field. But the sudden death of Mrs. Grant, from fever, induced by our climate, led us deeply to feel, that due regard to the preservation of our lives and true missionary economy, required us to provide such a retreat, the serious obstacles in the way notwithstanding. Gavalân, the village of Mar Yohannan, is, as I have before stated, about forty miles from the city, and is shut out from the hostile influences of the main part of the plain, by an arm of the Koordish mountains that runs down almost to the lake; and this was the place which we selected, as being equally healthy and a more secure residence than any mountain village. We readily obtained a firmân from the Prince of northern Persia, authorizing us to build at that village, which is the property of government, and reside there as much of the time as we should find it desirable.

March 24. I rode to Gavalân, with Mar Yohannan, to make arrangements for commencing a rude building for our summer retreat. Soon after the mutual salutations were exchanged with his family, he stated to them the sad calamity that had befallen Mar Elias, a wall of whose house recently fell, burying a woman and

child in its ruins and injuring some others, Mar Elias himself but just escaping with his life. All were much shocked at the account, and the bishop made use of the incident, by saying to them, "You see how very important it is, that we be always ready for death." As the happy family—*happy* for *Persia*—proceeded in conversation and mutual greetings, while I sat resting at a little distance, the old lady said to her son, "As I was baking, to-day, one of the cakes, while in the oven, threw up puffs, just like two horsemen, and I said at the time, we shall have visitors; and now you and Mr. P. have come." The bishop laughed and replied to his mother in a tone of gentle rebuke, "that is foolish talk." Like peasants in all countries, particularly in the East, the Nestorians have their signs and proverbs; but those who come most under our influence are laying these aside, as well as their religious superstitions.

April 14. Scarcely had we laid the foundation of our health-retreat at Gavalân, when the selfish Mŭhammedan nobleman, who farms the village, apprehending that his opportunities of oppressing the villagers might in some way be curtailed by our residing there, sent his son, at the head of eight or ten armed ruffians, who fell upon our workmen, beat them severely and drove them from their work; and then seized the unoffending bishop, Mar Yohannan, tied him to a cart and brutally bastinadoed him, for the alleged crime of having invited the missionaries to the village. This took place in my presence, and in the face of my earnest remonstrances and protestation of the bishop's innocence of even the sin of that charge. The tyrannical noble committed this outrage on the bishop, whom he knew to be our particular friend, to deter us from attempting to reside in the village. And to make the affair at the same time a lucrative one, he also extorted from him a large fine, before he would allow him to be liberated from the cart.

April 26. Mar Yohannan came from his village to the city, though with much apprehension, lest his unfeeling Mŭhammedan master should perhaps meet him by the way and inflict on him farther cruelty. In speaking of his recent sufferings, the bishop remarked, that he had no hope of deliverance, for himself or his people, except in God; that they have hope in him; that while they are suffered to be in the hands of the Persian Khân whose strength is the sword, the Lord is still on their side.

April 29. The bishop informed me, that tidings had reached him, that his father was seized, last evening, by the son of the above named Khân, and carried to a distant village. The object is to extort more of their honest earnings from the bishop's family. By industry, they have become very comfortable in their circumstances, for Nestorians, and this is their crime. Such open and flagrant oppression must, however, have some pretext. In this case, a profligate woman, formerly the wife of one of the bishop's brothers, who was long ago repudiated, has recently professed herself a Mussulmân and entered the harem of this Persian Khân. The seizure

of the bishop's father rests upon the charge brought against him by this profligate female, that, many years since, he found a mule, laden with money, which had strayed from a caravan, and took both mule and money to himself. The Khân cannot doubt that this is a groundless fabrication; and yet, he gravely charges the innocent man with having taken and secreted such property and demands of him five hundred tomâns, ($1,250,) to settle the matter.

April 30. The obvious impossibility of realizing the full amount of the above demand, and perhaps the fear that the Nestorians of the village, many of whom had come to remonstrate with him, might rise in desperation, has brought the Khân down to about one hundred and sixty dollars. This sum the bishop is trying to raise, that he may rescue his imprisoned father, who is kept under constant apprehension of being also bastinadoed, until the money shall be paid. Thus wantonly are the Nestorians, even the highest of their clergy, sometimes oppressed, by their merciless Mŭhammedan masters. We trust, however, that even in Mŭhammedan Persia, the petty noble will not be able to proceed long, in this manner, with impunity.

Priest Dunka remarked to me, to-day, that he felt so deep a sympathy with Mar Yohannan, that his heart sunk within him, and he spent much of his time yesterday, in looking out consoling passages of Scripture to comfort the bishop. The Bible is certainly the true source of consolation to which the Nestorians should resort, when borne down under oppression. Much of it has a meaning and an application, in a country like Persia, of which we know very little in favored America. Take, for instance, the 37th Psalm, in connexion with the above recital. What a fountain of light and relief does it open! Priest Dunka continued to remark, that when he contemplates the case of his people, he feels that they are *great sinners*, and the Lord is thus using the *rod* to reclaim them. "Again, however," he added, "I sometimes think of the trials of Job; and it occurs to me, that God may have designs in our severe sufferings beyond mere chastisement."

Painful as it is to us, to witness the civil oppression of the Nestorians, it is still more affecting to contemplate their deep moral degradation. And the two have hitherto seemed only to aggravate each other. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." We can only point them to the great Physician, alike for the healing of their moral maladies, and deliverance from their physical sufferings.

May 15. Priest Dunka requested permission to go to his home, back about sixty miles among the mountains. His family had sent for him, stating that the Koords had robbed them of all their seed-wheat; and the priest must come home and procure more, or hazard the cheerless prospect of the whole family, consisting of about twenty members, in its various branches, being obliged to go without bread,

during the next year. The priest felt constrained to leave his work and comply with this call from his family, of whom his superior intelligence and his clerical office constitute him the head, though he is much younger than several other members. Severe as are the oppressions suffered by the Nestorians of Persia, they are still light, compared with the lawless depredations of the Koords, which their brethren of the mountains are at all times liable thus to suffer.

May 22. We rode up to Mar Sergis, (St. Sergius,) a Nestorian church, on the declivity of a mountain, about four miles distant from the city. This church is a large, arched stone building, quite ancient and much venerated by both Nestorians and Mŭhammedans. It has the reputation of possessing the rare power of restoring lunatics. And to-day, on entering it, we found several Mussulmâns of both sexes within, who had, this morning, placed a delirious relative in a dark vault of the church and were waiting in expectation of seeing him come forth cured. They told us that twenty-four hours is the period of confinement requisite to effect the cure. What a soil has superstition, in Asiatic minds! Here were followers of the False Prophet, who, not satisfied with the endless labyrinth of follies furnished by their own dark system, eagerly resort also to those of the *nominal Christians*, whom they at the same time despise so heartily, that they can mention them only by the reproachful epithets, infidels and dogs! These Mŭhammedans had brought their sick to the church of these same despised Christians and employed a *Nestorian deacon* to read prayers over him; and similar cases, the deacon informed us, are of almost every day occurrence. And I have often seen Mŭhammedan mothers, of high rank as well as low, resorting to the Nestorian church of St. Mary, kissing the cross and the New Testament upon the altar and leaving incense or some other offering there, in the hope of thus being furnished by the favor of the patron saint, with a more full supply of breast-milk for their children. I hardly need say, that Nestorian mothers set the example in this same practice.

In conversation with the officiating deacon at Mar Sergis, I found that he could cantilate in the ancient Syriac, but knew nothing of its meaning. He stated to me that a priest of his village has gone on a journey to the residence of Mar Shimon, in the hope of being made a *bishop*. I inquired of him in relation to the *literary* standing of that priest, and was told, that he was on a par with himself. I asked the deacon whether it is not necessary that a bishop should be able both to read and understand their books, and he promptly answered, "No," meaning, however, as I found by more particular inquiry, that *custom* does not make this indispensable in a bishop. Thus ignorant, it is not marvellous, that while they profess to make the Bible their rule of faith and practice, both ecclesiastics and people are sadly under the dominion of many childish superstitions. When we inquired of the deacon, whether a cure is always certain, in case of the lunatics who resort to his church, he unhesitatingly answered, "Yes." And to the question, who effects the cure, he re-

plied, Mar Sergis, the patron saint of the church. We asked him whether God did not work the cure, in all cases, if any be healed? "Of course," with a shrug of the shoulders, he replied, "God enables Mar Sergis to do it."

May 24. Mar Joseph remarked, that thirty years ago, when he was learning to read, there were only two persons in this whole province who could teach his language; and *their* acquisitions were far inferior to those of most of the boys now in our schools. Of his own accord, he proceeded to contrast the religious privileges of that period, among his people, with those of the present, and said that the times had greatly changed for the better. He added, that an aged priest, a mountaineer, came down upon the plain, several years ago and excited some desire to learn to read and commenced teaching a few individuals; "and for what you have done and are now doing," he remarked in conclusion, "may God give you the kingdom of heaven."

May 25. Selím Pashâ, the Koordish chief of Amadíah, has just arrived here, having been driven from his dominions by his superior, the Pashâ of Bagdâd. This Koordish chief spent some time at Oróomiah, three years ago, and often visited us. He has now brought presents to the governor of this district, to the prince of Azerbijân and to the king, in the hope of inducing them to furnish him with troops, to enable him to recover his province. He states that Mesopotamia is in a very unsettled condition, and collateral reports confirm the statement. Indeed, the whole of the eastern part of Turkey is generally much less settled and secure than almost any part of Persia. Ibrahîm Pashâ and his army, and the Osmanly troops with Ahméd Pashâ at their head, are advancing towards each other, and will, doubtless, soon decide the question of superiority between the Egyptian viceroy and the Sultân.

The king of Persia is understood to have been meditating an expedition against Bagdâd, and it is now rumored that he will embrace the opportunity presented by the unsettled state of things in that region, to carry his aggressive designs into execution. His Persian Majesty possesses a strong inclination to be at *war*. He has a great ambition to emulate *Napoleon*, of whom he has often heard. But like many other imitators, he has little of the energy and character of the great original. The French emperor is a favorite hero, in the estimation of many of the Persians. The Jesuits and strolling European adventurers, labor to make him such, by circulating portraits of him and trumpeting his mighty deeds, hoping to increase their own consequence, by exalting the fame of a renowned countryman whom they all respectively claim, though themselves of several different nations. The king's brother, the prince of Azerbijân, once proposed to Mr. Merrick, to translate the Life of Napoleon into Persian for him! Would the preparation of a small Memoir of *Washington* be wide from the appropriate work of a missionary to these glory-loving Persians?

May 27. We visited the Koordish Pashâ. He is quite intelli-

gent and a remarkably fine-looking man. One striking peculiarity in the dress of the Koords is the broadness of the sleeves of their shirts. The Pashâ's are at least a yard and a half in breadth at the wristband. They have an appearance of coolness and comfort in summer. We inquired whether they did not encumber him in *war;* in reply to which, without saying a word, he rolled up both sleeves to the elbow, in a twinkling, winding the long tapered skirt in which they terminate, tightly around the folds; and then brandished his arms, with fists doubled,—giving us a very vivid impression of the expertness and power of the wild Koord, in connexion with the graceful ease of the polished chief. The material of the Pashâ's shirt was white silk gauze. His robe was of beautiful striped silk. His whole dress gives him an air of great dignity, which is fully sustained by his fine features, graceful motions and easy manners. Men of his rank among the Koords are often intelligent and refined; but extremely treacherous in their character.

May 30. In the morning, we received a visit from Selím Pashâ. He was accompanied by three sons of the governor, the youngest a child only four years old. They remained with us two hours and a half and were much entertained with an exhibition of our philosophical apparatus. The Pashâ had never before seen or heard of anything of the kind. He was also much amused with the strange vegetables in our garden; and a potato that happened to be unburied, he picked up, pared it with his knife and ate it raw. The potato was introduced many years ago into some parts of Persia by Sir John Malcolm and was called by his name, *Malcolm's plums.* Becoming more common, it was at length denominated, *yer elamasi, apples of the earth,* which name it still retains. We have introduced this vegetable at Oróomiah. It does very well, though the soil is too rich and warm to produce it in its highest perfection. Selím Pashâ mentioned with interest the Persian New Testament, which was given him by one of our mission three years ago,—stating that he had read it and still retained it.

A few days afterward we received another visit from this Koordish chief; and a rude Persian painter happening to be near, I requested the Pashâ to allow his portrait to be sketched, that I might present it to my friends in America. He was pleased with the attention and directed the painter to proceed. He sat patiently three hours for the purpose; and several times, the painter finding it difficult to sketch the spiral folds in the shawl of the turban, the chief attempted it himself, by imitating, with a piece of charcoal, on paper, the motion with which his hand was familiar, in winding the shawl around the turban; and he thus succeeded in giving an outline very well. The accompanying portrait was thus prepared by the joint agency of the Pashâ, myself and the Persian painter. The rose in the hand, is one which the Pashâ plucked from the bushes in our yard, as he passed across it to enter our house. It may seem ill to comport with the *wildness* of the Koordish character; but

SELIM KOORDISH, PASHA OF AMADIAH.

roses bloom as luxuriantly in some of the glens among the wild mountains of the Koords as in a European flower garden; and their fondness for the ornaments of nature is excessive. Besides, the reader has doubtless inferred from the foregoing account, that this personage possesses much softness and refinement of manners, blended with the courage and lofty daring of the bold Koordish warrior.

In the afternoon we were visited by prince Malek Mansóor Meerza, and four Khâns who are all brothers of the governor. Their visit was even longer than that of the Pashâ. Our days are often thus broken up by the entertainment of company. We need not, however, consider our time spent in this manner, as thrown away. Such visits afford us an excellent opportunity to improve our knowledge of the native language, by conversation with those who use it well, as also of imparting useful information to our guests; and they do much to conciliate the Mŭhammedans towards us and our missionary work. In general, the usefulness of missionaries is much in proportion to their actual intercourse with the native population; while at the same time, it is important that they keep their minds from rusting, by habits of close, systematic intellectual labor, to which the enervating influence of an Asiatic climate and such frequent interruptions—especially, when to these is added, precarious health—are most unfavorable. Our company, this afternoon, were much interested in examining plates on natural history, and the drawings of Chardin, illustrative of scenes in Persia. Their style of intercourse with us is entirely familiar. This ready access to persons of the highest rank which the missionary enjoys in Persia, and their readiness to countenance his work, are circumstances of great encouragement. Their favor commends him to the respect and confidence of all classes, and contributes much to secure him from danger and annoyance.

All but one of our visitors, this afternoon, were dressed in European costume,—or at least, as near an approximation to it as the native tailors can make. This is no more in accordance with the late order of the king, than with the advancing taste and civilization of the country. It is peculiarly gratifying to us, in this remote land, where lately we saw none but strange figures, to behold increasing numbers adopting our own costume.

May 31. Priest Abraham, in conversation to-day, remarked, as he often does, on the degraded condition of his people and their forgetfulness of God; and said that the fault was first and chiefly in their clergy, who are unfaithful in their office. "Many of our priests," said he, "are well represented by our Lord's words: 'Ye have taken away the key of knowledge. Ye enter not in yourselves; and them that were entering in, ye hindered.'" The deep interest which this priest and some others connected with our mission, manifest in the improvement of the clergy, cheers and relieves us in the contemplation of the dark picture thus but too justly drawn by him.

June 2. At our native service, I gave an exposition of the third chapter of Colossians, which presents many points of deep practical importance. The usual number at this meeting, is about seventy, consisting mostly of the members of our seminary and female boarding-school. The fact of its being the last Sabbath of the present term gave additional interest, and at the close of the usual service, Mr. Holladay made a few remarks, adapted to the occasion. The members of the seminary have never given us such cheering evidence of rapid improvement as at the present time. And their serious attention at our religious services, often leads us to hope that the Holy Spirit is near them. They have already acquired much knowledge of the Scriptures and have listened to many solemn appeals, and our hope and prayer is that the seed sown may soon spring up in their hearts. After meeting, about a dozen members of the seminary applied to me for Bibles and Testaments to take with them to their homes, that they may study them and read them to their friends, during the vacation.

In this dark Moslem land, it is cheering to behold even the *form* of godliness; and while we ardently desire to witness its power, we should not forget to be grateful, that Christianity has even a *name* here. Encompassed, as it has been for centuries, by bloody enemies, its existence is almost a miracle, and we cannot doubt that the Lord has important designs, in relation to the extension of his kingdom, in thus preserving it here, even in *name*. The Nestorians have many practices, which to us might seem almost absurd; but which exert a strong influence in attaching them to the christian religion. For instance, whenever they write, or copy a Ms., at the top of each page on the right hand corner, they make three dots, a stroke of the pen underneath, and a single dot under that, to remind the reader of the doctrine of the *Trinity*, and the incarnation of Christ,—the three upper dots meaning, *triune*, or *three* persons, but one *God*—the stroke, representing the divine throne, and the dot beneath, the human nature of our Lord. The value of such expedients can be fully appreciated only where this cardinal doctrine of our religion is virulently blasphemed, as is the case in Mŭhammedan countries. In like manner, in accordance with a verse in the chapter expounded to-day, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the *name* of the Lord Jesus,"—they always repeat, as a kind of charm, "in thy name, O Lord," whenever they engage in any act or undertaking however trivial. The thoughtlessness and even levity with which this is often done, is indeed painful to observe; still, the practice, on the whole, contributes much to inspire in them a general regard and reverence for that Name which all heaven adores, but which, in these benighted lands, is so habitually and wantonly blasphemed.

June 10. A day or two since, in a bundle of papers from America, I received from a friend two numbers of "a Biblical Catechism designed for Infant-schools," prepared for the Massachusetts Sab-

bath School Society. This morning, I put one of the numbers into the hands of John, who has become master of our language sufficiently to read, with considerable ease, almost any of our books on common subjects. John was greatly delighted with the catechism, and at length brought it into my study, and commenced reading and explaining it to the bishop and priest who were with me. They too seemed equally pleased and promptly answered the questions, as John proposed them in order, through nearly the whole of the first number. They were particularly gratified to find that a book, from distant America, should be so fully adapted to their own Scriptures, and the bishop remarked of it, "here is a fresh evidence that your religion and ours are essentially one." John proposes to translate this catechism, for the use of our Nestorian Sabbath Schools. He can do it without much assistance, and it may thus be very useful,—perhaps the means of salvation to some who are ready to perish. Our friends in America, by sending us small works, which can there be purchased for a few cents, may do incalculable good with a trifling pecuniary sacrifice.

June 13. The deacon from Mar Sergis called on me for a Bible, which I promised him at the time we visited his village. He was highly gratified with the treasure, implored many blessings to rest on me in return, promising also to attend our seminary and learn to read. In thus scattering copies of the Scriptures among this people, as well as in our other humble efforts for their benefit, we are encouraged by the parables and the promises of our Lord. The kingdom of heaven, in his account of it, resembles the grain of mustard seed, which at length becomes a tree; and again, the small piece of leaven, which silently diffuses itself through the whole lump. The word of the Lord will not return unto him void.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOURNAL: AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1839.

"It opens a new chapter in a parent's life to bury a child," was the remark of one who had read this chapter with the bleeding, yet soothed and acquiescing, sensibilities, of a *christian* parent. We were called, July 23, to read that painful chapter a second time, in the death of Justin Humphrey, our youngest son, after a severe sickness of two weeks. His disease appeared at first to be only a bilious diarrhœa, which, however, soon passed into a violent fever. We were obliged to watch its progress, while it preyed upon our helpless little one, ignorant alike of its precise nature and of any

means by which it might be arrested or mitigated, with no physician within five hundred miles of us,—a position like that in which we had met our former bereavement, more trying to parents than can be known till experienced. Our babe was nearly a year old, and had never been ill an hour until seized by the disease of which he died. Worn out with watching and solicitude, during his sickness, Mrs. P. had become feeble, and this, together with some items of business for our mission, led us to make an excursion to Tabréez, in the hope that her health might be benefitted by the change of air and scene.

Aug. 3. We reached Tabréez at 7 o'clock in the morning. Our journey was comfortable and had the desired effect of restoring Mrs. P. to her usual health. Soon after our arrival, Mr. Merrick put into my hand the following lines, which he had penned after hearing of the death of our little boy. An infant sister had died five years before, and a brother survived. J. H. was the first one removed by death, of the five infant children of members of our mission, who were born within the period of two months and baptized the same day, as noticed in a preceding chapter. These facts will explain some allusions in the lines that follow. If an apology be needed for their insertion, it must be found in the hearts of bereaved parents, in the solitude of a benighted land.

"To the Rev. J. and Mrs. C. B. P., the following lines are affectionately inscribed, by their sympathizing missionary brother,

JAMES L. MERRICK.

Tabréez, July 28, 1839.

THE INFANT'S CALL.

Brother cherub, come away!
'Tis thy sister spirit calls;—
Join our blissful, bright array,
Where the sweetest glory falls,
Around the Saviour's blessed throne,
Who for us infants did atone.

Beauteous angel, let me stay,
In affection's tender arms;
What should tempt me now to stray?
Strangers fill me with alarms.
O, dost thou know a parent's love,
And all the filial joys I prove?

Brother, brother, dost thou know,
Who it is that calleth thee?
Thy own sister! spared all woe,
By going home in infancy!
Thy parents are *my* parents too,
And loves were ours as now with you.

Lovely spirit, can it be,
Thou so beautiful and bright,
Art akin the least to me,
Filled with pleasure and affright?
Perfection seeming half-divine,
Beams awful thro' those smiles of thine.

Darling brother, do not fear,
Gentler than a mother's care,
Free from every sigh and tear,
Is the kindness you shall share;
And all that in *me* now you see,
Soon, soon, dear brother, thou shalt be.

Angel, what will brother say,
When he finds that I am gone!
Who will cheer him day by day;
Meet him smiling as the morn?
Ah, why should he be left *alone*,
And I removed to worlds unknown!

Lovely brother, do not call
Me an ANGEL with awed tone;
I'm *thy sister*, loving all,
Thy fond heart proclaims its own.
You need not love our dear ones less,
For sharing heavenly happiness.

Lovely sister, is it true?
In our circle then remain;
We will share our joys with you;
You shall lead our blooming train.
How happy then we all shall be,
Sweet seraph sister, here with thee.

Well I know the silken ties,
Twining round your little band;
And the tide of sympathies,
Flowing full on every hand.
But, know, the golden chains above,
Are infinite, eternal love!

Dost thou know how near our birth?
Five baptized one blessed hour!
Let us bloom awhile on earth,
Twining in affection's bower.
O why should such a beauteous wreath,
So soon be marred by ruthless death?

Dearest brother, I was there,
With an infant angel band,
Hymning in the hallowed air,
Him who baptism did command.
Come! we'll oft return and see,
The dear ones now detaining thee.

Dearest sister, much inclined,
Still I cling to those below,
Where my heart has fondly twined;
Other worlds I little know.

You must be very happy there;
Ere long may we your glory share.

Brother, lift thine eyes above!
Seest thou Him in smiles divine?
Image of eternal love;
O how sweet his glories shine!
Behold, he comes, what raptures swell,
At thy approach, Immanuel!

Sister bear me on thy wing;
Let us meet Him in the skies!
Look! I'm like thee! how they sing;
Louder, sweeter, as they rise!
Hail! O my Saviour and my Lord!
By infant hosts untold adored."

The reader hardly need be told, that this beautiful wreath for the tomb of our babe, was very soothing to our wounded hearts, at that time, and hardly less so in the re-perusal, when our only surviving child and the remaining four of the band of *five*, were suddenly taken from us, a few months afterward.

Aug. 5. Wishing to improve my time to advantage while at Tabréez, I engaged a Meerza to give me lessons in Persian. He is the same who taught me the Turkish language, soon after our first arrival in Persia. He was for two years a member of Mr. Haas's school, and has thus become quite intelligent, is much attached to missionaries, and, professedly, to their object. He once made the declaration to one of the German brethren, "I believe in Jesus;" and he has often made similar remarks to me. Were he not restrained by the terror of Mŭhammedan intolerance, I little doubt that he would gladly make an open profession of Christianity. Though convinced of its truth, he has, however, probably, but very inadequate views of its spiritual requisitions.

Aug. 23. My Meerza stated to me, that last night, to use his own words, he "preached to a large number of Mussulmâns, from the fifth chapter of Matthew;" and when at the close, he demanded, what word of that chapter is not good, "all exclaimed, that it was excellent." Who can tell what good may result from the impressions which he and many other young Mussulmâns received in that missionary school?

Aug. 24. In company with Mr. Merrick, I waited on Kahramân Meerza, the prince-governor of Azerbijân. He has just returned from Tehrân. The king rewarded his late visit to the capital, with considerable increase of power, both in the extent of his territory and of his prerogatives. His title now is, *Nâíb Sultân*—lord lieutenant—the same which his father, Abbas Meerza, had, while he was so long heir-apparent to the throne. On the prince's arrival, to make his courtiers and officers sensible of his augmented authority, he ordered a Persian noble to be seized and bastinadoed, and fined him two thousand dollars, without alleging any particular

reason. We might deeply regret this act of arbitrary despotism, were it not, that there are very few Persian nobles in the empire who do not richly deserve such treatment, for the wicked extortion and oppression, which they exercise on the poor;—and His Royal Highness, doubtless, had some desert of this kind in mind, in the infliction of this punishment.

The prince inquired very kindly after our welfare and told us, as we left him, that if we should need his aid at any time, we must not hesitate to let him know it. We enjoy much quiet under his government, in the prosecution of our labors, and are under great obligation to him, and yet more to Him who has the hearts of kings and princes in his hands.

The Emeer-i-nizâm, *chief of the army*, (who is the acting governor of Azerbijân,) has also just returned from a summer excursion; and his arrival quelled at once the refractory movements of the mob, that had thrown Tabréez into an uproar, and all the Christians, both natives and foreigners, into imminent peril. This excitement, as is often the case in Persia, arose from the most trifling cause,—a quarrel in the bazár about a bridle, between a blacksmith and an Armenian muleteer, who was a Russian subject and thus emboldened to use his tongue. Opprobrious epithets were exchanged, their respective *religions* were mutually reviled; and the flame thus kindled flashed over the city like lightning. Death was threatened against all the infidels, (Christians,) stones were hurled at them and their houses by infuriated crowds headed by the Lootée, and the permission of the High Priest only seemed to be needed to carry the bloody tragedy into fatal execution. The excitement continued more or less for several days, until the Emeer-i-nizâm, approaching the city with several regiments of troops, frightened the leaders, and quiet was again restored.

Sept. 2. Yesterday, the English monthly courier came in from Erzróom, but brought us no letters, as he had been robbed of his packet on the road. This is a sad disappointment to us and others; but it cannot be remedied. The lawless Koords will be very unlikely to restore the letters, though useless to them. In the packet were twenty-five dollars, forwarded to us by our friend Dr. Riach, from Erzróom, (where the British embassy to Persia are now stopping,) most of it contributed by himself, as another donation to the American Tract Society,—the only money which the marauders realized in their robbery. Dr. Riach intends to repeat his contribution, that the Tract Society may not suffer, so far as he is concerned. This is the first instance in which an English courier, on that wild route, has been robbed, since I came to Persia; and not one of our letters, to my knowledge, has ever before been lost, either on the ocean or on the land. We are deeply indebted to the English government, not only for the regular and safe transmission of our letters to and from Constantinople, but also for the terms on which they are transmitted. When the German missionaries re-

sided at Tabréez, they were accustomed to pay the Russian post to St. Petersburg a sum not varying much from two hundred and fifty dollars annually; and this was only their due proportion to meet the actual expenses, their letters being charged by weight. But all the letters and other communications of our mission pass between Constantinople and Persia, by the English courier, without the charge of a farthing.

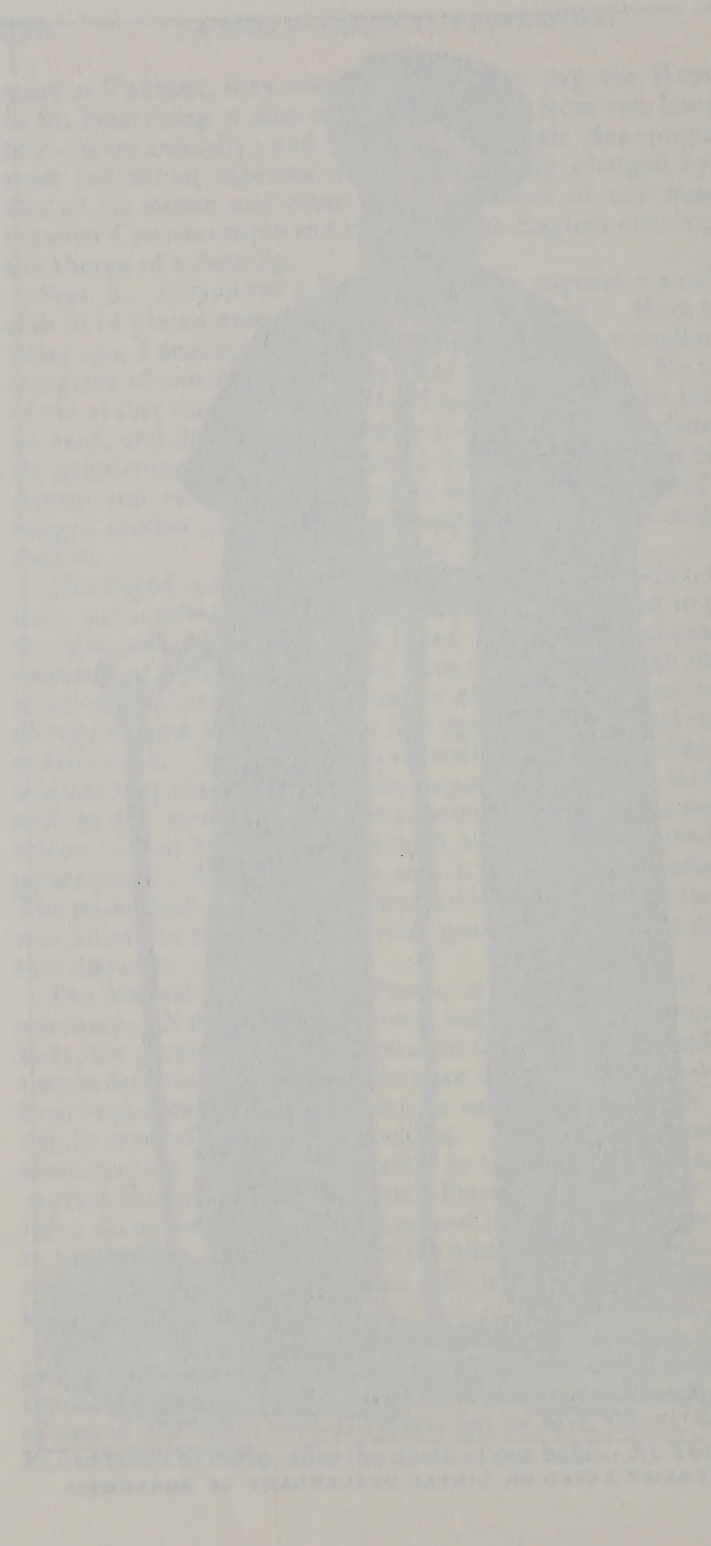
Sept. 4. I employed a Persian Seyéd, to engrave a small marble slab to be placed over the grave of our little boy. More than four years ago, I employed the same person to prepare a similar slab for the grave of our first child, who died in Tabréez. He requested of me at that time a Persian New Testament, which he informs me he read, and then lent it to a friend who resides in a distant town. By questioning him a little, I found that he had read the New Testament and retains in his memory important portions of it. He begged another copy which I presented him; also a copy of the Psalms.

This Seyéd is a Persian physician. Observing, to-day, that William, our surviving little boy, appeared ill, he offered to prescribe for him and would warrant a cure. The proposed prescription consisted of a passage, extracted from the Koran, which the patient must eat. This incident explains a circumstance, that was a ludicrous enigma to us, when we first opened our medical dispensary at Oróomiah. The sick, when receiving their doses, often inquired whether they should swallow the *paper* enclosing the medicine, as well as the medicine itself,—and some actually swallowed the envelope. They had been accustomed to the above-named Persian prescription. And strange to tell, it does actually effect cures. The *mezmerizer* may perhaps best divine the reason; though it is well known to all, that the nervous system has much to do with divers diseases.

The medical profession, in Persia, is a most flagrant system of quackery. Naturally superstitious and supremely devoted to the body, the people have great reverence for physicians; and much as they suffer from empiricism, they are never tired of seeking relief from impostors. This profession is usually united with the clerical, in some of the inferior Mǫollâhs. And unhappily, native Persians are not the only empiricists in the country. Almost every vagrant European, who strolls into Persia with no means of obtaining a living, becomes a *physician*, and is sure to find good business in that calling, though better in the amount of his practice than in its lucrativeness; for a Persian will never pay a farthing to any body so long as he can avoid it.

Sept. 9. We started for Oróomiah, having much occasion to be grateful for mercies experienced during our visit at Tabréez,—particularly in the restoration to health from a very distressing sickness of one of the infant twin-daughters left by Mrs. Grant, whom Mrs. P. had taken to nurse, after the death of our babe. At Yăvshânlée—

A PERSIAN SEYED, OR LINEAL DESCENDANT OF MOHAMMED.



a village about midway—we met our good friend, the governor of Oróomiah, on his way to Tabréez. I called on his Excellency at his tent. Instead of travelling the direct road, he had come by a circuitous route and stopped a few days at his favorite summer village, situated in a small glen, on the shore of the lake, in the bold projecting ridge of mountains which separates Salmás from Oróomiah, and he urged me so strongly to go by way of that village and spend a few days there,—at the same time directing the ket-khódéh, who was then in his retinue, to conduct us thither and entertain us at his house,—that I deemed it hardly civil to decline the attention.

Sept. 13. While we should have much preferred the nearest road, we still regarded it in the light of duty to show that we duly appreciated the kindness of the governor, and resolved on encountering an addition of ten or twelve miles to the length of our journey and a much rougher road, for the sake of complying with his invitation. As, however, we skirted the beautiful lake, mile after mile, on the very brink of the promontory, by a most romantic route, which we had never before travelled, we no longer regretted the arrangement. We reached the village about 8 o'clock in the morning, were conducted to the dwelling of our host, and in half an hour, an excellent breakfast was spread before us. Instead of lingering several days in this rural paradise, as his Excellency had invited us to do, we felt constrained to hasten on our way, in the hope of reaching home this week. We took our leave of the villagers about noon; and by continuing the same romantic route, we reached Gavalân, after a ride of four hours.

Sept. 14. We started at midnight and reached home about 9 o'clock in the morning. Our last stage was considerably longer than the preceding ones, which required us to start at that early hour. We commonly set off at 3 o'clock, A. M. and reached our *menzíl*, about nine, thus enjoying refreshing sleep during the night and avoiding the penetrating heat of the sun on our ride. Thus, too, we had the privilege of spending a long and quiet day under our little tent, which we were usually able to pitch near a cluster of trees, and beguiled the hours by perusing the periodicals from America which reached us just before we left Tabréez. As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. How did our hearts rejoice, as we read and conversed of the glorious things which the Lord is doing for Zion in our loved native land, at the Sandwich Islands and in other parts of the world! But we were also not a little saddened. How appalling is the spirit of *war*, so easily excited through the length and breadth of christian America! We trust that it will prove but the unavailing clamor of restless demagogues. And hardly less belligerent are some portions of the church in America. How important that we pray and labor for the *peace* of Jerusalem.

Sept. 25. Priest Dunka arrived from the mountains where he has been spending his summer vacation. He informed me, that he

has employed much of his time, during this interval, in preaching the gospel in the villages in the vicinity of his home. The people of that region, he says, have very little instruction, and they crowded around him to hear, and were as eager in listening, to use his own words, "as people dying of thirst are eager for cold water." Priest Dunka has a very good knowledge of the Scriptures, and shows a commendable zeal in laboring to enlighten his people. He states that two priests of his acquaintance, who do not understand their ancient language, had resolved to come with him and attend our seminary; but their Koordish chief demanded of them a heavier present, for the privilege, than they could pay, and they were thus prevented.

Sept. 26. This evening, John commenced reading the Memoir of Obookiah, to a circle of Nestorians, who are members of the seminary; and the parts which they did not understand in English, he translated into the native language. All present were exceedingly interested with the narrative.

Sept. 27. Back about thirty miles among the mountains is a celebrated Nestorian church, bearing the name and consecrated to the memory of a favorite saint. On that saint's day, the people from all quarters flock together to the said church. At the present time, the Hakkáry Koords are pasturing their flocks in the same region, and on the late festival, most of the Nestorians of this vicinity were thus deterred from going to the church. A few, however, had the temerity to make the attempt, carrying with them presents to the Koordish chiefs, which they hoped would prove successful passports. But the Koords seized both presents and Nestorians, and now demand a heavy ransom for their release. The Nestorians resort to that church to offer *sacrifices*; i. e. they carry gifts, in memory of the saint whose name it bears, and present them to the priest or the poor people of the village. They do the same, on other saints' days, at other churches, bearing their respective names. Often, also, individuals make special offerings, to avert evils, or thankfully to recognize mercies. In such cases, they usually slay an animal, large or small, according to their ability, a portion of which they give to their pastor, and distribute the rest among their poor neighbors. The animal is not necessarily slain at a church, nor by a priest; nor is there so much that is *religious* in the practice, as the term *sacrifice*, might seem to imply; though in English, we use that term in the same way, in a figurative and very general manner.

Sept. 30. I employed our translators, to-day, in the preparation of a small tract on Romanism, which seems to be called for, by the revival of Papal efforts in Persia, that have a direct reference to the conversion of the Nestorians. It is made up of a few simple scriptural reasons for not embracing Papacy, taken principally from the tract on the same subject, published by the American Tract Society. The priests manifest a very peculiar interest in the subject

and preparation of this document. As the corrupt doctrines and practices of the Romish church, many of which the Nestorians as heartily reprobate as Protestants can, were drawn out, and passages of Scripture in refutation of them were placed opposite, they were surprised and delighted with the fulness and explicitness of the Bible against such corruptions. "These proof-texts," said priest Dunka, "come point-blank against the Catholics like *shooting at a mark.*" Said Abraham, "How pleased priest Yohannan, (the principal of our seminary,) will be, when he reads this little book." "Such labors," continued priest Dunka, "are works of charity; so far as you thus aid us, Sir, to wield the sword of the spirit in defence of the truth, the Lord will reward you." And again; "Whenever my people, back in the mountains, shall inquire what I am adding to my knowledge by living with the American missionaries, this little book will furnish an answer."

Oct. 1. I rode to Ardishái to visit Mar Gabriel. Hitherto we have been less successful in reaching this bishop with our influence than either of the others in this province, on account of his juvenile fickleness and unreasonableness. My interview with him, to-day, was very satisfactory. We made arrangements for the immediate commencement of a school in his village, in case our mission, whose representative I was, shall agree to the terms I proposed. When the Catholic emissaries were here a year ago, they visited Mar Gabriel, and endeavored to make him their prize; but he happily did not yield, and has even surprised them and us by some bold strokes in opposition to the Papists. There has long been a nucleus of Papacy in his village, and after the visit of the Jesuit above-named, all the Catholics who reside there became very zealous in their efforts to make proselytes among Mar Gabriel's people, which so much annoyed him, that he entered the church which they had taken from the Nestorians, and stripped it of every crucifix, image, picture and charm; and to-day, he brought them all before me, carelessly rolled up in a great bundle, as a trophy of his zeal for the Lord, and submitted the question, whether, in the circumstances of the case, it were not a meritorious proceeding.

I rode down to the lake, in company with Mar Gabriel, to examine the *salt* on the shore. The quantity deposited there is immense beyond conception. The water rises, every spring, from three to five or six feet, during the annual freshets from rains and the melting of snow on the surrounding mountains; and as these cease, the lake gradually retires to its summer level. In most places, the land near it is flat, and only a few feet higher than the water, and is therefore extensively overflown in the spring. As the waters *gradually* subside, a very thin coat of salt is left on the land thus overflown. But to procure salt, clean and in large quantities, the following course is adopted. Small entrenchments, eight or ten inches high, enclosing a few acres each, are thrown up in autumn near the lake. These dykes detain a sufficient depth of water, when

the body of the lake retires, to deposite a layer of fine white salt, from one to three inches in thickness, which is chrystalized by the evaporation under the summer sun. I rode many miles, to-day, over a pure sheet of snow-white salt, glistening most brilliantly under the clear sky. The incrustation is quite hard; but it only slightly attaches to the moist ground below. Men, with wooden mallets furnished with long handles, pass over the sheet and beat it in pieces, and others follow them and shovel the salt into heaps. If it is not immediately to be placed upon the backs of donkeys and carried to market, the heaps are collected into conical piles, as large as a small dwelling; and these are covered with a thick layer of mud from the spot, which hardens under the sun and will effectually shield the contents from snow and rain for a long period. Salt of course commands a price here little more than sufficient to pay for the transportation. On the shore of the lake, it possesses hardly an assignable value. All the salt, which is not secured in the manner I have mentioned, disappears under the rains and snows of autumn and winter. The natives state that, for the last five or six years, the minimum level of the waters of the lake has been several feet higher than at former periods. And some add, that before this rise, permanent salt banks had gradually accumulated on the shore which are now buried under the water. It is a known fact, that in a small pond, six or eight feet deep, separated from the lake by a narrow strip of land, salt is always found at the bottom in great abundance. The low land, in the near vicinity of the lake, on all sides, is so impregnated with salt, that it produces no vegetation, except a weed which the Persians collect and burn to procure an alkali for making glass. I examined several holes, a few feet deep, on the shore, but could discover no distinct layers of salt, alternating with strata of sand, which some have supposed to exist. The interior surfaces were incrusted with a very thin coat, that had been dried by the sun. There are immense tracts of salt land—salt deserts, as they are often called,—in different parts of Persia. The natives say, that one third of their country is *Shŏrikát*—saltish. The salt mountain near Tabréez is based on the great salt plain which extends to the lake, and the same is true of one of the mines between Khoy and Salmás.

In the region of Lake Oróomiah are many mineral springs of various descriptions. At one locality, on the eastern side, near the village Leewân, three springs issue within a space of eight or ten yards, each differing from the rest in the quality of its water. One is a hot spring,—the second, acid,—and the third, highly sulphurous and fetid. And on the opposite side of a small fresh-water stream is a fourth, which is impregnated with iron. On the mountain ridge between Oróomiah and Salmás, is a warm spring, which Malek Kâsem Meerza has fitted up for a public bath, and generously keeps open for the gratuitous use of both Mŭhammedans and Christians. The springs near Maraghâ, which are supposed to deposite the beautiful alabaster, I have elsewhere mentioned. The geology of

this region is exceedingly interesting, but very little understood. Has it not a striking resemblance, in its salt mountains, lake, etc. to the valley of the Dead Sea? I have forwarded a few specimens and stated some facts to Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst, some of which he has presented to the attention of the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists.

I have often regretted my inability to contribute more to the interests of the natural sciences, by not possessing a better acquaintance with them; and did not my missionary work press with a mountain weight upon me, I should be strongly tempted at least to study *Geology* in a somewhat systematic manner, so wonderfully interesting does the face of Persia appear, in a geological point of view. This and the other natural sciences have peculiar claims on foreign missionaries, who, visiting, as they do, all parts of the world, enjoy opportunities for contributing to the advancement of this department of knowledge, with almost no sacrifice of time or effort, which are possessed by no other class of American citizens. Candidates for missions should have this in mind, and as they would increase their future usefulness, secure a good practical knowledge of the physical sciences, as an important part of their academical education. I need not remind them, at this day, that such knowledge is neither hostile nor foreign to the missionary's grand object. For it can hardly now be doubted, that it is the combined light of *all truth*, —scientific as well as religious, which is to usher in, and indeed constitute, the radiant effulgence of millennial day.

Oct. 4. Mr Stocking went to Ardishâi and completed the arrangement with Mar Gabriel for a school. The measure is very timely; particularly, as last evening Mar Gabriel received a letter from the Catholic bishop of Salmás, signed also by a French Jesuit who is now there, flattering that vain young man with the most fulsome string of bombastic epithets and compliments that even an oriental tongue can furnish; proposing to visit him and evincing a determination, if possible, to bring him over to the interest of Rome. We have placed an excellent teacher, priest Yohannan, over that school for a time, as we regard both the place and the undertaking very important, in their relation to the general interests of our work.

Oct. 6. Tooth-ache and a swelled face prevented my preaching this afternoon, and Mr. Stocking conducted a meeting in my place. Just at dark, a messenger arrived from Mar Gabriel, stating that the bishop wished me to come to his village as soon as possible; as the Papal emissaries were in the city and would come to visit him to-morrow. Regarding the emergency as one of importance to our mission, Mr. Stocking and myself determined to start immediately for Ardishâi,—my tooth-ache and swelled face, the distance, (fifteen miles,) and the darkness of the night notwithstanding. We reached the village about eleven o'clock in the evening, and at length succeeded in rousing Mar Gabriel, who, with the rest of the villagers, was in profound sleep, hardly having expected us until the

next morning. We were soon seated around a lamp, and priest Yohannan, the teacher, requested all present, except Mr. Stocking and myself, to retire, while he should state to us the object of the bishop in sending for us; the substance of which proved to be as follows; viz. Mar Gabriel, fancying himself to have been slighted by his clerical brethren, and being strongly assailed by the Papal emissaries with flatteries and promises had, in an evil hour, yielded to the temptation and given some encouragement of allowing them to come among his people. On reflection, however, he had repented of the rash step, and now wished to rid himself of them. At first the bishop desired us to remain until they should come, that we might be with him and shield him by our presence from their solicitations. But on farther reflection, he shrunk from seeing them in person, and resolved to prepare for them a letter, declining an interview, and then return home with us to the city. He accordingly directed priest Dunka, who was with us, to write a letter, to the principal Jesuit, which he dictated as follows, viz. "Be it known to you, M. B. that I did once give you some encouragement to come here to open schools. But my people, being apprised of this, have rallied around me and declared, that if I encourage you, deceivers as you are, to come among them, they will all forsake me, and no longer acknowledge me as their bishop. Be it known to you, therefore, that I have nothing farther to do with you, and you must beware of coming into any village among my people." We started for home about 3 o'clock, A. M., Mar Gabriel accompanying us, and arrived a little after break of day, much fatigued with the nocturnal ride, accompanied, in my case, with serious indisposition. The hand of God, however, was so apparent in our being summoned to Ardishái, in this juncture of affairs, that our weariness was matter of mutual congratulation. Immediately on reaching the city, Mar Gabriel sent his letter to the Jesuit, who was quite surprised and not a little enraged, on receiving it, and returned a verbal answer, that he should pay no regard to the bishop, but go on with the *royal authority* of which he said he was in possession, and establish schools where he pleased. Our patrons at home should have in mind, that the most formidable antagonist which their missionaries in Asia have to encounter, is Papal influence. If there is one human being, of whom more than all others, the strong language of the apostle to Elymas, the sorcerer, "thou enemy of righteousness, thou child of the devil," may be applied, that individual is the European Jesuit, in his wily efforts to oppose and embarrass Protestant missionaries.

Oct. 7. The Persian noble, who interrupted our building at Gavalán, beat and abused our workmen, bastinadoed the unoffending bishop, and extorted from him and his father 250 dollars, does not finally escape with entire impunity. We reported the matter to the Russian consul-general, at the time, and he promptly laid it before the Emeer-i-nizâm, demanding redress. The Emeer sent a

sheriff to Oróomiah with orders to take from the Khân the extorted money, and restore it to the rightful owners. The Khân, however, who is an obstinate man, struggled hard, by bribing the sheriff and in other ways, to evade justice. Our royal friend, Malek Kâsem Meerza, happened, at this time, to be at the capital and in great favor with the king. And Mr. Merrick, who is in intimate correspondence with that prince, detailed the whole affair to him in a letter. To-day, we received letters from Tabréez, and among others one that had just reached Mr. M. from Malek Kâsem Meerza, in answer to his, from which the following is an extract.

"I have received your letters, the one on the 14th of August, and the other on the 24th of the same. I spoke to His Majesty about the disturbance given to the Rev. Mr. Perkins. His Majesty ordered me to present him a petition on the subject. I did accordingly, in your name, as you may see. His Majesty was so kind as to write himself the answer on the upper part. You will take the trouble of reading the enclosed, and presenting it afterwards to His Royal Highness, Kahramân Meerza, [prince-governor of Azerbijân,] but you will keep it in case of necessity. I hope any other molestation cannot happen. His Majesty has conferred on me the honor of being the chief of the public schools in Azerbijân, and has delivered to me also firmâns in favor of all the gentlemen devoted to the public welfare," [i. e. to the missionaries].

The answer which the king wrote *with his own hand*,* on the head of the petition presented by the prince, is the following.

ROYAL ORDER.

"*Kahramân Meerza:*

Those learned men [meaning the missionaries] must be held in honor; especially that holy stranger† who has come from the New World at his own expense, and teaches knowledge to our subjects. By all means, inquire into the wishes of his heart, and cause him to be satisfied. Let him erect a dwelling for himself there. And that man, Nazir Ali Khân, who has so much annoyed the man from the New World, you must surely punish."

This document was presented to Prince Kahramân Meerza, by Mr. Merrick, accompanied and assisted by Malek Mânsoor Meerza, who has also shown much interest and kindness in our favor. The

* The *desti-khŏd—autograph*, of the king, on any document, is regarded as a mark of great respect shown to the person or party in favor of whom it is given, and as imparting special authority to the document itself. The king's seal, and this only, is usually affixed by the secretaries.

† Having been longest in the country, my name was more familiar to the authorities, than those of the other members of our mission, and I am therefore referred to individually in these documents.

prince-governor strongly reprimanded Nazir Ali Khân, who was summoned to his presence on the occasion, and ordered him to restore the whole of the extorted money without delay. A sheriff came immediately to Oróomiah and carried the king's order, thus backed by the prince of the province, into execution. The command of His Majesty could not be set aside, hard as the Khân still struggled to evade it, even until his property was seized and sold, alike to raise the money he had unjustly taken, and to defray the heavy expenses of the whole affair. The matter became extensively known, and excited strong sympathy in our favor, from the peasant up to the throne. Thus does the Lord cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder thereof restrain.

We are laid under great obligation to Malek Kâsem Meerza, for his kind agency in our behalf, in this instance, as well as for the interest which he has uniformly shown in our welfare, ever since we came to Persia. In behalf of our mission, I addressed to him at this time, the following letter, to acknowledge our obligations. I ought, perhaps, earlier in this volume, to have noticed the fact of having had frequent occasion, in the course of our work, to address superiors in Persia, in a more formal, and possibly, more *courtly*, manner, than may appear to all as suitable in a missionary, if it be so in a republican. I need only say, that we must be guided by conventional usage,—becoming, on points unessential, all things to all men,—heeding the apostle's injunction to be "courteous," and following his example in giving honor to whom honor is due, and using *proper titles*, as he did in addressing a heathen governor, *Most Noble* Festus, and as did Luke in dedicating his gospel, to the *Most Excellent* Theophilus. There is of course the more need of particularity in these matters, where they are so much esteemed as they are in the East, and where omission might be regarded not only as a mark of rudeness and ignorance, but of intended disrespect.

"*Oróomiah, Oct.* 9, 1839.

To His Royal Highness, Malek Kâsem Meerza,

May it please your Royal Highness,—Permit me to inform you, that we have been favored with the perusal of a letter from your Royal Highness to our esteemed friend, the Rev. J. L. Merrick, under date of the 3d ult., in which you mention your very kind agency in our behalf, in having stated to His Majesty the circumstances pertaining to the annoyances which we have experienced from Nazir Ali Khân, and procured orders, in *His Majesty's own hand writing*, for the redress of the same.

I beg to assure you that we most highly appreciate these new tokens of your kindness to us, and your condescending interest in our welfare, as well as the very important favors themselves. These instances of your condescension and kindness lay us under obligations to your Royal Highness, which it is impossible for us to ex-

press. But we beg to tender you the assurance of our lively sense of them, and of our most unfeigned gratitude.

Nor can we forbear, in this connexion, to express to your Royal Highness, our very deep and grateful sense of his Majesty, the Shâh's, condescension, in the very gracious manner in which he has been pleased to notice, protect and encourage us. These most gratifying tokens of His Majesty's favor, cause us to look up to the foot of the throne with emotions of profound gratitude and to feel increasingly anxious to do all in our power to benefit his loyal subjects; while it is our fervent and unceasing prayer, that the God of the universe, who has all gifts to bestow, would grant to His Majesty a full measure of health—long life—great prosperity in the government of his empire, and the richest blessings both for time and eternity.

We have the impression that Mr. Merrick has mentioned to your Royal Highness the very kind interest which your worthy brother, Malek Mânsoor Meerza, has always manifested in our welfare,—and particularly, in relation to the annoyances which we have suffered from Nazir Ali Khân. We are happy to inform you, that we feel ourselves laid under great obligation to His Royal Highness.

In conclusion, we can only reiterate our heartfelt thanks for the many instances of your Highness' interest and efforts for our welfare; while we would assure you, that it will not cease to be our fervent prayer, that the Lord may amply reward you for all these favors, by bestowing the highest blessings on you personally, and on all your interests in the present life, and by granting you, in the life to come, unfading and unending happiness.

Permit me to add, that it is our particular prayer, that the Lord may grant complete success to your philanthropic and indefatigable efforts, to advance the civilization and welfare of the people of this country; and so far as our humble instrumentality can contribute to facilitate these momentous objects, we beg to pledge to your Royal Highness, our most cordial coöperation.

With sentiments of great respect and sincere gratitude, in which my colleagues most heartily unite with me, I have the honor to remain,

Your Royal Highness' most obedient servant,

In behalf of the American missionaries resident at Oróomiah, } (Signed) J. PERKINS."

In this whole affair of our summer retreat, we see the importance of our standing in a favorable relation toward the Mŭhammedans, as we would be secure in our labors for the benefit of the Nestorians. Mr. Merrick has been able to reach the throne, by means of his acquaintance with Malek Kâsem Meerza, with an influence that secures to us prompt redress for injury and full protection. To maintain this favorable position, we must do good to the Mŭhammedans as we have opportunity, as well as to their Nestorian subjects.

We are especially called upon to thank God and take courage, for granting us such favor in the eyes of the king, princes and rulers of Persia, at a time when we have so much needed it, in the absence of the English embassy. We naturally felt not a little solicitude respecting the political rupture, between the English and Persian governments, to which allusion has been made, and the highly threatening prospect of immediate war between the two nations. The only alternative before us seemed, for some time, to be the abandonment of our charming missionary field, at least temporarily, in the then incipient and critical state of its culture, or to entrust ourselves, in this remote Mŭhammedan land, to the mercy of the excited Persians, in the storms of hostile collision, who, we supposed, would naturally identify us with the English, whose protection we had previously enjoyed,—especially as our distinct nationality as Americans, was still but very imperfectly understood. Some time before the English embassy withdrew from the country, however, the Persian authorities, of their own accord, relieved us, (before we applied for the protection of the Russian embassy,) by pledging to us their efficient protection, whatever might be the issue of the pending difficulties between them and the English. "Hitherto," said the governor of Oróomiah, "I have regarded you as my *brothers;* now that the English ambassador leaves the country, I shall assume the place of a *father* to you." And however treacherous the Persians may be toward foreigners in their diplomatic transactions, (and they are too justly charged with flagrant treachery in these matters,) they have, from the king down to the city magistrate, redeemed their pledge to extend to us uninterrupted protection.

From whatever motives the Persians have thus protected us, the fact that we, defenceless missionaries, were enabled to prosecute all our various and extended operations, in the heart of distant, Mŭhammedan Persia, without any interruption, during the almost three years' absence of the only Protestant Christian embassy that had been in that country,—and while the power to which it belonged and whose protection we were known to have enjoyed, assumed a directly hostile attitude toward Persia,—strongly evinces the vigilant care of the great Head of missions, that the door of faith which He had opened for us unto the gentiles should not be closed, by political commotions, however threatening. And it is only one of a great many facts, connected with our work, which should, in all our prayers and labors for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, even amid approaching convulsions or apparent reverses, give us unwavering confidence in the security and stability of *His* cause, who himself rides upon the moral, as well as the physical, whirlwind and directs the storm. Indeed, the repeated favors which we have from time to time received, unsolicited, from the king and other members of the royal family in Persia, and which have contributed so essentially to our personal safety and the prosperity of our work, have often delightfully impressed us, as being at least a

partial fulfilment of the cheering promises of Scripture to Zion in latter days, that kings shall be her nursing fathers and queens her nursing mothers.

Dec. 23. William R., our little boy, came into my study where I sat translating with priests Abraham and Dunka. He has until recently been a very sickly, delicate child, but is now quite well. "William," said priest Dunka, "has, by the divine blessing, become very healthy and fair, but Justin, had he lived, would have been much more fair. Thus the Lord, praised be his name, (continued the priest,) always selects the best for himself. It was so also in my family." Some time previous to the death of our child, priest Dunka had committed to the grave a very fine boy, to whom he referred in this last allusion. He was also bereaved of his wife about the same time; and in connexion with the above remarks, he spoke very tenderly of her, saying that if ever there was a person who loved and feared God, he believed his departed wife was one. Observing that I listened with interest to his remarks, he proceeded to state, that often, on awaking in the night, he had found that his wife had risen and retired for prayer. And on his asking her why she had risen, she would reply, that thoughts of God and eternity came over her with such deep solemnity, she could not sleep and felt constrained to rise and pray.

With the amount of scriptural knowledge which many of the Nestorians possess, their attachment to the Bible and the christian religion, and the serious, devotional habits of some of them, I cannot help hoping that there may be here and there a praying Anna and Simeon, even now waiting for the consolation of Israel. Such is the case of priest Dunka. He sustained his bereavement of a wife and child to whom he was tenderly attached, with a degree of resignation that would adorn a Christian. Nor have we, during his long residence with us, known anything amiss in his conduct. And may not his wife also, if his account of her be correct, have been a humble disciple of Christ? Much the same is true of some others, who have come under the influence of our mission; and we know not of how many more, with whom we have no personal acquaintance.

Dec. 25. Our Mŭhammedan Meerza attended our Christmas service, and expressed himself highly pleased with the sermon on the occasion, which was preached by Mr. Jones, from the text, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." His knowledge of English, though imperfect, is such as enabled him to understand a considerable part of the sermon; and his commendation of it shows that he is at least very *liberal* for a Mussulmân. This Meerza has often attended our religious meetings, kneeling with us in prayer, and reading in turn his verse of Scripture in Bible-class exercises.

Dec. 26. As I was returning from the bazár, my attention was arrested by a crowd of men, with an individual in custody, moving

toward the palace of the governor. On asking the cause, I was told that the man had been *drinking wine*. And on farther inquiry, I learned that the governor has recently issued a special order for the arrest of all persons who shall be detected in wine-drinking. Here is temperance with a witness. The worthy governor, moreover, places the *crime*, wholly on *religious* ground,—the Prophet having forbidden the use of wine. With all his Excellency's rigor, however, he cannot stay the swelling tide. Probably nine tenths of the Mŭhammedans of Oroómiah use wine in secret at least; and many of them indulge in it to brutal intoxication. And this ineffectual attempt to arrest the practice, on religious ground, is but one of the innumerable indications which we witness, that Islamism is on the wane.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNAL: JANUARY—MARCH, 1840.

The following note was brought to me to-day, Jan. 1, by a Koordish chief who received it under the walls of Herât about fifteen months ago. To make it as secure as possible, the Koord ripped open the skirt of his garment, placed it between the folds and again stitched them together. On reaching his home, about a thousand miles from Herât, he remembered that he had taken a note in charge for me, but had forgotten what disposal he made of it. A year afterward, it occurred to him, that he had enclosed it within the skirt of his garment, and he lost no time in coming a day's journey, from the mountains back of Oróomiah, on purpose to bring it. This was faithful for a Koord. The note was almost worn out, in common with the garment itself, but the writing was still legible. It was as follows:

"My dear friend,

By Ismâíl Agâ, a worthy Koordish friend of mine, I send a few lines to express the interest I take in your undertaking at Oróomiah, in planting the principles of the gospel. May the Almighty bless you in this his special service! I received here a very interesting account of your proceedings and of the respect with which you are held to the glory of Christ's name and your own eternal profit, from Ibrâhîm Khaléel Khân, Affshâr, also one of your well-wishers. Remember me kindly to your circle and ever believe me, not only for the sake of your work and yourself, but for the sake of the friends I have in your land, Yours sincerely,

(Signed) C. Stoddart.

Royal Camp, near Herât, 8th Sept. 1838.

P. S. To-morrow, the Shâh leaves this with his forces, at British recommendation, and peace is restored to this unhappy neighborhood and city. Thanks to God. C. S."

The writer of the above is Lieut. Col. Stoddart, the officer sent by the ambassador to announce to the king the demand of the English government, that his Persian Majesty should raise the siege of Herât.

Jan. 4. The English are rapidly extending their conquests in Affghânistân. This opens an encouraging prospect to the churches. There may, soon, be no more difficulty in sending missionaries into those wild, remote regions, enjoying English protection, than into India. And the tide of European light which will roll up the Indus, as English political influence prepares the way, cannot fail to do much to civilize the inhabitants of central Asia and facilitate the progress of the gospel. How instructive to watch the hand of Providence, in the political changes in these Eastern countries! A temporary rupture was permitted to take place between England and Persia, which has harmed nobody, but is leading to the conquest of the vast territories of Affghânistân, by an English army, and will probably result in the rapid increase of English influence in Persia and all these regions.

Jan. 7. We have just enjoyed a visit from Mr. Abbot, an English merchant resident at Tabréez.* He is a gentleman from whom we have experienced much kindness, since we came to Persia; and it gives us sincere pleasure to enjoy a visit from him,—particularly as our situation is so remote that we seldom see a European. Mr. A., though not a professor of religion, cherishes great respect for it and manifests much interest in our missionary objects and operations. Being an intelligent, discriminating man, and familiar with these Eastern lands, his opinion on many points pertaining to our work is valuable. In conversation in relation to Persia, he expressed to me the opinion, that it would erelong fall into the hands of some christian power, or powers, which is indeed but the echo of the universal apprehension and expectation of the natives,—and that no sooner will this be the case, than multitudes of the Persians will embrace Christianity. All the Soofées, (Persian transcendentalists,) said Mr. A. are only waiting for such a change to protect them, and they will publicly abjure the Mŭhammedan system; and in this point of view, he continued, there is great encouragement for missionary efforts in the form of general instruction among the Mussulmâns, to prepare the way for the spread of the gospel, whenever the anticipated political changes shall take place.

Jan. 8. Our Mŭhammedan school, which commenced with one scholar, a short time ago, has increased to ten very promising boys and young men. Regarding the Mŭhammedans as fellow men,

* Now British consul at Tehrân.

possessing immortal spirits like our own,—bound with us to a common judgment and an unending eternity,—and regarding *Persia* as a part of the great field which "is the world," as destined with all other countries, to become, one day, Immanuel's land, and contemplating the commanding influence which it has ever exerted and must continue to exert on other portions of Asia, we cannot view this infant Mussulmân school as among the least promising of our missionary operations. As the object and bearing of efforts of this kind for the Mŭhammedans are less likely to be understood and appreciated, than our direct religious labors for the Nestorians, I should perhaps more formally state, in this connexion, the reasons for this school. It is important for the immediate benefit which it brings to the scholars, and may bring through them to multitudes of their countrymen. The many temporal advantages, which they will derive from it, need not be detailed. And if it result not, also, in the personal salvation of some of them, which is by no means beyond the reach of hope, it will at least tend decidedly to prepare the way, by allaying prejudice and diffusing intelligence, for the future triumphs of the gospel.

A Mussulmân school, in connexion with our mission, is yet more important, as a means of security to our operations among the Nestorians. We may regard it in the light of a peace-offering, to conciliate the Mŭhammedans, who are at least three-fourths of the population of Oróomiah, and in the midst of whom we are doing so much to instruct and benefit their Nestorian subjects. They would probably become dissatisfied, by seeing themselves longer passed by in our educational labors, and all our efforts bestowed on their despised christian serfs; and especially in the face of the very friendly attentions and favors which the Mŭhammedans of all classes have shown us, during our entire residence in their country. Such a school is also requested by the Persian authorities. The king, entirely unsolicited, as already mentioned, has favored us with an excellent firmân, encouraging, protecting and patronizing us, on the ground of our benefitting his subjects—Mŭhammedans as well as Nestorians—by giving them instruction. Kahramân Meerza, the favorite brother of the king and prince-governor of Azerbijân, has repeatedly given us valuable firmâns, and has manifested much interest in our labors, viewing them in the same light in which they are contemplated by the king. And Prince Malek Kâsem Meerza, the favorite uncle of the king, whose name has been so repeatedly mentioned, has long been urging us to do something for the Mŭhammedans. These rulers—the king, princes and governors, who have shown such an interest in our welfare, would be disappointed and lose their confidence in us, if not withdraw their protection, were we to continue to do nothing for the benefit of their Mussulmân subjects, while we do so much for the Nestorians. They would, moreover, be likely to give their decided preference to the Papal missionaries, in Persia, who are zealous in

teaching all classes,—a preference that might operate very disastrously on the interests of our mission, particularly as these same Papists have the subjugation of the Nestorians to the Pope as their real and paramount object.

The members of our Mŭhammedan school are at present occupied in the study of the English language; they also receive daily instruction in geography, through the medium of the Turkish and Persian languages. And while we cannot now preach the gospel *formally* to them, we do use the Bible as a text-book; and are at full liberty to explain to them its contents, and communicate a great amount of moral and religious, as well as intellectual instruction.

Jan. 22. I called on priest Dunka, whose brother—a boy of sixteen and a member of our seminary—is sick and apparently near his end. The family were weeping by the bed-side; and the priest, while he wiped the tears from his own eyes, touchingly entreated them "not to weep, but give glory to God." He was calm, and, though melted in grief, was still resigned. "How is Elía (Elias)," I inquired. "Elía has done with this world," said the priest. "Does he know that he is dying," I further inquired. "Yes," replied the priest, "he has just been praying and committing his spirit to the Lord." Elías recognized me; and I inquired of him whether he felt himself to be a lost sinner, and could still hope in the pardoning mercy of Christ; and he answered me in a broken, faltering manner, "in the strength of God, I do hope in Christ." The priest told me that he had conversed much with him; that Elias said he had no worthiness of his own to recommend him, but trusted simply in the Lord Jesus Christ, and confiding in Him, he was not afraid to die. He was too far gone to allow him to converse much, when I saw him, and I could only lift my heart in prayer to God for his salvation.

The priest's appearance, in his trying circumstances, was deeply interesting. He solemnly warned his family and others who were present, to be "also ready," and heed the voice of God uttered from the scene before them. There was in this case nothing of the noisy, frantic raving, that is so often witnessed at the dying couch, in these countries. There was deep grief, but with it, solemnity. I never felt more grateful for the precious hopes and consolations of the gospel, than while standing at that death-bed, and witnessing their sustaining power and soothing influence on the priest. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

Jan. 23. Elias died between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning. This forenoon, we attended his funeral. The Nestorians always bury their dead as speedily as practicable after decease. A large number were assembled in the church-yard, where the funeral service was read, which was simple, but solemn and impressive. One part in particular was very affecting, in which the bishop took his stand on the grave, after it was filled, and repeated, "Farewell, my

brother; thou hast departed from this to the other world; thou shalt suffer no harm nor loss; Christ will raise thee up at the resurrection!"

After the funeral, priest Abraham, on my making some inquiries, relative to their funeral service, proposed that we should translate it into the vernacular language, for the benefit of the people. The suggestion is a good one, though parts of it would need to be omitted, as it embraces prayers for the repose of the dead, to be recited at the grave three days after interment. That period is observed, in memory of the visitation of the Saviour's tomb on the third day, by the pious women. On the seventh day after burial, the relatives of the deceased receive visits, and the males shave their heads and all wash and change their garments, as an emblem of the *seventh* period which is to be ushered in and gladdened by millennial rejoicings. For all their religious observances, the Nestorians can assign *reasons*, though many of them are singularly puerile.

"Going to the grave and weeping there," is even more common among the Mŭhammedans than among the native Christians, especially among the females. The great cemeteries around the city of Oróomiah are thronged, on some of their festival days, and more or less on other occasions, and present affecting scenes, not less in the thoughtless levity of the mass, than the dolorous lamentations of the few. I have frequently observed a circle of women, sitting on the ground, around a grave, in a cold winter's day, and wailing most piteously over the dust of a departed friend.

Jan. 25. Priest Dunka called on us, for the first time, after the death of his brother. When I expressed to him our sympathy, "Do not feel afflicted," said he, "the Lord has taken Elia to himself; let his will be done,—let us praise his holy name." He proceeded to state that he felt comforted under his affliction, with the consolations of the gospel. He quoted several very pertinent passages of Scripture, and his whole appearance was that of an afflicted mourner, sustained by the grace of God and resigned to his will. I have never felt so much confidence in priest Dunka's piety, as since observing the manner in which he has met this trying bereavement.

Feb. 2. I have just preached the funeral sermon of four infant children, who have died within the last three weeks and three of them, within the last six days. They were the twin daughters of the late Mrs. Grant; the daughter and only child of Mr. Holladay; and the son and only child of Mr. Stocking. The providence is striking that has transferred that infant band of five, so near each other in birth, in so short a period, to their eternal home. There, we trust, they are re-united and compose a far more happy and interesting choir, chanting the praises of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' than they could ever have become in this world of sin and vale of tears.

All but one of the four who have recently died, were removed by measles or diseases induced by it,—that one died of general debility.

Feb. 7. William Riach, our only surviving child, died this morning,—the fifth death, in our mission, in the course of a month! Within that period, every parental heart in our circle has been wrung with the anguish of parting with a child,—in one case, of parting with *two*, and in the other cases, with *only* children. Our houses are now left unto us desolate, and our hearts in like manner, except as they are cheered by the consolations of the gospel, which indeed are neither few nor small. William is the *third* child of whom we have been bereaved in Persia. He was almost four years old. For the last few months, he has to appearance been perfectly well, and was improving in a very rapid manner, when seized by the measles of which he died. The trial of parting with this child is more severe than our previous bereavements, in proportion as he was older than the others, as well as from the fact that he was our *only* child. We would bow submissively under the heavy stroke, knowing that the rod is in our Father's hand.

Our Nestorian priests called, to-day, to condole with us. They deeply feel for us in our affliction, and it is not a little soothing to witness and enjoy their sympathy, and especially, to listen to the healing solaces of the Holy Scriptures, pertinently and tenderly administered to us by Nestorian Christians. I happened to be sitting with a Bible in my hand, when the priests came in. "From that book draw consolation," said priest Dunka, and he then proceeded to repeat several passages. Mar Joseph called also to condole with us. He was equally pertinent and touching, in his efforts to administer consolation. Among other things, he remarked, "True, it was your *only* son and child; but that, too, was *God's only Son*, with whom the everlasting Father parted, that he might come into this world and die for us." What more could have been said to silence the repinings of a bereaved parent! The Nestorians are often thus vivid, graphic and impressive in their expressions, particularly on religious subjects.

Feb. 15. Mar Gabriel came to tender to us his sympathy in our affliction, accompanied by deacon Badel, a teacher in our female boarding-school. This deacon has just been bereaved of an infant son; and with him, we reciprocated expressions of sympathy. Nothing short of the special working of the Holy Spirit can lay open the heart to religious influence, like affliction. Deacon Badel was very serious and tender in his feelings on this occasion. His wife, he said, does nothing but weep. I suggested that he should read to her the gospel, particularly those portions, which give account of the Saviour's deep interest in little children. "I do read the Bible to her," said he, "but she still weeps." I reminded him of the declaration of Christ, that where our treasures are, there will our hearts be also; and suggested, that the Lord is perhaps taking our *treasures*, (our little children,) to himself, that he may draw

our hearts after them. "What a precious thought," exclaimed the deacon; "I will repeat that in our church to our people, that the mourners may be comforted in their bereavements and benefitted by them."

A much larger proportion of children, die in infancy, in a given population among all classes in Persia, than in America. Births are far more numerous, but much fewer survive to adult years, in the former country than in the latter. Deacon Badel, for instance, who is perhaps thirty years old, has been the father of *nine* children, only three of whom are living; and priest Abraham, who is hardly as old, has been the father of seven, but two of whom are now alive; and these are by no means rare instances—perhaps not unusual—of the mortality of children among the Nestorians. It is difficult to explain the cause of such mortality. It may result in part from the sickliness of the children consequent on the very early marriages of the parents. Want of cleanliness and proper attention and care are other probable causes, though the Nestorians are very fond of their children and cannot properly be charged with wanton neglect of them. We might also assign the absence of proper medical treatment, as another cause; but our own children have been swept away, though a physician is among us. And the unhealthiness of the climate, I am inclined to think, may be the principal difficulty with the native children as well as our own. The general average of longevity is from ten to fifteen years less in Persia than in America, though the Persians arrive at maturity, also, at a much earlier age than Americans.

This evening, I conversed with John and priest Abraham, on the importance of habitual preparation for death, in view of the solemn dispensations of Providence by which we have of late been so repeatedly and loudly admonished, as well as by the warnings of the word of God, which we have always in our hands. Both appeared deeply solemn. John said that he often felt afraid to go to sleep at night, lest he should awake in eternity and in the world of wo. The priest expressed a hope of being pardoned through the merits of Christ and washed in his blood. In view of his remaining depravity, he said, he hoped with much distrust and trembling, but it was his unceasing prayer, that God would prepare him to live to his glory and die in peace. The external conduct of this priest is habitually unexceptionable. His character is naturally amiable, his deportment serious and his conscience apparently quite tender. His efforts for the improvement and salvation of his family and people are also very interesting. He has recently introduced family worship into his own household,—perhaps a solitary instance of the kind, among the Nestorians; and he is indefatigable, though very discreet, in his labors for their instruction and reformation.

Feb. 18. The wife of priest Dunka died last evening. She was his second wife, to whom he had been married but a few months. The Lord has of late laid his hand heavily upon this priest. His

wife was a superior woman for a native, and the priest was devotedly attached to her. The poignancy of his grief is much sharpened, from the fact, that he had taken her from her father's house among the healthy Koordish mountains and brought her to this sickly land of strangers, where she has thus quickly died. His heart seemed almost broken, when I called on him; he, however, reiterated, in faltering tones, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We attended the burial, about 9 o'clock in the forenoon. The Nestorian funerals, as I have before stated, are characterized by much decorum. Their coffins are plain boxes, diminishing gradually in width from the head to the foot. The relatives of the deceased are sometimes too poor to provide any, in that land where timber is scarce. The grave is from four to five feet deep,* at the bottom of which an enclosure, just large enough to admit the corpse, is walled around with stone. The coffin is placed within this enclosure, flat stones laid over it, the crevices plastered with mortar, and the grave is then filled up with earth. Every grave is thus a small tomb. The corpse is let down into its narrow house by means of sashes, which individuals take from their persons on the spot. They have prayers recited at the house, on their way to the cemetery whither the corpse is borne upon shoulders on a bier, at the grave, and at the house again on their return. The services at the grave, on the occasion of interment, are interesting and not tediously long. To-day, while the sexton and others were preparing the grave, which was not quite ready when the corpse arrived, priest Dunka translated from a book containing their funeral services, (Onéeda,) into the modern language. The matter was in general excellent, and the language and figures were very vivid and often striking. Among others were the following. 'Death is a cup of which all must taste. The Saviour said, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet thy will be done. He tasted it and took from it the poignancy of its bitterness. Let us, too, say, when this bitter cup is presented to us in the removal of dear friends, Thy will, O Lord, be done. Adam, where is he? He tasted this cup! Abel, the righteous, where is he? He also tasted this cup.' And thus he went through with most of the patriarchs, apostles and worthies of the Bible, in the same primitive style in which Peter enumerated them on the day of Pentecost—Stephen, in his vindication—and Paul, in adducing examples of eminent faith, in his epistle to the Hebrews. 'They had all tasted this cup; so had proud kings and nobles. 'And where are they now?' he repeatedly interrogated; 'This grave furnishes the answer.'

Death was also styled a *bridge*, over which all must pass. And

* I was gratified to observe this *depth*. The practice of burying only a foot or two feet below the surface, so common in the vast cemeteries of Constantinople and in other parts of Turkey, may be a more prolific source of the plague than is generally supposed.

this figure was expanded in the same manner as the above. And I was particularly interested to hear it asserted and insisted on, that we must repent and receive Christ, *before* crossing that bridge; that there is no repentance which will avail us beyond it,—and delay to repent is indescribably perilous. This last was perhaps in a measure extemporaneous. It is at least strange how *prayers* for the repose of the *dead*, three days after interment, can find a place among such discriminating declarations; though glaring inconsistencies, we know, do often occur in human standards, modern as well as ancient. Not so with the sure word of Prophecy.

'Again,' (continued the service,) 'the earth, at the resurrection—for the dead will rise when Christ shall come in his chariot to the judgment—then the earth, the common mother of all flesh, from whose womb all spring and to whose womb all must return, at death, will present all—the graves opening—upon her ample bosom, to the Redeemer and Judge, who will select from among them the righteous and gather them to his kingdom, and hurl the wicked to their own place, in the bottomless pit of perdition.'

The above similes, of which I give but a meagre skeleton, were interspersed with many very practical and pertinent remarks and exhortations, and I felt constrained to bless God, that so much religious truth was presented to so many minds, in those solemn circumstances;—and the suggestion of priest Abraham, that we translate their funeral services, or portions of them, struck me more than ever as important. Seldom do the people hear these services, or any part of them, in a language they understand.

Priest Dunka was calm at the grave, but evidently quite bowed down. I told him, that it seemed the Lord desired to have his *whole heart*, and is therefore taking from him his dearest earthly treasures, to draw his undivided affections up to himself. "*It is just so*," said the priest; "and the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

March 2. Priests Abraham and Dunka are in an exceedingly interesting state of mind—not far from the kingdom of heaven, and I cannot help hoping, that they are really living members of that kingdom. They are also deeply sensible of the spiritual degradation of their people and mourn over it. 'There is little, if any, love of God among our people,' said priest Dunka to-day; 'and all their prayers and their fasts are in vain. Love,' (charity,) he continued, 'as Paul says, is the chief thing; and without this, all external observances are nothing.' True, I replied; and does not this want of the love of God among your people distress you? 'Yes,' they both answered; 'we weep over it, as well as over our own sins; but what can we do?' You can *pray*, I replied. 'Ah, there is our hope,' said priest Dunka; 'as Isaiah has said, "behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God and your sins have hid his face from you."

This is just the case with us and our people.' Some of the other influential ecclesiastics, who are under our influence, manifest a similar state of feeling; and their efforts to instruct their people in the word of God and warn them of the danger of their condition correspond also, in a good degree, with such feelings.

These interesting men have continued to improve, in intelligence, character and promise, to the present time. One of the most pleasant circumstances, attending my visit in America, has been the frequent reception of fraternal letters from them. I will in this connexion insert extracts from one or two such letters from priests Abraham and Dunka, whose names are somewhat familiar to American Christians, which will impart to the reader an idea of their religious feelings, and their interest in our missionary work. Figures and flowers must be excused in them, as among the last things, in orientals, of which instruction, and grace even, can ever divest them.

The following is from priest Abraham, written after the reception of a letter which I addressed to him from Constantinople.

"*At Oróomiah, in the month of Kánoon the first, of the Nestorians; the 5th day in it—on Friday;* 1841. *In the month of the English, Dec.* 17*th.*

O my brother, dear and beloved, the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart, Mr. Perkins:

Know thou that your letters came on Friday night, and reached the hands of all the gentlemen and ladies, your brethren and sisters in Christ; also, the hand of thy servant, priest Abraham.

O my beloved friend, at that time, when your letter came to me, with great joy did I receive it from the hand of Mr. Holladay, after worship at the meeting of Friday evening. Afterward I went to my house, with haste, and opened your letter and read; some of it I understood,* and some, not; but the next morning, I brought it and gave it to Mr. Breath, who read it and caused me to understand the whole. Greatly did I rejoice; may God rejoice you in his holy kingdom. So much did I desire, and so much did I long for that letter of yours, that answer to mine, as the earth, thirsty, dried up and parched, in the heat of summer, desires water; yes, thus did I thirst and long for a token of your love. Wherefore? Because you are my teacher and instructor in the holy books. For before, very, *very*, small was I, in learning and reading; but now, by the grace of God, and your kindness, I know a little more; as I have learned from your mouth and your preaching.

Now we pray and beseech in our supplications, that God would prosper you, and give you happy times, and long years, as Joseph in the land of Egypt, and as Jeconiah and his companions, in the land of Babel; thus do we pray, that you may be delivered from the trials of the way and from the terrors of the sea; and from all difficulties that may befal you.

* My letter was in English, which priest Abraham imperfectly understands.

Would you know, (as you said, write me about everything, that I may know,) the health of all the gentlemen and ladies, and of their little ones, is very good; also, of all the men connected with you, the bishops, priests and deacons and of all the scholars, small and great, who pray and beseech that you may again come hither, that they may hear the voice of your preaching, which is as sharp as a two-edged sword.

If you would inquire, the schools, in all the places and all the villages, are doing well. Also, the preaching on the Sabbath is as before, when you were here."

The following is also from priest Abraham, written after he had received intelligence of our arrival in America.

"O my brethren in Christ, Mr. Perkins and Mar Yohannan, and Mrs. Charlotte and Judith, dear and beloved; your letter has come which you wrote in the month of Ishwat (Feb.), on the 27th day. Behold, it came and reached us, in the month of May, the 24th, on Sabbath day, in the afternoon. When it arrived, very great was our joy; greatly, *very greatly*, did we joy and rejoice,—like as a man in prison, when he is let out; like a man who goes forth from within a ship of the ocean, from the troubles in the midst of the mighty waves; as a man who is rescued from death; and as a woman delivered from the anguish of child-birth. Thus did we joy and rejoice, on your account, that you had been delivered from all the trials of the deep. So also the ship of our thoughts was shaken and driven, by our fear on your account; now, our ship too is peaceful and at rest.

Again; very greatly did we rejoice on account of what Mar Yohannan wrote,—that there are such Christians in America as are not in all the world besides; who fear God and keep his commandments; and assemble on the Sabbath day in their churches. Moreover, he wrote that they are true Christians, complete in Christ; renouncing this world with all its objects, and loving the world to come; he wrote that there is among them no deceit, no lying, no envy, no strife, no division, no war, no hatred, no wrath, no reviling, nor intemperance, nor any works of the flesh; but instead of these, that there are things spiritual among them,—love, mercy, and all such like graces. He wrote also, that Christians, three or four thousand together, assemble in churches, and pray and weep, and beseech that the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done in all the world; and that they weep and implore mercy for our nation, who are fallen in the midst of the heathen—the Ishmaelites; i. e. the wild asses of the desert. O my Christian brethren, true and faithful, we know that your love is great towards us. We are fallen down upon the side, as a man without any strength; we are like sheep without a shepherd; we are scattered and strayed; and we are torn and choked by the wolves of night,

all our nation and people, with the exception of a very few. But you, Americans, by the great love which you cherish towards us, have taken us by the hand, and desire that you may lift us up from our fall. May God assist you. This is of the grace of God. We, however, are without understanding. Our heart is hard as the flinty rock, and we are ungrateful. For destruction is upon us from the rulers and oppressors, who are over us; also because we have not knowledge nor wisdom; and we are ignorant and not acquainted with the Scriptures; moreover, because we are the children of this world. We are Christians in *name*, but not in works; for our works are of this world. But continue ye to beseech, that mercy from God may rest upon us, with all your voice [fervently], and He will hear and grant mercy unto us, that we may not remain in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Acts 8: 23.

Furthermore, the peace of God and the grace of our Lord, from the mouth of Mar Joseph, of Mar Elias, of the deacons of the seminary, and all the scholars; and from the mouth of all your friends and brethren in Christ; and from pilgrim Hermas, your servant; from Melik Yeeshoo; from all the people of Gĕog-tapá, small and great; and from me, priest Abraham, a sinner, unworthy and defiled, sunken and full of iniquity. And from the mouth of all my household, your servants and your hand-maidens; and from Esmah, to Mrs. Charlotte. And kiss little Judith, on my account. Again, salutation to your friends and your brethren.

Further; we would inquire about your health, our brother beloved, Mr. Perkins; and dear Mar Yohannan, the light of our eyes and chief of our shepherds; and Mrs. Charlotte, our beloved sister in Christ; and little Judith. Salutation to all your christian friends in America. May grace, mercy and peace be with you all. If you ask about us, thanks to God, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, our health is very good at this time. We beseech of God, that your health may be good; that He would deliver you from every trial and difficulty, as he has delivered you from the troubles of the way and from the raging billows of the sea, by his mighty hand and his outstretched arm. Thus do we pray and beseech of God, that he would deliver you from all difficulties, and hasten you back unto us, that we may see your beloved faces."

The following extracts are from priest Dunka.

"Mr. Holladay and I, unworthy priest Dunka, have translated and prepared one book, on the keeping of the Sabbath day, that men may observe it well. All this book, which consists of witnesses [references], we have collected from the Pentateuch, and the Prophets and the New Testament; also from the other books of the Bible. And when Mr. Holladay preached and read that little book in the seminary, the priests and deacons and scholars were filled

with astonishment, on account of that book; and greatly did they glorify [give thanks to] God. And now, we are translating another book, which Mr. Dwight sent, from Constantinople, on the subject of the Catholics. It is a very fine book and mighty against the Catholics."

The following, of a later date, is also from priest Dunka.

"*In the name of God:*

My brother in Christ—beloved in God and dear in the communion of the Holy Spirit, Mr. Perkins. Know that, from the day of your departure until now, I have written you six letters and sent them to you; this is the sixth; and not one letter from you has come for me, that I might see it and rejoice over it. As a man thirsting to drink a cup of cold water, so is it, Mr. P., that I long to see a letter from you and for the joy of it. For four months I have not written; for we heard nothing about you, in any place; O my beloved brother, after that, we and the gentlemen and ladies, were greatly, *greatly* sorrowful and distressed. We prayed, and supplicated, and besought of God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ the Preserver of his servants, and He hath caused you to reach your destination in mercy and peace; as said his prophet David, I have been young and now am I old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken; and again he saith, The Lord is nigh unto them who call upon him with a contrite heart; a broken and contrite heart, God will not despise; and again, Blessed is that man whose helper Thou art. And again, Isaiah said, Blessed is the man who putteth his trust in God, and not in a son of flesh. And again, How beautiful are the feet of him that publisheth peace, i. e. the gospel. Christ also said, Go into all the world and preach the gospel. And, Behold, I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means harm you. Because it is so, my dear brother, our hope was strong in God and our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that He would bring you out of distress and deliver you; and now your letter came, on the 9th of Néesan [April], and reached the gentlemen, and we, bishops and priests, came together with the gentlemen, and listened to the news of your arrival. May God rejoice your heart as we then rejoiced.

Excuse this poor letter; for I have written in great haste. Amen."

March 3. Received a visit from Mar Sléeva, the bishop of Garvár. He is a sprightly, fine looking man, but though a bishop, is unable to read, except to repeat his prayers, in the ancient Syriac, while ignorant of the meaning. I expressed my regret to priest Dunka, that any of the *bishops* should be found so deficient. "We have worse bishops than Mar Sléeva among the mountains," said the priest,—meaning that there are those who are still more ignorant.

DUNKA. A NESTORIAN PRIEST FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

He stated that he had often urged Mar Sléeva still to apply himself and learn to read, and had done this last evening; but the good bishop had always a score of pious excuses at hand for not doing so,—that his care of his flock, who are often over-run by the Koords, did not allow him the necessary time, etc. *Indolence,* however, said the priest, is the greatest obstacle.

From our conversation in relation to Mar Sléeva, priest Dunka took occasion to notice the general difficulty of securing opportunities to learn to read, in the precarious condition of the mountain Nestorians. And to illustrate the subject, he gave me the history of his own case. His father was not a reader, but his uncle who was a priest, could read, and taught him his letters, when he was a very small boy. His father was not pleased with his desire to learn, told him that he must become a shepherd,—that they must work to lay up something against an evil day, in order that, when suddenly taken captive by the Koords, they might have the means to purchase their ransom. With such feelings, his father was always offended if he saw the boy with his psalter in his hand, would take it roughly from him, box his ears and tell him to go after the flock. In his ardent desire to learn, however, young Dunka could not abandon the undertaking, and conceived the idea of studying by himself, as he watched the sheep. He accordingly used to take his psalter under the skirt of his coat, day after day, and when fairly out of sight, studied it, while keeping the flock, until he committed the whole book of Psalms to memory, and learned to spell all the words. With such a foundation, he continued to improve all his opportunities, until he became, in the Nestorian sense, well educated, and was ordained as a priest. His case is a very instructive one. Under all but insurmountable obstacles—a poor shepherd's boy in the wild mountains of Koordistân, trembling ûnder apprehension of his father's displeasure, as well as in constant fear from surrounding savages, he had still sufficient enterprize to carry him forward, until he is justly considered one of the best educated and most worthy ecclesiastics among the Nestorians. Is not priest Dunka worthy of a record among *self-taught men?* We trust, at least, that the Lord has chosen him to do a great work, in aiding to enlighten and reform his people. We have much reason gratefully to recognize the hand of Providence, in leading him, unsought, into our employ and under our influence; and the same is true in relation to other influential individuals, who have long resided with us. We never searched for them; Providence cast them upon our hands.

This evening, Mar Sléeva and a few others took tea with us. Priest Dunka read to the bishop his favorite chapter—the 59th of Isaiah—"The Lord's hand is not shortened," etc.; and endeavored to impress him with its appropriate application to their people. But the ignorant bishop seemed slow enough to catch a spark of the flame, that evidently glowed in the priest's bosom. Mar Sléeva was much more interested in giving us an account of a man of his flock,

who, many years ago, wandered away to India, has now just returned and is entertaining his people with marvellous narrations, as the existence of heathen still in India,—details of their pagan rites,—the abolition of the burning of widows, by the English government, the existence of Jacobite Christians and Catholics there,—their quarrels, etc. Our priests and boys were not a little interested to find that the accounts of this adventurer, as reported by the bishop, accord so perfectly with what they have learned in their geography.

Mar Sléeva stated, that there are now but few Nestorians—perhaps one hundred families—in Garvár, his diocese, which is one of the finest and most fertile districts among the Koordish mountains. The Nestorians were formerly numerous there; but they have been so often overrun by the Koords, that only this small remnant is left. The Koords treat the Nestorians, who are subject to their spoliation, as they do their bees,—leave them quiet till the hive is worth taking up and then rob it. The village of priest Dunka was plundered, a few weeks ago, his household stripped of everything valuable, and his aged uncle, the venerable priest who taught him his letters when a little boy, received several wounds in the encounter. Priest D. often refers to such losses which his family have repeatedly sustained, and says that he takes great satisfaction in contemplating them in the light of the Scripture,—"For ye had compassion on me in my bonds and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."

March 4. The stork, which has a nest on a tree, above my study-window, returned a few days ago, from his southern pilgrimage for the winter. This sapient bird, which I had known in America, only in its fabled intercourse with the fox, is an awkward looking fowl, with long legs and neck, seen only at its lofty nest, or fishing in stagnant pools for frogs. The Mŭhammedans pay great deference to this bird, and treat it with care and kindness, and on account of its regular periodical migration, dignify it with the name of *Hăjee-leglék, clacking pilgrim.* The return of the stork is always a welcome event to all, as it is the unerring harbinger of spring. The Mussulmâns have a common belief, that this sagacious bird will not frequent the premises of *infidels*, (Christians,) as they are unworthy of its confidence; that it will honor only the faithful Mŭhammedan with the favor of its society. The one, perched above my study-window and conspicuous from all parts of the city, must, therefore, impress them with the idea of uncommon sanctity in us for Christians, as indicated by its partiality for our premises, which, however, are owned by a Mussulmân and only rented to us. An instructive religious lesson is always suggested by the stork's return. Says Jeremiah, "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." If the fowls of heaven are thus prompt to obey the instinct which God has implanted in them, how stupid and ungrateful are his people, with the light of reason, revelation and conscience poured upon

their pathway, to neglect his requirements and wander from his fold!

March 7. The more I become acquainted with the Nestorian church, the more am I impressed with the idea, that it is not so much error in doctrine as spiritual death, which is its calamity. Many human and childish traditions are indeed prevalent among the people; and too many such doctrines of men, have they incorporated in their forms of worship. The major part of their liturgy, however, is composed of unexceptionable, excellent matter. The charge of heresy on the subject of Christ's character* has been so violently thrown upon them, ever since the days of Nestorius, by Papists and the other sects of oriental Christians, that suspicion, in relation to their orthodoxy, on that momentous point, is naturally felt also in Protestant Christendom. I am satisfied, however, that they are sound in the faith on this subject. My attention was recently directed to their religious creed, which they always repeat at their worship. It is what they recognize as the *Nicene* creed, and accords very nearly with that venerable document as it has come down to us. The following is a translation of it, as it occurs in the Liturgy of the Nestorians and is always repeated by them at the close of their regular religious services, which is the case at least twice a day.

TITLE.

"*The creed which was composed by three hundred and eighteen holy Fathers who were assembled at Nice, a city of Bithynia, in the time of king Constantine, the pious. The occasion of their assembling, was on account of Arius, the infidel accursed.*

CREED.

We believe in one God, the Father almighty, Creator of all things, which are visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten, the first born of every creature, who was begotten of his Father before all worlds and was not created; the true God of the true God, of the same substance with his Father, by whose hands the worlds were made and all things were created; who, for us men and for our salvation, descended from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost and became a man, and was conceived and born of the Virgin Mary and suffered and was crucified in the days of Pontius Pilate, and died and was buried and rose on the third day according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of his Father, and is again to come to judge the living and the dead;

* Soon after the Nestorian bishop's arrival in this country, he incidentally heard several gentlemen in Boston speak of *Unitarians*, of whom he before knew nothing. He inquired what was their belief; and when told that they reject the doctrine of Christ's divinity, he stared in amazement and artlessly asked, "Do they possess the Bible?"

And we believe in one Holy Spirit; the Spirit of truth who proceedeth from the Father; the Spirit that giveth life;
And in one Holy, apostolic, Catholic church;
We acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

This creed, being regarded as a summary of their religious belief, and being so often repeated by the Nestorians, cannot fail of course to exert a strong influence on their religious views and feelings. And its general correctness is a strong indication, that it is the *quickening Spirit*, rather than revolution of doctrines or of forms, that is needed in this fallen church, for its renovation and salvation.

March 10. I received an urgent request from the priests and principal men of the village of Gĕog-tapá, that we should translate, or cause to be translated, the Nestorian Liturgy, from the ancient Syriac into their vernacular tongue. I recommended to the applicants that they should confer with their bishops on the subject. The application is encouraging, as it indicates a strong desire among the clergy and people, for religious knowledge and the diffusion of light. Priests Dunka and Abraham, to enforce the proposition, in submitting it, quoted the language of Paul to the Corinthians, "Yet in the church, I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue;" a very suitable comment and from high authority on the subject.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOURNAL: MARCH—SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Our friend, Prince Malek Kâsem Meerza, has recently been appointed governor of Oróomiah. To-day, March 26, his brother, resident here, sent to me, inviting the members of our mission to join him to-morrow morning, and go out a few miles to meet the prince-governor, whose arrival has been appointed, by the astrologers, to take place at that time.

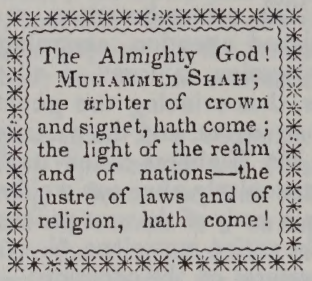
March 27. We started about 7 o'clock in the morning, with prince M. M. Meerza, and his great train, and went out six or seven miles, on the Maraghá road, where we met his Royal Highness. A vast concourse of the male inhabitants of the city and villages were out on the occasion, and testified their satisfaction in welcoming their new governor and tendered to him their loyalty,

whether feigned or real, by slaying animals, (calves and sheep,) and throwing their heads under the feet of his horse, as he advanced towards the city. The prince-governor, as well as his brother, showed us distinguished attention, assigning us a place next to themselves in the procession, in front of all the Moollâhs, Khâns and other dignitaries, thus evincing the general regard which the Persians cherish for strangers, and the partiality of the princes for European society. His Highness called us repeatedly to his side, and inquired very particularly after our welfare and our work. Before reaching the main body of the vast procession, he sent forward strict orders that the native musicians, (i. e. the players of *native music*,) should not perform on the occasion,—another circumstance indicating the disposition of this prince to do away the noisy, barbarous practices of his countrymen, and substitute, in their places, European customs. In the ardor of their loyalty, however, those musicians were deaf to the orders, and the prince was escorted, as is usual on such occasions, by incessant 'music and dancing,' and palestrian and antic gambols, during the last two or three miles, till he reached the door of his palace. These musicians are often of the *Mitrib*,—a wandering race of minstrels who live in tents like the gypsies of Europe, and obtain their subsistence by music and dancing, comic exhibitions, begging and thieving, in which they are very expert, and by ministering to the corruption of the dissolute Persians in ways that are not to be named. The Nestorians suppose them to be descendants of the Moabites.

March 28. We waited on the prince-governor to congratulate him on his auspicious entrance upon the high prerogatives of his office. He received us with his usual affability and so far dispensed with oriental etiquette as to inquire after the health of our ladies, proposing to visit us soon and pay his respects to them. It is usually considered highly indecorous, among Asiatics, to make inquiries for the health of the *females* of a family, as such. If allusion be made to them, it must be by a *figure*,—the *house* instead of the *wife* or lady even; or if more definiteness be required, as sometimes happens at our medical dispensary, in relation to the sick, the *gender* is even changed, and a woman is spoken of under the more decorous epithet of a *man*.

April 3. Malek Kâsem Meerza sent to me the firmân which he procured from the king of Persia, when he visited His Majesty at Tehrân. It is the more interesting and valuable, as it was procured by the prince, entirely unsolicited by us, and even without our knowledge. The following is a translation of this august document and of the royal seal which is prefixed.

"*In the name of God, lofty in exaltation:*



In the name of the Almighty God! The command to be obeyed by the world! It is this; The high in station, quick of understanding; the noble; the perfection of intelligence and dignity, and the fulness of exaltation and grandeur, the greatest of christian priests and the highest of the perfect followers of Jesus, Mr. Perkins, who has labored with incalculable devotedness for the weal of the high and refulgent king of kings: For the purpose of gratifying and exalting him [Mr. P.], let him know, that in accordance with a memorial to his refulgent and fortunate Majesty, by his beloved and exalted uncle, Malek Kâsem Meerza, stating that the said "high in station," in accordance with his calling and inclination, has established a school in the country of Oróomiah, and has been, with the most assiduous care and attention, engaged in the instruction of children and the education of the young and the diffusion of science and knowledge: These are the reasons of the manifestation of the graciousness and favor of the king of kings to the said "high in station." And it is that the abundant graciousness of the king of kings may be displayed, to exalt and honor him, that this auspicious command is issued.

It is requisite that the said "high in station," increase his efforts and instruction among the young; and that, with even greater zeal than hitherto, he teach them the science of history, geography, geometry and mathematics. And in the performance of these services, His Majesty's graciousness and favor will continue to rest upon him.

Written on the 27th day of Răbbeeà-ŭl-evvel, 1255.

The king's auspicious seal hath reached this;

[The prime minister]."

The reader, by this time, knows enough of Persian style, to appreciate its pompous flowers, figures and epithets. With all due abatement for these, however, the real design of this firmân was to protect and encourage us in our labors, and it cannot fail to contribute much to that object, which was the more important, in the absence of the English embassy. My name only is used in this document, as in preceding ones, because most familiar to the au-

thorities. It was intended, however, as the prince himself stated, for the benefit of all the members of our mission. The strong disposition of the king, and others, high in rank and authority, in Persia, to encourage the introduction of light and knowledge, should be thankfully recognized, as a very cheering sign of the times, betokening that the set time to favor Zion here is at hand. The missionary, however, and his patrons, must never for a moment forget, that borne on the full tide of external prosperity, and fanned even by the breath of royal approbation, (which is precarious enough in the East,) without *Christ*, we can do nothing.

The titles by which the king is usually addressed and spoken of, are, *Shâh* (king), *Shâhân Shâh* (king of kings), and *Kübla Além* (centre of the world). In speaking of other monarchs, the Persians make a distinction between king and emperor, by applying *Shâh*, to the former, and *Shâhân Shâh*, to the latter. Of the grandiloquent character of official documents among the Persians, the foregoing is a very good illustration; and the same general trait characterizes all their written communications. In letters on business, the first page is commonly almost filled with flowery epithets, the *metléb*, (business,) occupying a few lines, perhaps a single line, at the bottom, upon which the person addressed always casts his eye on opening the document, without even looking at the long string of titles and compliments which precede, unless his relish for that light food is unusually strong. And however disagreeable may be the design and the matter of the communication, it is still gorgeously, if not mellifluously, prefaced in the same way. Such was, doubtless, true of the document in which our worthy governor was threatened by the king, that if he failed to execute a certain order, he should "receive a kick from which he would never recover in this world." Letters and other documents, instead of being folded, for transmission, are closely rolled, and are sealed by means of a narrow strip of strong paper, like a piece of riband or tape, wound tightly around the middle of the roll, and attached by a species of wax or gum. A seal, bearing the name or titles of the writer, is sometimes instamped with ink upon the roll, where it is fastened. The superscription is written with the pen near one end. The seal, with ink, is used within, instead of the written signature of the author, though sometimes both are inserted. The extensive use and high importance of the *seal* in the East, forcibly illustrates the figures of Scripture, which attach to it such sacred solemnity and authority. The profession of the Meerzas (scribes), is an extensive one, the higher classes in Persia eschewing the drudgery of using the pen, and the peasants being too ignorant to do their own writing. The lower class of merchants usually keep their accounts, write their own letters, and use their own seal; but not the principal ones.* Copy-

* The principal merchants carry on their business with a cipher, and every person has a different one. For in a country where there are no regular posts, their letters must be trusted to couriers, whom a small sum would

ing manuscripts also opens a wide field of labor for the Meerzas, as well as for the lower orders of the Moollâhs. The Persian pen is a small hollow reed, instead of a quill; the latter would be likely to cut the paper, in the heavy hand of Eastern characters. "We don't trouble the goose," said Mar Yohannan, when the value of his vegetable pen was once subjected to a comparison with the quill, by a Yankee utilitarian.

The beauty of Persian manuscripts has long been celebrated. Sir William Jones was so enraptured with them, that he almost wished the art of printing had never been invented. And few can inspect them and compare them with printed copies, without participating in a measure of the same feeling, at least, till they remember the inestimable blessings, so much richer and higher than all the elegance of caligraphy, which the press is beginning to pour upon Eastern nations. The Persians are able to write with a fineness and distinctness that utterly defy imitation with type. I have seen the whole of the Korân, written on two strips of fine Chinese paper, three inches wide and perhaps ten feet long,—written, not "within and without," but only on one side,—which, when rolled up, made a roll a little larger than the finger; and still, every letter was fully formed and perfectly legible. The Persians now usually write their manuscripts in the form of volumes, rather than rolls. And the art of printing is rapidly superseding the profession of copyists, in any form. Some of the Nestorians are also able to use the pen with great elegance; and the bolder stroke and square form of the Syriac character, which they use, appear in even finer relief than the Persian letters. We need good paper and type to compete with these copyists in matters of taste, sufficiently to meet the fastidiousness of "old school" men, and particularly, of the copyists themselves, whose "craft" is so much endangered by the innovation of printing. The process of writing by hand, in this elegant style, is of course very slow; and such manuscripts are highly prized and very difficult to be procured. Says my worthy fellow-laborer, Mr. Breath, our printer, in a letter recently received, "I wish I could send you some handsomely written books, but you know how diffi-

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bribe to betray their secrets to commercial rivals; and it is of great consequence that they should have the first intelligence of political changes, about which they would fear to write openly. The authenticity of a merchant's letters, as of his bills, depends entirely upon the *seal*. It is not usual to sign either; and they are not often written in the hand of the person who sends them; so that it is the seal which is of importance. Engraven upon it is the name and title, if he has one, of the person it belongs to, and the date when it was cut. The occupation of seal-cutter is one of much trust and some danger; he keeps a register of every seal he makes, and if one is stolen or lost, by the party to whom he sold it, his life would answer for the crime of making another exactly the same. The person to whom it belongs, if in business, is obliged to take the most respectable witnesses of the occurrence, and to write to his correspondents, declaring all accounts and business with his former seal, null from the day upon which it was lost.—*Hist. of Persia*, Vol. II. p. 421.

A PERSIAN MEERZA OR SCRIBE.

cult they are to be obtained. Mr. Holladay tried to buy a Prayer-Book, beautifully written, for the purpose of sending to Mr. Hallock,* and offered a high price for it; but the owner could by no means be induced to part with it, declaring it to be his life.' So you see, there is an occasional article that Asiatics value above money."

In addition to writing, the Meerzas perform other important services. They stand before their master, during his daily levee, and when not engaged in writing, echo his oracular sayings, or lead a chorus in doing it, which is made up usually of a train of dependants, that come to make their bow to their superior and give him their *selâm*. I never understood the full import of *sycophancy*, until I witnessed it in these Persian Meerzas, most obsequiously nodding at every word their master utters, and interposing, once or twice, in the course of every sentence, *Beyley*, (to be sure,) *Albétdeh*, (of course,) etc. To pronounce an opinion, themselves, before it had come from his lips, would be the height of arrogance and presumption. The Meerzas have also in general the responsibility of communicating intelligence to their master. If this happens to be of an unpleasant nature, the announcement of it is no welcome nor easy task, and must be palliated by all the rhetorical skill which the practised sycophant can command. And on extraordinary occasions, men of the highest rank, as well as of eloquent powers, are employed for this purpose. When the late war was concluded between Russia and Persia, the heir-apparent, who had the management of the foreign relations of the country, engaged to pay to the Russian government several *Kroor* of *tomâns*—I forget the number, but believe the amount to have been at least half a score of millions of dollars—to induce that government to recal its troops from Persia and accede to the conditions of peace. It was for some time a question, who could go and report these terms to the king, the impression being general, that whoever should bear such tidings to his Majesty would lose his head on the spot. The governor of Tabréez, a celebrated orator, was at length appointed to the perilous service. He approached the old Shâh with all due courtesy and ceremony, and told him, that he was commissioned, by his exalted son, the Naib Sûltân, to propose to His Majesty, the Admiration of the world, that he should throw out a trifle, say, perhaps ten millions of dollars, or so, from his inexhaustible treasury, to those poor, miserable, hungry Russian infidels and *let them go home!* The herald was dismissed without harm or disgrace, though the "inexhaustible treasury" was soon emptied, in meeting the demand, and one instalment, a fifth of the whole sum, remains unpaid to the present period, and the Russians have the fertile district of Khoy in pledge as security.

Sometimes unwelcome intelligence is announced to the king through the medium of emblems, as well as by exalted personages.

* To aid Mr. H. in preparing our new font of Syriac type.

Such was the case, in communicating to the present Shâh the death of his favorite brother, one of our kind benefactors, Kahramân Meerza, an account of which I received, not long since, from my esteemed associate, Dr. Wright, and from which I insert the following. "A chappér has arrived from Tehrân, since the sad news of the death of his brother was communicated to the king. He brings intelligence respecting the manner in which the news was made known to His Majesty. I think you will regard it as truly oriental. A painting was made, representing the deceased prince, in as perfect likeness as possible, in the habiliments of death. This picture was carried by the English and Russian ambassadors and laid before the king, not a word being spoken. It is said that the Shâh at once took the hint, (he had heard of his brother's illness before;) that he swooned and was carried into his *Anderóon* [harem], where he remained, not appearing in public, for three days." The same letter communicates the manner of temporarily filling the deceased prince's place, in the government of Azerbijân, which was as follows; "Malek Kâsem Meerza, [prince-governor of Oróomiah,] still remains at Tabréez, and is governor, for the time, by order of the Shâh. It is generally thought, that the heir-apperant, though a boy of twelve years, will be sent to Tabréez. Our prince, in his delicate position, shows his wisdom. Since the death of Kahramân Meerza, all public documents and orders have passed through his hands. That he may avoid all danger of awakening fears or jealousies in the mind of the king, or of those about him, he has placed *his own seal* upon none of them, but has done all business in the name of a son of the deceased prince, a little boy two years old! The little boy's seal has been placed upon all public orders. Is not this shrewd? All commend the policy of the thing."

I may remark, in relation to the communication of unwelcome intelligence in Persia, that the death of friends is often kept studiously concealed, by the Meerzas and others, from their masters, as long as they are able to do it. The governor of Oróomiah once returned from a journey, three months after the death of a favorite little son. After being greeted, on his arrival, by the rest of his family, he inquired for the little boy, and a violent burst of grief from all present, was the first intimation he had that the child was *dead*. On asking his Meerza, who had regularly written him and reported his family as well, why he had not told him the truth, the latter replied to the agonized father, that he was reluctant to give him pain; and the *benevolence* of his motives excused him for the concealment. "The servants of David also feared to tell him that the child was dead." But the king of Israel had a source of support and consolation. "When David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead; then David arose from the earth, and washed and annointed himself and changed his apparel and came into the house of the Lord and worshipped." It is often very affecting to witness the efforts in Persia to keep from

sick friends the extent of their danger. They are always assured, that they are in a fair way to recover and are lulled in security, until the lamp of life actually expires, when a scene of raving lamentation ensues among the relatives and connexions, that proclaims, with awful emphasis, the entire absence of that hope, which blunts the sting of death and sheds light and solace around the darkness of the tomb.

April 4. I received a visit from a Jewish physician. I put into his hands my Hebrew New Testament, opening to the Epistle to the Hebrews, from which I requested him to read. He had never before seen a New Testament and was much amused. In reading from the first chapter of Hebrews, "This," said he, "is from *our Psalms;* but how it is mixed up, (meeting with quotations from different Psalms,) this is your work is it, Sir?" I told him that, far enough from being my work, it was about eighteen hundred years old, and the work of one of his own nation. He excused himself from discussion, being as he said, a physician, and not a *Rabbi.*

April 10. A gardener brought me a present of some very fine pears. I measured the largest one and found it just twelve inches in circumference. The fruit of Oróomiah is among the finest in the world and it is very abundant. Its cherries are ripe commonly about the 10th of June; and after that period, one species of fruit ripens after another, in quick succession, as apricots, plums, apples, melons, peaches, pears, grapes, quinces, etc. until winter sets in; and the grapes are preserved in a state of tolerable freshness through the winter and spring, until near the period when cherries come again. As elsewhere mentioned, all crops in Persia must be artificially irrigated, as rain seldom falls there during the warm months of the year. The fact that the plains are nearly level facilitates the process. Water is taken by canals from the small rivers that roll down from the mountains, and conveyed along near the foot of the declivities. Smaller canals, leading from the main ones, carry it down to prescribed sections of the plain; and these are again subdivided and conduct it to particular fields, as it is needed. The openings from the main canals are readily closed, when sufficient water is taken out for a given field, and the stream then passes on to cheer and fertilize the thirsty soil of the next neighbor. The ease with which the gardener changes these streams, by closing or opening a channel, with his spade, or even with his foot, vividly illustrates the Scripture allusion to divine sovereignty, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers (rivulets) of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will." If the fields are not level, they must be divided and worked by a spade or plough into level sections, each enclosed within a ridge a few inches high; and these divisions are successively watered.

This water privilege is apportioned,—each farmer or land-holder being entitled to it only on particular days or hours of the week. And it often happens, toward the close of summer, when the streams

are low, that quarrels arise on the subject,—the water being exhausted before it reaches the lower portions of the plain; and the village lords sometimes assemble their serfs and lead them out to battle. Where streams do not exist, or cannot readily be conducted, wells are in some cases dug from which water is drawn with a bucket of skin, upon a windlass, turned by an ox, as in Egypt of old. In other cases, a well is sunk upon a descending plain, till a spring is found, and a canal cut from the bottom, under ground, descending just enough to convey its water along,—and a few yards from the first, a second well is dug, that the earth, in cutting the subterranean passage, may be drawn out, and the same process is repeated, till the spring is conveyed to the surface and made to irrigate the adjacent fields. The rapidity with which these wells are dug, is surprising. Two men,—one at the top with a small hand windlass and a leather bucket to draw up the soil, and the other, below, with an iron prong, like a tusk, furnished with a short handle, to dig it up, and a huge iron spoon, with which to fill the bucket,—will work down twenty or twenty-five feet per day; and the soil is so dry, as to need no curb nor wall to prevent it from caving.

The larger canals, taken from the rivers, are made to turn grist-mills, in their progress across the plain, as often as the general descent will leave a sufficient elevation to the huge artificial ridges, that are thrown up like rail-road embankments and supported by the roots of the willows on the margins of the stream, to convey the water for the double purpose of irrigating the adjacent fields and turning the mills. The grist-mill is the only species of machinery, which is moved by water in Persia; and this is exceedingly simple in its construction,—consisting merely of a perpendicular shaft, with a water-wheel attached to the bottom and the upper mill-stone placed upon the top. The water is conveyed from the canal down to the buckets of the wheel, by a large spout or trough, dug from the trunk of a tree, very narrow at the surface and often entirely covered over with pieces of board. This spout is placed at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, and with a head of fifteen or twenty feet, it turns the wheel with prodigious rapidity and power. The Persians, having no means of bolting their flour at the mill, sift it with coarse sieves by hand. 'Two women grinding at the mill,'—the small hand-mill—is still a familiar scene in Persia among the peasants; but only for very small quantities of grain, or when there is no water, or it is inconvenient from some cause to resort to the labor-saving method.

I intended to say more on the subject of horticulture and agriculture, but in following the course of the canals to water the fields, have unconsciously led the reader away to the grist-mills. We will return, for a few moments, to the fruit-gardens and the fields, taking the apricot tree as an example in noticing the preparation of the ground. The soil, before setting out the young trees, is prepared with a plough. To break up the green-sward, or fallow-ground,

the Persians use a large coulter-plough, twice the size of a common American plough, the beam resting on an axle with two wheels, one of which is about three feet in diameter and runs in the furrow, while the other, about half that size, runs upon the unbroken soil. The whole is drawn by three, four, five, or even six yoke of large buffaloes, with a yoke or two of oxen before them, a boy sitting on each, or each alternate, yoke, pricking up the team with his goad and singing in a shrill, monotonous tone to cheer the buffaloes in their toil. The soil is afterwards cross-ploughed, once or twice, by the small one-handled plough already described, which turns no furrow, but cuts the earth sufficiently deep. This light plough is drawn by oxen, which in Persia, though a puny species, are capable of performing a good deal of labor. The surface is then smoothed over with a bush-drag, a harrow, or a roller. The small trees are set out in rows, in the style of orchards in America. A small conical mound, about a foot and a half high, is generally thrown up around their trunks. Most of the family usually *live* in the orchard, during the season of harvest,—all feeding on the fruit, assisting in gathering it and taking their turns in guarding it by night. They dry a considerable part of the fruit (by simply spreading it upon the ground) for sale and exportation and for their own winter use. The plum of which there are several kinds—the al Bŏkhará being the most esteemed—is much cultivated; and Persia is said to be the primitive home of the Peach—Pomum Persicum being the name given to it by Linnaeus. The peaches are of two general descriptions, one of the size common in America, and the other much larger, which is also very superior in flavor.

Grapes and melons are used as food by all classes in Persia, even more extensively than the fruits already named. The vine is set out in rows. The space—about fifteen feet wide—between the rows, is sown two years with cotton. The third year—that in which it begins to bear—the soil is thrown up into ridges about three and a half feet high. The vines stand usually in the north side of the ridge, that they may be partially shielded from the concentrated heat of the sun. They run over, and the clusters lie on the top and the opposite side. Near the high mud-walls, by which many of the vineyards are enclosed, for the security of the fruit, the vines often run up and over the wall, and afford striking illustrations of the Scripture allusion, where Joseph is compared to a thrifty vine. The growth of each year is cut off, early in the ensuing spring, very near the point where it sprang from the permanent stock. Vine-dressers tell us, that the twentieth of an inch being left by the pruner, will ensure a future crop. It is thus pruned, "that it may bring forth more fruit." Grapes are eaten fresh in their season. They are also braided by their stems, and suspended from the ceilings of dry rooms, and kept fresh during the winter. They are dried, as raisins, for sale and exportation, as well as for domestic use. Vast quantities are also made into molasses. And still more—generally of

the inferior grapes and the gleanings—are made into wine and arrák.

The musk-melon is a far greater favorite among the Persians than the water-melon, though both are much cultivated. The melon vines are once *hoed*, (if we may so speak,) with a *spade*, the American hoe having no place among the farming implements of Persia. The *musk*-melon, at the size of a walnut, is folded up in a leaf from its own vine, and covered over with a thin layer of earth, perhaps to protect it from worms, but more especially, to render the rind thin, and the fruit sweet. All but two or three of the blows, are stripped from each vine, which then yields as many melons. As it grows, and its envelope expands, it throws off the layer of earth, and the process of covering it is twice more repeated. As it advances to maturity, it is raised up from its bed and placed upon the ridge, where it rapidly ripens under the alternate night chills and the hot sun of the clear summer sky. Melons are eaten not only in their season; they are also, (particularly the water-melon,) kept fresh during most of the winter. For an early crop, the soil is laid out in patches or beds, which are sprinkled over with coarse sand or gravel, to keep the earth warm and preserve it from baking during the rains of spring. Soil thus prepared, is for obvious reasons, not hoed (spaded), but weeded, should occasion require. A shelter is erected in the melon fields, by setting four poles in the earth, binding small rafters across their tops, and covering the frail platform with limbs cut from the poplars and willows on the water-courses, whose leaves, under the scorching sun, soon dry, and present a striking illustration of the "lodge in the garden of cucumbers," which is, in Scripture, made the emblem of Jerusalem in her desolation. This shelter is constantly occupied, in the season of fruit, by the owners, who gather what is ripe during the day, and guard the field from depredations by night.

Cherries are so abundant at Oróomiah, that a bushel may be purchased for twenty-five cents, or even less, in their season. There are two general kinds, a large reddish, amber cherry, which begins to ripen the second week in June, and a small, sour, crimson one, which is two or three weeks later. Of the mammoth pears I have spoken. Apples are comparatively little cultivated in Persia, and they are inferior in quality to American apples, owing perhaps to the warmth and dryness of the climate. The quinces of that country are very abundant and excellent. Oróomiah is a *Rochester and vicinity* for the production of wheat, which is the common bread-stuff throughout Persia. There is the white and the yellow wheat. The latter yields the finest flour that I have ever seen. The natives prefer spring-wheat, to that sown in the autumn, for the quality of its bread. Wheat yields in Oróomiah from ten to thirty fold—not usually more than ten. Corn is raised in Persia only in small quantities, for parching. It is sprinkled, a stalk in a place, through the melon-fields. Barley is cultivated very extensively for horses and

buffaloes. Little hay is laid up for winter—straw, which is cut very fine in the process of threshing being the principal article of fodder. Rye is known there little more than as tares among the wheat. It is cultivated in some of the glens of the Koordish mountains, where wheat will not grow. Rice fields are so extensive on the plain, as to contribute, (flooded as they constantly are in summer,) not a little to the unhealthiness of the climate. Cotton is grown there in large quantities, both for domestic use and foreign trade. Tobacco finds a congenial soil, and the demand is great, all ages and classes of both sexes being devoted smokers.* Flax is raised merely for the oil, which is used in paints, also like castor-oil, for lights. Beans, onions, turnips, beets, carrots, cabbages, and some other garden vegetables, are cultivated in Persia in great abundance and perfection. So are flowers of almost every description; but especially the rose, to be manufactured into rose-water, of which the higher classes are extremely fond. Last, but not least, cucumbers are a very favorite vegetable among the Persians, who eat them with salt merely, and to an amount that astounds an European. An individual will devour a peck at a sitting—eating leisurely, but without cessation, perhaps for hours, until all before him are consumed. The Persians are so fond of this vegetable, as often to be seen with a cucumber in their hands as a nosegay. Berries scarcely occur in Persia. The climate would doubtless be found congenial, if they were introduced. Lemons and oranges grow in the warm provinces of Ghilân and Mazanderân, on the banks of the Caspian.

The Persians usually eat their fruit *before* the meal. When we visit the Nestorians, a waiter of fruit is immediately set before us, together with bread, cheese, butter, honey, sweetmeats, etc. This collation is not intended so much to be eaten, as talked over—the practice being to take up a dish and extend it to the person to whom you wish to pay an attention, who, in return, touches your hand, or the dish, with his own, perhaps takes a single mouthful and says, "I thank you; may all your life be prosperous, may God increase your wealth, give you the kingdom of heaven, etc." Mistaking the antepast for the principal meal, which is not usually brought forward till toward the close of the visit, we repeatedly committed the mistake, soon after reaching the country, of eating from it freely, particularly, when our appetites happened to be sharpened, by a ride to a distant village. At length, we were, on one occasion, reproved and instructed, when committing this blunder, by overhearing our host, in conversation in the native language, which he did not suppose we understood: "Are they starved at home," he inquired of one of the bishops who accompanied us, "that they eat so voraciously of the antepast?" "Oh no;" replied the bishop in a hushing tone, "they suppose it is the dinner." "Why don't you teach them better," continued our host? "I am ashamed to interrupt

* The *Nestorian females* do not adopt this practice; nor do they often drink wine.

them at the table," replied the modest prelate; "they will learn by degrees."

April 11. Was visited by the Jewish Rabbi, who at my request read Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, Stephen's dying appeal and several other interesting portions of Scripture. The Nestorian ecclesiastics at length came into my study and joined issue in the discussion. Among other passages of Scripture, priest Dunka read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, "Who hath believed our report?" etc., and when the Jews laughed at the idea of its referring to our Saviour, the priest, at my suggestion, told them, 'You are witnesses this day, to the truth of the application of this Scripture to the Messiah, in your rejection of him.' This unexpected appeal struck them with a degree of solemnity, which, however, was soon succeeded by noisy altercation. The Jews on one side and three Nestorian bishops and a priest or two on the other, with their ardent Asiatic temperament, found it very difficult to keep cool on so exciting a subject, even with the occasional interference of Mr. Holladay and myself as moderators. I felt deeply grieved with the manifest blindness and hardness of the hearts of these Jews. The arguments and passages of Scripture which we adduced seemed often to *confound*, but failed to convince them.

April 19. Priest Dunka opened our Nestorian service, to-day, with an extempore prayer. Never, until lately, have any Nestorian ecclesiastics attempted to pray extempore in public. I had previously requested the priest to consult the bishops on the subject, which he did and readily obtained their approbation of the measure. The matter of his prayer was very appropriate, and the manner was solemn.

April 22. We were engaged in translating the 11th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The passage relative to divine chastisements arrested the attention of priest Dunka, who has of late suffered the loss of nearly all his earthly substance, when his village was plundered by the Koords, and been so deeply afflicted in the death of his wife and favorite brother. The priest artlessly remarked, "Had it not been for such words as these, my heart would have been broken all in pieces, during the last few months." He and priest Abraham appear to be in a very delightful state of mind, "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

May 16. In company with Mr. Stocking, I visited the prince. He conducted us back of his palace to his work-yard, where many and various operations are in progress. Some of the workmen were constructing a small vessel, or rather, a large boat, which is to be floated down the river to navigate the lake. Others were building a china-ware manufactory. And others still were testing the properties of different kinds of earth, which had been collected from divers places, some of them a hundred miles distant, that the best might be selected for making china,—an art which the prince hopes to introduce into this part of Persia. His work-yard presents, on

the whole, one of the liveliest scenes that I have witnessed since I left America. He is expending an immense amount of money, on works of this kind; is very enterprising himself and ardently desirous of benefitting his countrymen, by the introduction of useful arts and sciences, as well as by general education. Unfortunately, however, he obtains but miserable assistance. A few strolling Europeans—Frenchmen and Italians, for the most part—who profess to know everything, but really know little and accomplish still less, are the only professional artists he is able to find. A Maltese cook, who strolled to Persia in the employ of an English traveller, once entered his service as a ship-builder! The Maltese had *seen* vessels, which is true of but few Persians. The prince is so persevering, that there is little doubt of his ultimate success, in introducing important improvements. But every rose, in this fallen world, has its thorns. The strolling adventurers who flock around this interesting man are all Papists,—not probably too virtuous in their character and habits, and seldom wanting in zeal for the interests of Rome. What success might crown the worthy efforts of Malek Kâsem Meerza, and what good result to Zion as well as to the temporal interests of Persia, were their places to be occupied by pious, energetic, American mechanics!

May 21. Received the following note in English from the prince-governor.

"His Royal Highness will be very much pleased, if all the American gentlemen, with their ladies, accept a tea, according to the European way; and after, a breakfast, according to the Persian way, to-morrow morning. Friday, 22nd of May, at the garden, Seeâkhóosh."

May 22. In compliance with the above invitation, the members of our mission and three of the ladies, (the other being ill,) visited the prince at his summer-palace in the garden, Seeâkhóosh, which is about a mile south-east of the city. This garden is a grand plot of ground, a mile and a half long and about fifty rods wide, regularly laid out, with a broad central avenue, side-walks, and, at regular intervals, cross allies,—all studded with lofty sycamores, at a distance of a few feet from each other, and lined with rose-bushes and other small shrubbery. The plot descends from each end to the centre, where it is crossed by the *Shahér chai*, city river. At the west end, at the head of the central avenue, is a splendid palace, with its artificial pond, fountains and arbors. Our entertainment was in this palace. It was liberal and in excellent taste. It had nothing of "the Persian way," except that we sat upon the floor. His Royal Highness treated us with all the respect and kindness that he could have shown to brothers and sisters. At his breakfast, besides our party, was an Italian doctor, who serves him in the quadruple capacity of physician, privy counsellor, private secretary

and member of his council;* a French adventurer and his wife; Mooséin Meerza, the prince's nephew, and a Mŭhammedan noble. The most interesting circumstance attending the meal, was the fact, that at its commencement, the prince, knowing it to be our custom, requested me to implore a blessing. I did so; and while I do not record the circumstance as indicating any deep religious interest in him, it certainly evinces a liberality of sentiment, (especially while there were other Mŭhammedans at his table,) which is at present a most cheering sign of the times among the Mussulmâns of this country. All were attentive while the blessing was implored, except the *doctor*, who with a mingled tone of levity and profaneness repeated, at the same time, a Mŭhammedan invocation, not apparently from disrespect to us, so much as to improve the opportunity thus offered to remind us of his daring infidelity, or perhaps atheism, which he often and loudly avows. How long must the Mŭhammedans of Persia be abandoned to the influence and instruction of such civilized Europeans?

May 24. The Sabbath. In the morning, I went to Gĕog-tapá, and preached to about three hundred Nestorians in their church, a larger number than I have before addressed since I left America. It is impossible adequately to describe the interest of preaching to such a congregation. Every eye was fixed upon the speaker and every ear intent to catch the words as they fell from his lips. The audience was composed of both sexes and all ages from small children up to tottering decrepitude. Warmed, animated and affected by the impressive scene before me, I enjoyed a degree of freedom in preaching in the native language which I have never felt before. Seldom, however, have I been so deeply humbled and mortified as when, on our way home, priest Abraham told me, that the Nestorians are giving me the cognomen of Paul the apostle. We now realize the advantage of having early directed our efforts to the instruction and benefit of influential ecclesiastics. Enlightened, and some of them, as we trust, really pious, they are not only ready to allow us to preach in their churches, but urge us to do so, and are forward themselves in every good work; and their people receive the word with gladness, while we thus act in concert with their own clergy. These ecclesiastics, who have been a long time with us, now form, if we may so say, a veteran, disciplined corps, on whom we can rely for efficient agency in almost any kind of service. How different would the case be, were many times their number of the *lay* population equally interested in our object and labors, but these native clergy arrayed against us. Our field is now opening and the harvest maturing, in a manner more rapid than at any former period.

* This council consists of ten persons, by whom minor business is transacted according to the vote of the majority,—an innovation on the arbitrary usages of Persian governors, though not much improvement considering the character of some of its members.

May 28. The Mŭhammedans of Oróomiah set apart this day as a season of special prayer for rain, the spring having been very dry, the grain and other crops having suffered already, and the prospect of sufficient water in the streams to flood the fields being very doubtful. I inquired of our Mussulmân scholars by whom the day was designated, and they replied, the *astrologers,* who, by consulting their books, ascertained it to be auspicious for the object.

May 29. Cloudy weather and some rain. Had the prayers of the Mŭhammedans, yesterday, any influence in the change? "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself? Because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days."* But while God may send rain on the unjust and avert temporal evils, in answer to their prayers, we know that it is only to the justified through faith in the blood of Christ, that he will grant the blessings of salvation.

May 30. Mar Joseph arrived from a visit to the Patriarch. He returns much displeased with Mar Shimon, who refused to give him a diocese as he desired and had anticipated. The poor old man now declares, that were he young, he would marry a wife and eat meat to his heart's content, as a retaliation on the Patriarch. "For what do I gain," he asks, "by my celibacy and abstinence, while Mar Shimon gives me no villages?" But as he is now old, he wisely judges that he should merely increase his own troubles by marrying; and he has so long accustomed himself to a vegetable diet, that it costs him little self-denial to continue to adhere to it. The good bishop makes no secret of the motives that prompt his monasticism; and among all the monastic hordes of Papal Europe and the world, are there more devotees than there were righteous men in Sodom, who are not impelled to their asceticism, by laziness, or the hope of aggrandizement?

June 4. The Rev. Wm. Glen, who is with us on a visit, attended the recitation of my class in Hebrew, which consists of seven Nestorian ecclesiastics. He expressed himself equally gratified and astonished to find them such proficients in that language. The Hebrew and Syriac being cognate tongues, the Nestorians find it very easy to acquire the former; and their oriental organs enable them to pronounce it far more easily and perfectly than European scholars. Much may result for the cultivation of the Hebrew from this obscure, humble beginning, by a people who possess such peculiar facilities for acquiring it. And important advantages will, we trust, accrue to the Nestorians, from so many of their clergy drawing a knowledge of the Scriptures directly from the fountain. In conversation with the prince-governor, the other day, who is a remarkable linguist for an Asiatic, I inquired of him what language the Persians consider to be the oldest; and he replied, *Hebrew.* Their religious prejudices would naturally lead them to award this honor to the Arabic, the language of their Koran and other sacred literature.

* 1 Kings 21: 29.

Sept. 6. Preached again at Gĕog-tapá. When I arrived, the bishop and a large number of the villagers were collected in the shady side of the church, engaged in earnest conversation. As I approached, Mar Elias said to the Mélik (chief) of the village, "Why are you angry?" I came up and gave the bishop my salutation, *Sh'lâm ălókhoon*—peace be with you—which he rose and cordially returned; but when I inquired after the health of his household, he relapsed into his excited state and answered, "My household are in a wretched condition,—buried in wine drinking; and so is the Mélik and this priest and that one, (pointing to them as they stood in the company); I tell them not to drink, and they promise fairly but still drink; are they not liars? They say, 'the Russians, that great and powerful nation, drink; and may we not safely follow them?' I tell them, no; follow Jesus Christ; he is in the midst of us by his word." Upon this, the Mélik interposed, in a high, boisterous tone, "Did not Jesus Christ drink wine and *make* it too?" The priests were much chagrined and remonstrated with the disputants, telling them that it was not the place, nor the time, for wrangling. I at length sat down and invited the bishop to sit on one hand and the Mélik on the other, which they did and quiet was thus restored. The scene was interesting and in no small degree amusing. This bishop was formerly given to much wine; but since coming under our influence, he has nearly broken off; and his warm temperament and, I hope, some measure of pious feeling, can now so ill brook continued indulgence of the bad practice in his priests and people, that he interposes his episcopal prerogatives in quite an authoritative manner. I did not think it expedient to take part in the noisy discussion on the spot; but the portion of Scripture, the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel, on which I remarked, in the meeting, presented a good opportunity of reminding the audience, that the "watchman" ought and must blow his trumpet, —that the good watchman would do this, at all hazards; that it was for their interest and salvation, that he should blow it faithfully,—and I pointed out to them the unreasonableness of their being angry at the watchman's fidelity and rejecting his call. They felt the application of the subject without my formally making it, and left the church quite satisfied with the plain-dealing of their good bishop, on the subject of their intemperance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOURNAL: SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER, 1840.

A SHOCK of an earthquake occurred, to-day, Sept. 14. A shock occurred also last July, which, by its peculiarly rolling motion, made us very dizzy. Earthquakes are rare here, but frequent in Tabréez, and some other places in the region. The one in July was very severe, in the vicinity of Mt. Ararat, so much so, that the towns of Erivân and Näkchevân were much injured by it. Mt. Ararat appears to be their common centre.

Sept. 15. In recitation in geography, in our Mussulmân school, I had occasion to speak of volcanoes in the Andes, which suggested their supposed connexion with earthquakes, and the one that occurred last evening was mentioned. One of the boys gave a Mussulmân theory on the general subject, which is, that the great *bull*, on which the earth stands, being stung by a fly, angrily shakes his head and thus causes the earthquake. The other boys laughed at this theory and pronounced it the height of folly.

Sept. 16. We rode to the summit of Seir, one of the high mountains back of Oróomiah, from which we enjoyed a magnificent view of the surrounding country; and in addition to what we had before seen, were able to survey, from this height, a large portion of Koordistân, that lay stretched out before us like a sea of mountains, being apparently little else than peaks and ridges, with alternate ravines, where absolute sterility seemed to reign, except here and there a verdant patch in the deep glens. Perpetual snow among the ledges of some of the neighboring mountains, lay just about on a level with ourselves, which is seen from our windows in the city, all the year. The fact that snow remains during our summers at so small an elevation above the plain, shows the country itself to be very high. The same is also evident from the coolness of the nights compared with the days, in this part of Persia. The heat of day, in this clear atmosphere, is stated by an English traveller to be even more penetrating than that of India; while in the shade it is comfortably cool, and a sensible chill is felt as soon as the sun retires at evening. From this peculiarity of the climate, health is almost sure to be sacrificed, unless a large amount of clothing be worn at all seasons. Strong winds are much less prevalent at Oróomiah than at Tabréez. There is a light breeze daily from the lake which is very agreeable. The *Shâm yil* (Turkish) *South wind*, (Sameil,) blows occasionally with considerable violence, from the south-west, filling the atmosphere with a dusty haziness, inducing uneasiness, lassitude and headache, and sometimes even injuring the crops; though the strength and noxiousness with which this wind is charged,

when it leaves the Arabian desert, are much broken and neutralized, by the long distance, and the lofty, snowy Koordish ranges, over which it passes, before reaching Oróomiah. On the mountain which we ascended, a herdsman had been murdered and a part of the herd driven off by the Koords, two or three days before. The herdsman was found after considerable search, with his head cut off and his feet bound together!

Sept. 17. Priest Dunka gives an animating account of the manner in which many of the mountain villagers listened to his preaching during a recent vacation that he spent at his home. In some instances, they gladly left their work and assembled to hear the word of life; and when dismissed, would still importune him,—"Give us a little more of the good word of the Lord and then we will go to our business; never before have we heard such preaching."

Sept. 25. We yielded to the importunity of some of our Mŭhammedan scholars, and rode out about twelve miles from the city to Armoot-aghâj, a village belonging to their father, to be their guests. On Friday, the Mussulmân Sabbath, we suspend our school, as that class so generally regard it as their *holiday*, that it would be difficult to confine the scholars to their studies. The fine weather, the charming country over which we rode, and the youthful glee and buoyancy of the scholars, all contributed to render the recreation agreeable; but no circumstance gave it so much interest as the attention which the Mŭhammedan boys paid to some of the young Nestorians, who, by the urgent request of the former, went with us, and were treated by them as equals in their playful gambols on the road, and seated at the same table with themselves and with us, at their liberal dinner in the village. Such attentions, shown by young Mŭhammedans of rank to native Christians, are quite new in this country and, doubtless, result to a great extent from the influence of our Mŭhammedan school.

I have nowhere described the native Persian schools and colleges. Of the common schools, Malcolm remarks, "Almost all the tradesmen and many of the mechanics have received some education. There are schools in every town and city, in which the rudiments of Persian and Arabic are taught. The child who attends one of them, after learning the alphabet, is made, as a religious duty, to read the Koran in Arabic; which he usually does, without understanding a word of it. He is next taught to read some fables in Persian and to write a legible hand. Here his education commonly ends; and unless he is led by his inclination to study, or his occupation requires that he should practise what he has learnt, his lessons are soon forgotten. But this education, slight and superficial as it may seem, has the effect of changing the habits, and of introducing a degree of refinement among those who use it, unknown to their ruder countrymen."* It is a grateful sight to witness the beautiful Persian

* Hist. of Persia, Vol. II. p. 422.

children, boys and girls, with their satchels on their arms, going to school. They are, however, as Sir J. Malcolm further remarks, "often under the management of ignorant pedants." These pedagogues, who are usually from the lower classes of the Moollâhs, or the candidates for that profession, sit in the school-room, writing lessons or letters, or copying books, upon the knee, while the scholars are scattered promiscuously on the rush-mat over the room, all reading aloud—each a different lesson—at the same time; the learners constantly swinging the body back and forth as they sit upon the knees and feet, to keep from weariness, and the whole presenting a scene of singular confusion. The master, however, with his long rod always by his side—no despiser of Solomon's counsel—deals out a bountiful quota of stripes for anything in his view approaching to irregularity; and the indomitables are not unfrequently bound to the small Fällék (whipping-pole) which is kept near for the purpose, and bastinadoed, though mere children. Imperfect as is their education, however, they do, as above suggested, acquire an ease and grace of manners, a propriety of deportment and polish of expression, which they carry with them through life.

The higher *Maddréssehs*, or colleges, formerly so renowned in Persia, are at present, for the most part, in a low state—another proof of the waning tendency of Mŭhammedism. The edifices usually resemble the caravanseráis, in the apartments of which the students and professors often reside. Most of them are in a dilapidated state, and present a cheerless aspect. Arabic and Persian literature and the Mŭhammedan law and religion are studied in them. The profession of law, in Persia, is generally united with that of religion, in the Moollâhs. A civil document, attested by the seal of any respectable Moollâh is valid, though always liable to be overruled by the *Sheikh ŭl Islâm*, chief of Islamism, (preëminently, of the law,) whose office it is to decide what *is* law, in a given case, and is, in fact, the supreme court; though the *câzée*, (cadi) justice of the peace, and still more, the higher magistrates, do not always pay greater deference to his august decision, than some rulers in America pay to the judiciary tribunal. That *might* should often be *right*, in despotic, Mŭhammedan Persia, is of course, however, less a matter of wonder, than in a christian republic.

Oct. 2. The prince-governor sent us an invitation to accompany him on a hunting excursion. As several of our number had never witnessed a Persian hunt, and we deemed it of some importance to gratify His Royal Highness, to whom we are so much indebted, we accepted the invitation. Some twenty or thirty Khâns, begs and servants composed his retinue. The prince himself and two or three of the highest nobles of the party carried falcons, (fowling hawks,) in their hands, or rather, *on* them. The right hand is covered with a glove—the only case in which the Persians make use of gloves, except as a few have recently borrowed the practice from Europeans—and the hawk is taught to perch itself

upon the hand thus secured, being held there by small leather strings noosed about its legs. The party ride over the fields in promiscuous order, except that no one may advance in front of the prince, or the Magnus Apollo, whatever be his rank, and as a quail or other bird is started up, the hawk is let fly from the hand and darts in an instant upon the prey, grasps it gracefully in its claws, lights, and begins to devour it, when a servant quickly gallops up, dismounts and seizes the game, giving the hawk the head, however, as an incentive to future effort. If the pursuer is expert enough, he obtains the bird uninjured, and deposites it in his sack alive. When the hawk fails of taking the game, he flies away in apparent mortification, and lights leisurely on some distant tree; but a very small bell, attached to the strings on his legs, soon reveals his retreat to a pursuer, who, by throwing up a chicken kept ready for the purpose, brings him down to the ground; and as he commences feeding upon the bait, he is easily retaken. These fowling-hawks become great favorites with their masters and receive dignified names. A sapient one now in possession of the prince, is called the *Mussulmân*, because, in devouring his prey, he leaves the *blood*. Thirty quails constituted the sum of our spoil, to-day, one-half of which the prince generously presented to us, though we had been idle spectators.

The peasants in Persia hunt quails by means of a net, which is carried in the hands and thrown adroitly over the game, while skulking in the grass or the stubble. To this end, however, they must resort to a measure of stratagem. Two sticks, about four feet long, with one end of each set in the girdle, rise above the head and project forward, over which a piece of cotton cloth, or the skirt of the garment, being thrown, gives to the hunter somewhat the appearance of a horned animal. And as he moves slowly through the field, the quails merely attempt to hide themselves for the moment, until the supposed animal shall pass by, unconscious of their danger till caught under the net, which the sportsman must, however, keep carefully concealed till the instant he throws it; for "surely in vain is the net spread in sight of any bird."

Hawks are used also in hunting wild animals. Says Malcolm, "The favorite game is the deer, of which there are several kinds. That usually hunted is the antelope, which may be termed the fleetest of quadrupeds. A common mode of hunting them is with hawks and dogs, which are trained to aid each other. Two hawks are flown, when the deer is at a great distance; they soon reach it, and strike, one after the other, at its head. This annoys and interrupts the flight of the animal so effectually, that the dogs come up and seize it. It is also usual to surround the antelope with a number of horsemen, each holding a dog in a slip. When the antelope tries to escape, the aim is to try to intercept it; and though no dog, however swift, can reach it at the commencement of the chase, it is tired out, by fresh ones being continually slipped. In this mode

of hunting, the object is to bring the game near the king, who commonly holds a favorite dog in a slip. Hawking is a favorite amusement. Bustards, hares, herons and partridges, are the usual game. In this sport, the king generally carries a hawk in his hand. Shooting game is also very common. The Persian soldiers are excellent marksmen; and this is an accomplishment, which it is a disgrace not to possess."*

Many Persian nobles spend half their days on the chase. Wild hogs and wild goats are also among their game on the mountains. Their fowling-pieces are sometimes furnished with a forked fulcrum, about a foot from the muzzle, which turns upon a pivot, and can be instantly set in the ground. Their aim, however quickly taken with that apparatus, is almost sure to be successful. Of beasts of prey in northern Persia, the wolf, bear and hyena are the principal. The wolf is very common—so much so, that it comes down from the mountains by night, and sometimes even takes away children from their couches, on the roofs of the houses, in the villages on the plain. The tiger and lion are found farther south; but they are not so large nor ferocious as those of more tropical climes.—Englishmen, in Persia, are about as fond of hunting as the native inhabitants; and the practice does much to invest them with that hardihood of character for which British officers in the East are so celebrated. Col. B., a brother of lady Campbell, on one occasion, rode up from Tehrân to Tabréez, with chappár horses, a distance of four hundred miles, in three and a half days; and the morning after his arrival, he was out hunting before breakfast. As he advanced homeward, in crossing the mountains of Armenia, the snow was so deep, that he was obliged to spread his carpets for his horse to walk over the drifts upon them, often for long distances; and this was only matter of amusement to him. Such is the training, which, together with the love and the pride of country that grow up with them as a part of their being, nerves Englishmen in the East, for their arduous service, and holds them so firm on the field, in the deadly encounter.

Sept. 26. Two European Papists called on us, one of whom is engaged in a school at Tabréez; and the other, as they stated, is destined to Isfahân to join a third, already in that city. Their appearance is very urbane and friendly; but we have had open demonstration, that they will injure us if they can. Nothing saddens my heart and fills me with apprehension for the prosperity of Zion in Persia, like the presence of these men. They are as artful as they are ill-designing,—ready to adapt themselves to all varieties of character and circumstances. It was in the autumn of 1838, that two Papists first made their appearance at Oróomiah since we came here,—one of them an Italian priest, and the other, professedly, a French antiquarian. They stated their object to be simply that of travellers on their way to Bagdâd. The principal was the Frenchman, who gave us his address as M. B., with a somewhat pompous

* Hist. of Persia, Vol. II. p. 397.

string of honorary titles, and attempted to astonish us with an account of his *antiquarian* researches in Turkey. This same learned antiquarian, however, proves to be a French Catholic priest, of the Lazarist order. And while at Oróomiah at that time, he so far put in operation his Jesuistical plans, as to dupe Mar Gabriel, and would have made sure of him, as we have seen, had we not, some time afterward, discovered the plot and warned the bishop of his danger.

A year subsequently he visited Oróomiah again, to confer with the bishop whom he supposed he had fully secured through correspondence, by promises to give him money and obtain for him worldly aggrandizement, should he second his designs. Several of his letters addressed to Mar Gabriel have since fallen into my hands. They are very amusing documents. The bishop being quite a young man and withal extremely *vain*, the Frenchman, in the true spirit of his profession, would of course address his *vanity*, as the most vulnerable point in his character, in the hope of thus gaining him. The following is a specimen which I copied from the commencement of one of the letters. "To the honorable, exalted and dignified Mar Gabriel, metropolitan of the country of Oróomiah, who in exaltation is above all." He also states the ineffable satisfaction he should feel, in approaching and bowing before so venerable a personage and being honored with permission to *kiss his feet.* The conception of this homage is consummately ludicrous to us, especially as we have often seen this same boyish bishop *barefoot*,—his feet being in a condition to deter, it should seem, the devotion of even monkish piety, from the penance of *kissing them.* Such might, however, be the most effectual method of inflating the young man's vanity and upsetting him, and just this was the learned *antiquarian's* object. In his second visit to our city, in order that he might take the better with the Persians, who are very fond of show, instead of wearing the habiliments of a Lazarist monk, or the dress of a private gentleman, he assumed the garb of a military officer—sword and epaulette—and proclaimed himself a French colonel!

These subtle foes become the more formidable, from their alliance with the numerous secular Papists, who, banished for crime or strolling for adventure, from their homes in Europe, seek a living in Persia; and though many of them are avowed infidels and atheists, they often show an interest and an activity, in promoting the Papal cause, that vie with the zeal of a Jesuit; and as they sometimes obtain places of influence in connexion with government, their power and opportunity to advance that cause are far greater than those of the Jesuits themselves. Their singular devotion to Papacy may arise from a superstitious idea—for infidels and atheists are often among the most superstitious—that they shall thus atone for accumulated crimes; and such a reward may not improbably be promised to them by the priesthood. We have a striking example of these Papal coädjutors and their efforts at Oróomiah. He is an Italian

quack, who has been an outlaw from his country twenty years; whose adventures in the interval are too fearful to repeat, though he usually entertains his guests with a narration of them, and prides himself so much on his boasted infidelity, that he avows his purpose of originating a new religion, denouncing that of the Bible as antiquated and obsolete. Still this same man is a zealous Papal agent. Being a person of considerable intelligence and a confident insinuating address, he succeeded in obtaining a place in the service of the prince-governor of Oróomiah, first as his physician, but subsequently, by his subtle and artful management, as governor, under the prince, of the christian part of the population. No position could have given him more power to embarrass us, in our missionary work; and the prince of darkness, it should seem, could have selected no more practised and wily adversary to occupy that advantageous position. No sooner had he assumed his office as governor of the Nestorians, than he commenced a course of open opposition to us and a vigorous system of efforts to make proselytes to Romanism. He threatened all the Nestorian ecclesiastics who were in our employ, as teachers and helpers, with fines, if they continued their connexion with us, promising diminution of their heavy taxes, freedom from military enrolment* and other immunities to as many as would become Papists. In entering upon this oppressive system, he began with the four bishops of the province, all of whom are among our native helpers. His own prerogatives being *limited*, he represented to the prince, that these bishops receive annually large salaries from their people, and could well afford, and of right ought, to make a present of a hundred dollars each to his Royal Highness. Tempted by his strong love of money, and believing the reiterated asseverations of his *European* counsellor, that the bishops were well able to pay that sum, the prince-governor issued orders, that the money should be exacted, allowing a fortnight for its collection. The bishops, who do not receive annually a hundred dollars, nor half that sum and hardly a fourth of it, from their poor, oppressed people, were thrown into great distress and knew not what to do,—especially as their Papal governor managed so effectually to hedge up the way of access to the prince, that neither they nor their people could reach him and represent the truth of their condition.

But while iniquity was coming in like a flood, the Lord lifted up a standard. Within the fortnight, allotted to the bishops for collecting and paying the demanded *presents*, the Mŭhammedan population of Oróomiah, disgusted with the overbearing conduct of the same Italian quack and roused by some instances of oppression toward themselves to which he had instigated the prince, rose suddenly, fled to Tabréez, the seat of the general government of northern Persia, and represented their grievances to the king's brother.

* It is only a few years, since the Persian government extended military enrolment to the native Christians, who were at first pleased with the novelty, as a child with a new toy, but soon learned to regard it as a calamity.

The prince of Oróomiah, following the insurgents to Tabréez, with all practicable haste, left his unjust demand on the bishops unexecuted. It was only by paying a large sum to his superior, and pledging a more equitable administration in future that he was able to retain his place as governor; and from that time forward, I hardly need say, he has not troubled the bishops about presents. And the quack, having by his evil deeds become so obnoxious to the Mŭhammedans that his life was in peril, has not since attempted to reside in the province. And being at length dismissed by the prince, for supposed peculation in the superintendance of villages in another district, he has finally become a school-master at Tabréez, in the school that was first commenced there by the *Lazarists!*

Such is the recent influx of Papal influence into Persia. For nearly two centuries, emissaries from Rome have been laboring elsewhere, with a zeal and perseverance worthy of a better cause, to effect the conversion of the entire Nestorian church. And they have succeeded, by means as wicked as various, among most of the Nestorians on the western side of the Koordish mountains, to which part of the field their efforts have, until within a few years, been principally directed. There, too, secular men, acting in connexion with clerical emissaries, are often equally zealous and far more efficient agents of the Pope than Jesuits themselves. Mrs. Perkins on one occasion, received a letter from a pious English lady who resides in Bagdâd in which the writer says, "The religious state of this city is very unsatisfactory. The Roman Catholics carry the day in every way. There are many priests who have been educated at the Propaganda at Rome, possessing all the subtlety of Jesuits. The French consul supports them and fights for them in all their mundane concerns. A large body of bishops and priests are going to Mosûl, in a day or two, to form a convention to endeavor to bring over all the Chaldeans to the Papal faith."

This *mundane* influence is well illustrated in a case stated to me by a Protestant missionary, who has recently travelled in Mesopotamia. About five years ago, a Koordish chief came down from his mountain fastness, and, as the Koords often do, sacked a Nestorian district, on the declivity, taking a considerable number of the females captives, whom he sold to the Turks, in the region of Mosûl, as slaves. The French consul, at Bagdâd, heard of the circumstances, and with an ostentatious affectation of philanthropy, applied to the Sultân through the French ambassador at Constantinople, and obtained a Royal firmân for the immediate and unconditional liberation of those captives. This firmân was committed to the consul, who engaged to see it faithfully carried into execution. But instead of doing this, he offered freedom to such of the captives only as would, on their liberation, become Papists. In one instance, a poor Nestorian priest, whose daughter was among those in bondage, travelled on foot a long distance, to beg the consul to liberate his captive child. To him also the consul submitted the

only condition on which he would liberate any of the captives, viz., their becoming Catholics. But the noble-spirited priest preferred that his daughter should remain a slave to a Mŭhammedan master rather than become one to the Pope, and replied to that effect to the consul. The latter then contrived to entrap the priest by false accusations and caused him to be seized and beaten by the Turkish authorities, hoping to effect his object, at last by violent coërcion. But the priest remained unmoved. Few, however, of that company of captives or their friends, were possessed of his firmness, and the result was, that most of those in bondage were set at liberty on their becoming *Papists* as the price of their freedom.

Such is the Papacy which we encounter in Asia, in the middle of the nineteenth century. It has there all the wily subtlety and grasping ambition of its essential character; and all the bloody vindictiveness, too, however cautiously and artfully concealed, that lighted the fires of Smithfield or plied the racks of inquisitorial Spain, in by-gone centuries. Even in the dominions of the False Prophet, it is still from the agents of the "man of sin," that the Protestant missionary must experience his most violent opposition and relentless persecution. But by these formidable foes, we have little reason to be dismayed. For even antichrist cannot close our field against the mighty hand of Him who openeth and no man shutteth.

Oct. 19. I mentioned the death of Williams, the heroic missionary martyr, to Mar Yohannan and priest Abraham, to whom and other Nestorians I read his book, about two years ago, relative to his missionary enterprises among the inhabitants of the Society Islands. The bishop and priest were deeply affected by the sad intelligence. "Blessed is he," they soon however exclaimed; "a martyr in the cause of Christ; his lot was trying to the body for the moment; but how happy now is his spirit!" The subject led to some interesting conversation, on the importance of our all being prepared to encounter trials and death even, for the name of Christ; and being ever *ready*, inasmuch as we know not when trials or death may come upon us. They expressed the hope that the Lord would speedily raise up, among their own people, many witnesses for the truth, who shall emulate the example of their worthy ancestors in labors and sufferings to extend the cause of Christ.

Oct. 27. Our mission resolved to have evening devotions in our families conducted in the native language, for the benefit of the large number of Nestorians who reside with us. Some of the ecclesiastics will be happy to take their turn with the missionaries, in conducting the exercise. Prayer, in the *modern* language, is a great novelty to the Nestorians, and greater still when offered *extempore*. It is like a day-star from on high, breaking through the darkness of their obsolete tongue, and pouring gleams of celestial light into their benighted minds.

Nov. 7. Our printer, Mr. Breath, arrived. We have been long and anxiously waiting for the arrival of the press, as a great and im-

portant auxiliary in our missionary work, and trust that our anticipations will be fully realized. The absence of the English embassy from Persia, causes us to enter upon this new undertaking, attended with much notoriety as it necessarily is, with more apprehension and solicitude than we should feel, in other circumstances. Few, however, have more reason to trust in the Lord in view of past mercies, than the members of our mission.

Nov. 9. We took the press from the boxes in which it was brought and set it up. It was constructed particularly for our station, being cast in smaller pieces than is usual, to render its transportation practicable on the backs of horses, over the high, steep and rugged mountains. It appears like an exotic, in this dark, remote land; and still, like a familiar old acquaintance, whose arrival is inexpressibly welcome.

Nov. 15. I preached in the church of St. Mary, in the Nestorian part of the city. The attendence there is becoming more and more numerous and encouraging. The Nestorians suppose this church to have been built by the "wise men from the East," who, guided by the "star," came to Jerusalem to worship the infant Redeemer. They hold these "wise men" to have been natives of Oróomiah, who reared this church on their return, as a token of their devotion to the Saviour. Their tombs are still pointed out, in the porches of the church. This account savors, perhaps, rather too much of legendary tradition readily to command *Protestant* belief. There is, however, no strong reason to doubt, that the church may have been built very early, and perhaps in primitive times.

Nov. 20. The chief rabbi of the Jews called on me and requested a Hebrew Bible from which to instruct his little son. I inquired whether he would not prefer a New Testament. Oh no; he replied; I *prefer* the Old Testament, but would be pleased with *both*. I accordingly gave him both, to his no small gratification.

Nov. 21. We put our press in operation, by printing, on small scraps, a few copies of the Lord's prayer, in the ancient Syriac, merely to gratify the curiosity of the natives who had never before witnessed printing. The "Press" is now the *lion* here. Numbers call daily to see it. The Nestorians are inexpressibly delighted with it, alike as a curiosity and as holding out a pledge of opening a new era upon their people; while the Mŭhammedans, equally pleased with the novelty, inquire with interest, "are you not going to make books for us also?" "We have no Persian type," is the reply by which we waive this inquiry; but how long they will rest satisfied to have us work the press for the exclusive benefit of their Nestorian subjects, is a point that justly creates in us a degree of solicitude. We may at length find it expedient to print some in Persian* for the Mŭhammedans, while we do so much for the native Christians.

* The chief astrologer of Oróomiah applied to our mission to print his Almanac for 1258, (1842) for which he was ready to pay a fair compensation. A good geography and maps and some other elementary works ought to be immediately furnished by our press for the Mŭhammedans.

Nov. 28. In company with Dr. Wright, I went to Ardishái to spend the Sabbath and attempt a commencement of religious services there, in the Nestorian church. We have from the first, justly regarded Ardishái, as one of the most difficult, and at the same time important, points in our field. The village contains a population of about one thousand souls. It is the residence of the unstable young bishop, Mar Gabriel, who has a large diocese and much general influence in the province. The people are proverbially the most rude and irreligious of any of the Nestorians of Oróomiah, owing probably not a little to the character of their bishop; and Romanists, as we have seen, have of late made most strenuous efforts to secure that position. Priest Yohannan, whom we placed there as principal teacher in the school, has been faithful to his trust. It was at his earnest recommendation, that we were led to attempt stated Sabbath services at such a distance, (near fifteen miles,) from the city; and he had successfully importuned the volatile bishop to second the undertaking. We arrived at Ardishái about dark. The weather was cloudy and cold. Priest Yohannan soon stated, that Mar Gabriel had, in anticipation of our coming, been out two miles to Barandóoz river, to take some fish for us; and in catching them, he had been wading several hours in the stream, (at this cold season of the year,) where the water was two or three feet deep. The bishop appeared to be much pleased with his success; and his efforts, made solely on our account, were gratifying to us as indicative of his friendly feelings, but were also rather amusing in a christian bishop, and more painful, as showing his still strong passion for fishing and hunting, to the neglect of the appropriate duties of his office. The instrument used in fishing, in the small rivers, is a circular net, carried in the hand and thrown adroitly over the fish. The border of the net is furnished with a leaded line which sinks it quickly and holds it on the ground.

In the evening, we sat down with Mar Gabriel and the priest and two deacons, and read a chapter of the New Testament, in the manner of a Bible class. Such social exercises are among the most hopeful means of interesting and benefitting this worldly bishop, as well as his people.

Nov. 29. The Sabbath. The weather was rainy, and seemed very unfavorable for the commencement of our meetings; and another obstacle, apparently still more serious, was the celebration of a seven days' wedding in the village, which had begun the evening before, and the festivities of which were not suspended on account of the Sabbath. This wedding was celebrated, (by another family,) in a part of the house occupied by priest Yohannan; and as we had been invited to attend as guests, the bishop and priest recommended that we should go in and take breakfast with the party, and invite them in return to go with us to the church, as the only means by which we could secure a congregation. As it was exceedingly important that our first attempt to hold meetings in

the village should not prove a failure, we acceded to the proposition. We found nearly one hundred persons at the wedding, who, on our entering the room, rose and welcomed us, and observed great stillness and decorum during the whole time that we were with them. While we sat at breakfast, priest Yohannan, at my suggestion, repeated to the party the parable of the 'king's son,' which was naturally suggested by our circumstances. All listened with interest and marvelled at the unreasonableness of the excuses which were made by the different classes, when they had received an invitation to *such* a wedding. I then applied the subject to them, by remarking, that in the name of our Lord, I invited them all to that same marriage feast; and in order that they might be prepared for it, by having on the wedding *garment*, the nature of which I explained to them, I requested them to suspend their festivities and go to the meeting that was to be held at the church, suggesting that the reception which they should give this invitation might perhaps be a pretty good index of their desire, or the want of it, to secure a place at the marriage supper of the Lamb. The suggestions were kindly received and the proposition to go to meeting was accepted by acclamation. We soon entered the church where about sixty adults and many children were assembled, who listened with fixed attention about an hour, while I expounded to them the 18th chapter of Luke, which the bishop had first read and translated from the ancient into the modern language; and priest Yohannan occasionally interspersed a few very practical and pointed remarks. At the close of the service, a venerable old man exclaimed, "If we can have such meetings as this, we will come and listen *twice*, every day." The bishop replied that the missionaries would come and hold meetings there every Sabbath, and all present seemed highly gratified with the prospect. Thus did the Lord smile upon the attempt to commence meetings in Ardishái, far more propitiously than we had dared to expect. The very happy influence of our school in preparing the way, even on that hard and unpromising soil, is already apparent.

Nov. 30. We commenced printing the Psalms in the ancient Syriac language, a work we had long promised to the clergy, as the *first* labor of the press. They are very anxious that we should print the *rubrics* with red ink, according to their own style of illuminating books with the pen. This would considerably augment the labor; but the increased acceptance with which this portion of the Scriptures would meet, particularly in their church service, renders it quite desirable to comply with their wishes, if we can find materials for red ink. We also print this edition of the Psalms with *references*, with which the Nestorians are exceedingly pleased, possessing as they do no *concordance*, and never before having had anything in the form of references, which they pertinently denominate "witnesses." Those who are able to read English, use our reference Bibles with great satisfaction, and we trust this humble

commencement of providing like facilities in their own language, will contribute materially to excite in them an interest in the study of the Scriptures.

Dec. 3. Our Mŭhammedan Meerza has been very importunate, ever since the arrival of our press, that his brother, who is also a Meerza, should be allowed to work at it and learn to print; and whatever objections we have been able to raise to the proposition, he has contrived so successfully to obviate, that we feel constrained to yield, and give his brother a place among the Nestorian apprentices. His object is merely to learn to *print*. But it is interesting to us, and deeply so to the Nestorians, to behold a respectable Mŭhammedan, engaged thus with the native Christians, in publishing the christian Scriptures. A brother of the Patriarch was in the printing-office, to-day, and on observing the Meerza at work among the Nestorians, repeated the words of the prophet Joel, "And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon *all flesh*,"—regarding the scene before him as an earnest of the conversion of the Mŭhammedans.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNAL: JANUARY—JUNE, 1841.

Accompanied by Mr. Breath, I rode to Ardishái, Jan. 2, to attend meeting there to-morrow. We went directly to the house of the bishop, which we regard as our standing home, whenever we visit the village.

Jan. 3. We repaired to the church, early in the morning, to attend the regular, daily prayers. The weather was severely cold; few were present; the services were hurried over in a heartless manner; and the whole scene was indescribably cheerless. From the church, we accompanied the bishop to his *Meeâná*, which is one end of the stable, in the form of a room, elevated a few feet and separated from the rest by a low railing. This place is always kept warm, in the winter, by the accumulated breath of the animals in the stable. Two or three of the most wealthy individuals in a village usually have *Meeânás;* and to these, the male inhabitants are wont to resort, morning and evening, to warm themselves and hold a social levee. This is, on the whole, the most comfortable place, in winter, that we find among the peasants. When we entered the Meeâná, a few persons were already there; and others soon assembled to the number of about seventy. I suggested to Mar Gabriel that our Lord was accustomed to teach and preach on all occasions,

—sometimes, sitting, and at other times, standing; now in the synagogue and anon by the way-side. Priest Yohannan hearing the suggestion, sent immediately to the church for his Bible. And it was truly interesting to observe how *ingeniously* he gained the attention of the medley concourse to the reading of the Scriptures. Allusion had been made, by persons present, to the prince-governor and the king. Said the priest, you have been speaking of the king and prince; now listen to something about the *kingdom* of *heaven*. All instantly uncovered their heads* and listened in most respectful silence while he read and expounded to them, in a very engaging and impressive manner, the two last chapters of Revelation. Two *Catholics* were present, who also gave serious attention. Without assailing their system directly, the priest, in reading the awful denunciation in Rev. 21: 8, gave an emphasis to the word *idolaters*, (in the Syriac, *idol*—or *image-worshippers*,) which could not fail to arrest their attention.

The bishop next invited us into his house to take breakfast. The room was cold; and a cold dish of stewed beans, bread and a cluster of frozen grapes, constituted the meal. It being Lent, we had requested that the family should prepare nothing for us different from what they ate themselves, wishing not to offend their feelings by obliging them to cook meat or seasoned dishes for us, from which they abstained. We should much have preferred total abstinence, mixed as the cold beans were with vinegar and an abundance of *garlics*. But to be social, we ate a little, feeling that we must not again rashly charge the Nestorians with exercising no *self-denial* in their fasts. Their practised nerves and palates, however, would of course be far less likely to eschew the frigid temperature and odoriferous properties of such a meal, than ours while uninitiated.

After breakfast, we repaired to the church. The weather was still very cold. Hardly an individual had preceded us; and as we crept through the small door,† Mr. Breath remarked to me, "We should have done much better to hold our meeting in that stable." The windows‡ of the church were open; half the earth floor was naked, the rest being covered with coarse rush-mats; and the whole scene was sufficiently dreary to dishearten even the most hopeful. Soon, however, the old lady who lights the church came in with a "bundle of sticks"—the prunings of the grape-vines—which she kindled on the floor. The building was soon filled with smoke, which blunted the edge of the cold. My feelings were much tried by the levity of those present, while they were kindling the fire,—

* As orientals shave their heads, they keep them covered in their social intercourse and usually, even in worship.

† The doors of the Nestorian churches are about two and a half or three feet high and two feet wide. They are thus small, to prevent Muhammedans from using them as stables.

‡ These windows are very high, and only a few inches wide, to prevent the entrance of thieves.

the bishop, among the rest, taking his turn in blowing it up and indulging in humorous remarks. Meanwhile, however, the people were flocking in and they continued to assemble, in those uninviting circumstances, to the number of about two hundred; and all listened with the most profound attention, while Mar Gabriel read the third chapter of Colossians which the priest and myself, speaking alternately, expounded for a full hour. The listening crowd soon made me forget the discomfort of the smoke and the cold, and rendered the season one of the most delightful that I have enjoyed among the Nestorians. On the hard soil of Ardishâi even, there is animating encouragement.

Jan. 6. Priest Abraham, Moses and a young Khân who is a member of our Mussulmân school, have of late been trying their skill in map-drawing; and the rapidity and accuracy with which they are able to sketch and fill out almost any map are quite surprising. The Nestorians, as well as the Persian Mŭhammedans, possess, in a wonderful degree, the talent of imitation, which may be turned to important account, in our efforts for their civilization and salvation.

Jan. 17. To warm the large church of Gĕog-tapá, three fires were kindled on the earth-floor, which filled the house so full of smoke as to drive out most of the congregation for some time. But it passed away at length, through the small windows, and the people returned. The audience numbered, perhaps, two hundred and fifty—who were unusually serious and attentive. The comfortless state of the Nestorian churches, with open windows, and no facilities for warming them, is a serious obstacle to attendance at their stated devotions in the winter. At their morning and evening prayers, few are commonly present, besides the clergy. The large attendance at our meeting is, therefore, a very encouraging indication of the interest of the people in religious instruction, when communicated in a language which they are able to understand.

Jan. 23. Rode to Ardishâi to preach to-morrow. Being detained at home until almost evening, I was very late in reaching the village, and for several of the last miles, was obliged to feel out a blind way in the dark. The weather was quite cold, and the light snow, preventing my readily seeing the path which was but little trodden, I was for some time apprehensive that I should be compelled long to wander over the plain, if not fail of reaching the village. A kind Father's hand, however, guided me directly to the bishop's door, and suffered me not to miss my winding way in a single instance.

Jan. 24. Attended morning prayers at the church. After returning to my lodgings in the bishop's stable, not only the *Meeânâ*, but much of the great stable itself was soon filled with the villagers, evidently eager to hear the word of God, though no call or notice of a meeting had been given. At my suggestion, the bishop directed priest Yohannan to read to the assembly. There were at

least a hundred and fifty present, crowded shoulder to shoulder. The audience listened with fixed attention, more than an hour, and without the least symptom of impatience, though huddled so closely together, and many of them standing among the buffaloes and oxen in the stable.

I am more and more impressed with priest Yohannan's uncommon powers as a popular native preacher. His figures are often very striking. Some of them might indeed appear puerile to an American, but to these simple-hearted Nestorians, they are very vivid and impressive. As a specimen, in explaining the nature and importance of *humility*, as inculcated in James 1: 9, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted," etc.; "Have you not often seen the *stars*," he inquired, "and observed how *high* God has placed them in the heavens? Well, look into a stream of water at night, and see how *low* they cast their shadows. Again; have you never observed *smoke*, that image of vanity, and observed how it puffs and throws *itself up*; but erelong it falls down again to the ground. So true are the words of our Lord, He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, while he that exalteth himself shall be abased." All nature, animate and inanimate, is made to speak in the course of his expository sermons, which is true, indeed, to a greater or less extent, of oriental preaching in general. But priest Yohannan has a more important requisite to render him an eloquent preacher than figures and flowers—a heart to do good; hence his discourses are commonly practical and spiritual, and often searching and powerful, as well as entertaining.

We had scarcely closed our deeply interesting service in the stable, when it was announced, that the people were already assembling in the church to listen to us there; and we soon repaired thither to attend the regular and more public meeting. The church, though warmed as before, was less uncomfortable than usual, as the fire had been earlier kindled and some of the smoke had passed away. Though quite large, it was filled to overflowing by a more serious congregation than I have before addressed in Persia, and especially at Ardishái. As we passed out of the meeting, several old ladies came around me and implored many blessings to rest on me, for coming so far to preach to them. And one of them declared, that if it had not been for us, half the village would ere this have become *Catholics*.

With priest Yohannan, I afterward rode to Alcái, a village two miles south of Ardishái, to hold another meeting. The congregation there was large and the appearance encouraging, though being so little accustomed to the solemnity proper to be observed in religious services, the audience were inclined to indulge in conversation, as was also the case at first, in the other villages. It is very interesting to notice how forcibly religious truth strikes these people, when first presented, which on becoming familiar may cease to affect them. As I was to-day giving some account of the nature of

heaven, as sketched in the 21st chapter of Revelation, the feelings of the audience rose and moved on with the description, until they evidently reached a very high degree of interest, when one old gentleman involuntarily exclaimed, "What must we do to secure a place there?" I paused, and answered him in the words of Paul to the jailer; for his inquiry was in substance, "What must I do to be saved?"

After meeting, I dined with the priests, (a father and son,) of the village. Several persons came in and uttered their long expressions of gratitude for our coming to preach to them. 'You,' said the priests, (addressing the villagers,) 'have been accustomed to cast the blame upon us, telling us that the fault of your sins was not your own, because you had nobody properly to teach you the will of God and your duty, which was indeed partly true. But you can say this no longer. The door is now open for you to hear the gospel every Sabbath. Listen to it and be saved.' Priest Yohannan had also enjoined on the audience in the church their obligation promptly to attend meeting, by telling them, 'this gentleman, (referring to me,) came to Ardishâi in the cold and darkness of last evening, not for his own benefit but for your good; and will you not come from your houses a few steps to hear the gospel, for yourselves? And these missionaries have come from distant America, forsaking father, mother and all things, not for their personal advantage, but to preach to you; and will you not come and listen for your own salvation?' The audience seemed deeply to feel the force of this appeal. There need be no other limit to the number of congregations of Nestorians eager to listen to our preaching in their churches on all parts of the plain, than our ability to perform the labor.

Jan. 30. A camel, gorgeously arrayed with a shawl and other trappings, was led into our yard, escorted by drums, bugles and a large throng of men; and stationed before my study window, and a messenger was sent to me to say, that the camel was the harbinger of the *Cŏrbân Beirâm*, sacrificial festival, an anniversary of the Mŭhammedans, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up *Isaac*,—whom the "Faithful" have changed to *Ismâil*, (Ishmael,)—on which occasion animals are slain and distributed among the poor. The rich are accustomed to offer camels; and persons in humble life, sheep, or calves, according to their circumstances. This camel was the prince's intended offering, which his servants were now conducting to the doors of those whom they wished to compliment, and from whom they regard themselves entitled, in return, to a small present, as an annual perquisite of the servants of the chief magistrate. The Mŭhammedans, as well as the Nestorians, claim Ibrâhĭm, (Abraham,) as *their Father.*

Feb. 1. Our good friend, Dr. Riach, is back again in Persia, having been sent by the Queen of England, as a special messenger to the Shâh, for the adjustment of the difficulties existing between

England and this country. He has just gone on to Tehrân. In writing me from Tabréez on his way, he expressed a strong expectation, that his agency would he successful. We have peculiar cause for gratitude to God, that he has watched over us, during these difficulties, while no Protestant embassy has been in the country, and permitted us to prosecute our work without any interruption. We have experienced enough of mercy and favor during these "troublous times," to assure us, that the cause in which we are engaged is dearer to Christ than it can be to any of His disciples.

Feb. 7. There were at least four hundred persons at our meeting to-day at Gĕog-tapá. There is evidently a very unusual interest on the subject of religion among the people there and in several other villages. A deacon came in the afternoon, to request priest Abraham and one of the missionaries to go to Charbâsh and hold a meeting. The members of the mission all being engaged elsewhere, the priest went alone; and he informed me on his return, that he had a large congregation, who were eager to hear the word of God and expressed a strong desire that they might have preaching there every Sabbath. The field around us is thus ample and fully ripe for the harvest.

Feb. 17. We visited the Emeer-i-nizâm, who arrived three days ago. The object of his visit to this city is to adjust the deranged state of the troops. He received us, to-day, with much kindness and inquired with interest about our work and welfare. The floor of his great room was half spread over with large trays loaded with sweet-meats, which had been presented to him by the governor and other high personages of the city, scores of whom were present at the time. When we took our leave of the Emeer, he directed our Meerza, who was with us, to remain, we knew not for what reason. But it was soon apparent, when the Meerza came with four of the Emeer's servants, bearing two of the huge trays of sweet-meats, and a fine lamb, to our dwelling, as a present from his Excellency and a token of his friendship. He evidently intended this distinguished attention as an open announcement to the people here, that we enjoy his confidence and protection, an impression which he farther took pains to strengthen, during his visit, by sending us portions of his game—a wild goat, ducks, etc. that he took in hunting. This good old Persian magistrate, (*good* for *Persia,*) has from my first acquaintance with him at Tabréez, shown himself very friendly to us and our object,—having repeatedly written the governor of Oróomiah, enjoining on him to take care of us, and made other special efforts to protect us, in the absence of the English embassy. Such favors from him are the more grateful, as we have the satisfaction of knowing that his personal character is less exceptionable than that of perhaps any other Persian noble in the empire.

The Emeer has recently been with troops on an excursion to the frontier, near Bayazéed, to chastise the refractory Koords. He has

taken several of their chiefs, beheaded three or four of them and placed others in prison. Mt. Ararat and the region around it, he stated to us, is still terribly shaken by frequent earthquakes. In one instance, when he was near it, a shock occurred so severe as to break up the ice on the river Arrás. Last summer, a large Armenian village, near the base of the mountain, was buried by the earth and rocks that were shaken down; and the sudden melting of the vast avalanches, which were shaken down at that hot season of the year, swelled the Arrás and flooded the region.

We also visited the vizíer of the Emeer-i-nizâm. When the Emeer was sent, some years ago, as ambassador to St. Petersburg, this same vizíer went with him as his secretary. While there, they both acquired many European ideas and so much information, that they now appear a whole age in advance of their countrymen of this province. The vizíer, in particular, has more knowledge of distant America—which most Persians, who know of its existence, regard as a remote island, still under the government of the English—than any native, with whom I have met in this country.

Feb. 27. The Emeer, acting on the plenipotentiary powers, delegated to him by the king, is causing great consternation at Oróomiah, by apprehending and punishing a large number of military officers, who mutinied and committed horrid outrages on the inhabitants during their campaign in Khorasân. About twenty officers have been imprisoned and severely beaten; heavy fines have also been taken from their families,—the beating being continued until the money was forth-coming,—and most of them have been subsequently put in chains and sent to the capital. On going to the bazár, a few days ago, I observed three captains lying on the city common, with their legs bound to sticks of timber, and they trembling and writhing under the rigor of the whip, one of whom died the day following, from the severity with which he had been beaten and subsequent exposure to cold. The soles of their feet, when I saw them, were bruised almost to a jelly; their legs were naked and bloody; they were agonized with pain and shaking with chills, there being snow on the ground around them; and twelve or fifteen were afterward exposed there together in a similar condition. It is trying to our feelings to witness such severity and think of the suffering of their families inflicted by the heavy fines. We cannot doubt, however, that the culprits richly deserve severe punishment for their lawless conduct, both in camp and at home. "The troops" are the terror of the inhabitants here, on whom they have been accustomed to commit almost every species of violence and oppression with impunity.

The Persian government cannot afford to keep men in confinement except princes and, rarely, nobles, having no system of prison-labor by which they might defray their expenses. Criminals are, therefore, usually punished with despatch as well as severity. Capital punishment for murder and high-handed robbery, is effected in

most cases by beheading. The criminal, in this case, has his throat drawn across a bar, by a rope around the neck, and being thus advantageously exposed and the cords all strained, the huge knife of the *meer-kăzâb*, executioner, often severs the head from the body, at a single blow. Repeated theft is punished by the amputation of a hand, an arm, an ear, or the nose. The trunk of a limb thus amputated is dipped immediately into a cauldron of boiling oil, and mortification, or very protracted ulceration, hardly ever ensues. For adultery and murder united, I have known a female buried in the earth alive. And the first premier of the present Shâh was strangled, or rather, smothered, for alleged treason. His death was effected by being placed between two large beds and a file of men seating themselves upon the upper one closely around him. Less serious offences are punished with bastinadoing and whipping,—as heavy fines as the magistrate can obtain being also exacted in connexion with these inflictions. A *bribe* large enough to satisfy him will of course avert any and all corporeal punishments.

Few things in America have impressed Mar Yohannan more strongly, than the humane provisions in our prisons. On visiting one in Charlestown, for instance, seeing a Bible in every cell—the sick well-furnished with nurses, medicine and a physician, the inmates all well clad, cleanly and actively employed; and at the close of the labors of the day, repairing to their chapel for devotional exercises, listening to a chapter from the word of God—singing their evening hymn, and uniting in prayer with deep apparent solemnity, —"The Bible rules in America, the sword in Persia; here, light like day; there, darkness like midnight," was his emphatic and very natural comment; and the contrast was hardly more impressive to his mind than my own. It *is* the *Bible* that makes this wonderful difference. This can and will change every habitation of cruelty into a garden and city of our God.

March 7. The church was so crowded at Ardishái, that the people were obliged to stand as closely as possible together; and as it was communion season, the services were very long,—nearly three hours, including our meeting; but the great congregation manifested not the least impatience to the close. And every morning and evening, during the week, as priest Yohannan informed me, almost as many now assemble to listen to the good word of the Lord. The general attention to the subject of religion there is such as to arrest the observation of the people themselves, who say to each other, that their oldest men have never before witnessed a time of so much interest. A circumstance of much encouragement at Ardishái is, that a number who were drawn away by the Catholics have, recently, been led back to the Nestorian fold.

I was deeply pained with the appalling heartlessness with which some of the ecclesiastics engaged in the communion services, and with the indiscriminate admission of all ages and characters to the Lord's table. If the rite of *confirmation* exists in the Nestorian

canons, nothing of it appears in their practice so far as I have observed. Children, from the age of three years—or younger—are allowed and encouraged to partake of the elements, which all seem to regard as possessing a certain *magic charm*, that will somehow tend to prepare them for heaven, or rather entitle them to it, without reference to any influence exerted on their characters. *Kŏrbána*, (gift or offering, oblatio,) is the term which they apply to the elements. They do not worship them, in the superstitious manner of the Papists, nor hold to *real presence*, in the Papal sense of that term. They, however, appear to cherish a kind of homage for the bread and wine which is not very intelligent nor scriptural, and great particularity is observed in the preparation of these elements. The bread must be baked in an apartment of the church; and among the most scrupulous, the wheat must be ground in a consecrated mill [hand-mill], separated from the rest in the field and shelled by hand instead of being trodden out by cattle. Alas, in how many things do these fallen Christians strain out the gnat and swallow the camel! As nearly as I have been able to ascertain, in the general vagueness of their views on spiritual subjects, the *consubstantiation* of the Lutherans would very well define the Nestorian belief in relation to this ordinance, if indeed, that term be itself well defined or understood by those who adopt it.

The Nestorians sometimes speak of having witnessed the presence of the Holy Spirit in their churches, not as *felt* merely, but as also *visible*, in the appearance of a blue vapor, hovering over the elements at the Lord's supper, or the consecrated oil, at baptisms. Some Romish priest, or other mystifying illuminator, may possibly have performed miracles, long ago in these regions, by means of gas or otherwise, and thus contributed to give *materiality* to the spiritual conceptions of this people. I have occasionally found among some of them obscure traces of *European light* of this same general description.

At the close of our meeting, several children were baptized. The ceremony of baptism, (Umâda) among the Nestorians, like most of their religious rites, is simple, compared with the forms of other oriental sects. They have a room in the church, which is devoted to baptism, (*Kŭnkee—place of consecration;* or *mâmodéeta*, or *Baet mâmodéeta*, place, or house of baptism). The children are divested of their clothing and anointed on the head and the breast, in the form of the cross, with consecrated oil, (*kerne, horn*, i. e. *horn of oil*, from which the ancient kings and prophets were wont to be anointed,—fully written, Kerna d'mishkha). They are then set into a vessel of tepid water which extends up to the neck and held there by a deacon; while the priest takes up water with both hands three times and suffuses it over the head, repeating one person of the Trinity each time. I observed nothing exceptionable in their manner of performing this ordinance, except the oiling and crossing of the child, and the same heartlessness and want of solemnity in the

officiators which marked their services at the celebration of the Lord's supper. The Nestorians observe no rule in relation to the *age* at which infants shall be presented for baptism. For the mutual convenience of the parents and the clergy, some festival occasions are usually embraced for the purpose; particularly the day which they regard as commemorating Christ's baptism by John in Jordan; also, the day of his crucifixion, taking the idea perhaps from the apostle's figure of being "*baptized* unto his death."

From Ardishái, we rode to Alcái, and attended a meeting at that village. The audience was small, in consequence of the Mussulmân master being there,—the people fearing to be seen by him flocking together, lest they should be taken up and compelled to go to work. I dined with the priests of the village. While at dinner, a Mussulmân, from the vicinity, came in, and stated that his *cow* refused to yield her usual quota of milk and requested the elder priest to prescribe some charm to remedy the evil. The priest took a spoonful of *salt* in his hand, repeated over it a prayer and gave it to the Mussulmân to administer to his cow. Priest Yohannan was much mortified by this superstitious conduct of his clerical brother, and apologized by saying that they have an old book which teaches them many such foolish practices.

March 13. The proof-sheets of our *first* tract in the Nestorian language was brought into my study for correction. This is indeed the *first sheet*, ever printed in that language and character. As it was laid upon my table, before our translators, priest Abraham and Dunka, they were struck with mute astonishment and rapture, to see *their* language in *print;* though they had themselves assisted me, a few days before, in preparing the same matter for the press. As soon as recovery from their surprise allowed them utterance, "it is time to give glory to God," they mutually exclaimed, "that our eyes are permitted to behold the commencement of *printing books* for our people!" No wonder that the priests are thus interested, pointing, as this tract does, to an era of light and hope for their people. In the evening, I held a meeting with about twenty of the young men and boys, connected with our seminary and printing office, to converse with them on the concerns of their souls. I found several of them very serious and tender in their feelings.

March 21. Preached at Vazeróva, a village two miles east of the city. Mar Elias was with me, who collected the congregation in that village some months ago, and preaches there every Sabbath with great acceptance, and apparently with very good effect. In the afternoon, I attended meeting in the village of Deegála, a mile east of the city. There was good attendance, but our service was disturbed by the departure of several persons who were called out by the master of the village. It being *Noo-rose*, new year's day, the Khân had summoned the inhabitants to entertain him on the open common with an exhibition of *buffalo-fighting*, which is a very favorite

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amusement in Persia, at this season of the year. If the buffaloes have been well fed during the winter, they are now fresh and strong, having rested so long from their summer toils. To add to their native vivacity—or rather, ferocity—they are sometimes liberally treated to *wine* on such occasions, it being well understood in Persia, that *fighting* follows *drinking*, whether among quadrupeds or bipeds. Nature has guarded the terrific ferocity to which the buffaloes are capable of being excited, by the conformation of their horns, which retreat toward the neck about as harmlessly as the horns of a sheep.

We recently translated the 51st Psalm, to insert in the chapter in our first tract, on the necessity of a new heart. As I was admiring the spirit of the Psalm, priest Dunka reminded me, that the Nestorians repeat it daily in the ancient Syriac, in their regular devotions. They always go to a brook or spring and wash the face and hands, immediately before worship, and while washing, repeat in a whisper a part of this Psalm, beginning with the second verse, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin," etc. At the commencement of their worship, in their churches, an invocation is offered, consisting mainly of several verses from the last part of this Psalm, viz., "O Lord open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The very prominent places which this wonderful Psalm and other portions of Scripture of like import, hold in the Nestorian Liturgy, have often strongly impressed me with the former comparative purity of this ancient church, and the general excellence of the matter embodied in their church service. At the same time, there is more or less that is exceptionable in it, which ought never to be translated.

March 25. The soldiers, who keep our gate and premises, were required to appear with their regiment for review. One of them sent to me, requesting that our mission would petition the Emeer-i-nizâm, in behalf of his *long beard*, which was in danger of sharing the common fate of all the beards of the troops, i. e. *be shaved*, or rather, clipped closely with shears. Though the poor soldier probably valued his beard far above rubies, and I felt no particular hostility to it, I still did not deem it my duty to interfere. The incident reminded me of the rapidity with which Asiatic customs are declining. Mar Yohannan, however, on his arrival at New York, half seriously started the inquiry, whether the beards that are so rapidly vanishing, in Persia, in this day of change, have not all come round the globe on some principle of transmigration, and are now re-appearing on the chins of young men in America! If this idea be well founded and beards are to have a general growth in this western world, I should perhaps state, for the information of cultivators and admirers, a fact or two in relation to the manner in

which they are treated and regarded in Persia. The Persians usually clip the beard with shears, for a few years, until it acquires a heavy body. When they allow it to grow long, they are very particular in relation to the *color*, and if need be, paint it *black*, every week or oftener, as Persian ladies paint their eye-brows. They follow this practice, until age so wrinkles their faces, that a black beard, even, can no longer conceal its inroads, when suddenly, they are equally partial to *white beards*,—these being regarded as such invariable emblems of dignity and wisdom, that in Persian and Turkish, the term, *White Beard*, is a title which is applied to venerated personages and often to magistrates, and carries with it great weight and authority, equivalent, perhaps, to *sage*, in English; and in the Nestorian language, the same term is equivalent to elder or presbyter, as used in the New Testament.

March 29. I went up to the small village on Mt. Seir, to commence building a health-retreat, for the invalids of our mission. We feel constrained to delay this provision no longer, as we would save our lives and labors to our field. The situation of Seir is remarkably fine. It is nearly one thousand feet above the plain, but is reached by a gradual ascent, and is only about five miles distant from the city. There, we may hope to avoid the malaria, and not be essentially retarded in our missionary work. It is, moreover, one of the most beautiful and grand situations that I ever beheld, overlooking the city, plain, lake, and in fact, the whole province, at a single view. The more efficient system of our new governor renders the mountain declivities less insecure than they formerly were, though we must still use precautions.

I started from home this morning in a violent storm, which was rain on the plain, but snow on the mountain. I regarded it as so much of an object to impress our workmen at the outset of the undertaking, with the importance of punctuality—tardy as Asiatics always are—that I hesitated not to encounter the inclemency of the weather. I was not surprised that the masons did not make their appearance, according to agreement; but the storm abating a little, about noon, I hired several common laborers of the village, and superintended them myself, while they dug a trench for the foundation of the wall. The ground, where we dug this trench, and on the declivity around, is filled with fine licorice.

April 18. Preached Mr. Stocking's ordination sermon, from 1 Cor. 9: 16, "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; yea, wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel." The services were performed in the Nestorian church of this city, (St. Mary's,) to the use of which we were welcomed by the Nestorian bishops. The occasion was rendered peculiarly interesting, by the presence and serious attention of a crowded Nestorian audience, who, at the close, advanced individually of their own accord, and kissed Mr. Stocking's hand, in recognition of his consecration, while the venerable Mar Elias kissed his head, as a token that he also welcomed him as one worthy and du-

ly authorized to break the bread of life to his people. We were led to advise Mr. Stocking to receive ordination, particularly from the present call, in this province, to preach the gospel—a call too loud for the two senior members of the mission—the only ones besides Mr. S. then able to use the native language—and in fact for us all, adequately to answer. So numerous are the doors thrown open, and so strong is the importunity of both ecclesiastics and people, that we should enter their churches every Sabbath and proclaim to them the glad tidings, that Mr. S. had felt constrained to do this, for some months, in an informal manner. It appeared quite clear, therefore, that he was called of the Lord, yea, that a "necessity" was laid upon him, "to take part in this ministry."

June 12. Several Frenchmen, who were connected with the late embassy to Persia, arrived on their way, by Bagdâd, back to France. They are the guests of the prince-governor.

June 14. His Royal Highness sent to us yesterday, inviting us to partake of a collation with him and his French guests, to-day, under his tent at Mt. Seir; and proposing that they should all come and dine with us at evening. It being the Sabbath day, yesterday, we of course deferred our reply until this morning. The most interesting circumstance, connected with the levee on the mountain, was a *religious discussion*, which took place between the prince and M. Theophane, a French Catholic priest, who has come to Oróomiah to commence Papal operations, and was, to-day, one of the European party. 'Come Mr. Holladay,' said the prince, (knowing that Mr. H. could speak some French,) 'dispute with M. Theophane about the power of the Pope; we will beat down the Pope's power, and not allow of his arrogant assumptions; I disputed long with M. T. last evening on this subject, and have often done the same before.' Mr. Holladay excused himself by replying that he did not speak French very fluently, wisely deeming it inexpedient to expose his religious belief to his imperfect command of a foreign tongue, in those very delicate circumstances. His Royal Highness himself, therefore, undertook the burden of discussion. 'M. Theophane,' (who was outside of the tent at the time,) the prince called out, 'come, let us hear what you can say for the Pope.' M. T. with all the assurance of a Jesuit, promptly accepted the challenge, and presented himself before the Mŭhammedan prince, as the champion of Papacy. He commenced by asserting the absolute authority of the Pope, in all things spiritual, and drew analogies from despotic governments, (which he supposed would take well in Persia,) but the prince replied in so prompt and able a manner, that the Lazarist soon found himself in an attitude of great embarrassment,—the greater, on perceiving that his royal antagonist had a powerful coadjutor in one of the French gentlemen, who was a free-thinker. Poor M. T. colored and trembled like an aspen leaf; and no marvel; for there he was, strongly assailed on the tender point of the Pope's authority, by a Persian prince sustained by one of his own

countrymen,—and all this, in the presence of his *Protestant adversaries*, as he of course regarded us. In many cases, we could not indeed second the positions of the prince and the French infidel, any more than those of the Papist. When, however, they appealed to me, with propositions founded on *truth*, I did not hesitate to give them my sanction, and would have done the same for M. Theophane. In one instance, for example, the prince turned to me thus: 'I tell him [the Lazarist] how can the Pope be God's lieutenant? He is only a *man*, like ourselves!' 'So *we* say,' I replied. A principle so scriptural and Protestant, as well as in keeping with common sense, I must of course second; and so of others of a like character.

For the free-thinking Frenchman, moreover, I felt a strong degree of compassionate sympathy. An intelligent man is excusable, for being disgusted with Papal corruptions; and if he knows the christian religion in no better form, it is not strange that he falls into skeptical principles. Such, indeed, is the almost necessary result of his circumstances. And is it not in this way, that Papacy is to be prostrated? It brings forth infidelity as its legitimate offspring, nurtures it in its own bosom and rears it up to become its own giant destroyer.

In the evening, the prince and his European guests, amounting, in connexion with our own circle, to twenty individuals, dined at our house—the largest European and American party that we have ever seen together at Oróomiah. The evening passed agreeably. As the arrangement was proposed by His Royal Highness, on whose protection and favor the prosperity of our work is more or less dependent, we could not well decline it, had we been disposed.

June 21. I took leave of the workmen, at our health-retreat on Mt. Seir, having stood among them from morning till night almost every week day, for nearly three months, and much of the time laboring with them, to prevent the waste of missionary funds. It has been a heavy undertaking, especially, from the peculiarity of the present season, as it has rained, more or less, three-fourths of the days during this whole period,—a thing almost unparalleled in Persia. Many times have I been drenched and remained so for hours. To *dry bricks* by *the sun*, for the large building, in such a season, has been extremely difficult; yet two hundred thousand have been made, dried and laid; and a stone wall, surrounding the premises, 200 feet long on two sides and 135 feet on the other two, has been carried up to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet. The premises are necessarily thus spacious, to accommodate all the families of our mission, during the hot weather of summer, and our seminary at the same time; and it was indispensable to secure them by this high, strong wall, to afford us the prospect of even tolerable safety from the marauding Koords. That the undertaking has been thus successfully carried forward, toward completion, in such unfavorable circumstances, affords us new occasion to set up our "Ebenezer" and inscribe upon it, "hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The materials, both for the building and the wall, being taken from the earth on the spot, and the price of labor being extremely low, render the expense of their erection very moderate.

How happy should we have felt, could *we*, with safety, have gone directly to this summer-retreat to reside. But so impaired was Mrs. Perkins's health, that previous journeying, to raise her prostrated system, appeared quite indispensable, to the reasonable hope of permanent relief, even from the more healthy air of Mt. Seir.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETURN TO AMERICA.

While first preparing to leave my native country, the inquiry was often addressed to me, by friends, 'Do you not expect to *return?*' To which I as often replied, 'I do not expect, nor desire to return; nothing but *calamity* could bring me back; and this I cannot of course desire.' The prostration of Mrs. Perkins's health and the rapid inroads of an alarming disease, proved in the event to be such a calamity. Entire relaxation from care and labor, a temporary retreat from the pestilential climate of Oróomiah and a long voyage, were the means to which, in the opinion of those competent to judge, we were clearly called upon to resort, or soon be compelled to yield to the still more trying alternative of abandoning forever our missionary field.

There is a sensitiveness in the christian community on the subject of the return of missionaries, and to some extent, doubtless, a reasonable one. Missionaries should certainly not return without imperative and unavoidable reasons, incurring thereby as they must, heavy expenses, as well as serious interruption of their work. And as the above general statement, in relation to our own case, may be an insufficient explanation, I will give the circumstances more at length, which I can best do by a brief reference to documents. From a letter addressed to a Secretary of the American Board, respecting the state of Mrs. Perkins's health, more than a year previous to our leaving the field, is the following, viz., "Probably few, if any, missionaries have left America, with health and constitutions more perfect than Mrs. P. possessed, when we came to this country. And few, you are aware, have been subjected to exposures and trials to surpass hers, particularly in the early part of our missionary experience. The result is that her originally fine constitution is broken down, and an alarming disease seems to be settling upon her. You may recollect the sufferings which Mrs. P. encountered, on our way to Persia, and the very severe sickness she experienced,

immediately after our arrival at Tabréez. Recovery from that sickness seemed entirely beyond the reach of hope for some time; nor did she ever fully recover from the effects of it. Though she has since enjoyed tolerable health, much of the time, still, to one previously acquainted with her, it has always been obvious, that her constitution was irreparably injured by her sickness at Tabréez. The climate of Oróomiah has affected her seriously. Often has she suffered severe attacks of fever; and she has been so much afflicted with ophthalmy, during a considerable part of our residence here, as to be unable to read and write. Mrs. P.'s repeated bereavements, in the death of our three children, have also borne heavily upon her already impaired constitution. Each has been more severe than the previous, in proportion to the increased age of the loved object removed, and has given to her system a correspondingly more serious shock.

"The result of these sicknesses and trials is, that for the last two years and a half, Mrs. P. has had symptoms of epilepsy, and within the last few months, she has had two severe attacks of that disease. The last occurred a few days ago, since the death of William, our only child. The symptoms have appeared when her system has become febrile, which is very often the case with us all, in this climate."

The following is a communication of a later date, addressed to me by the other members of our mission.

"*Oróomiah*, 17*th Nov.* 1840.

Rev. J. Perkins,

Dear Brother,—When the subject of Mrs. Perkins's health was last discussed by the mission, we fondly hoped that the careful use of necessary precautions would prevent a *frequent* recurrence of the attacks to which she is subject, or greatly mitigate their violence; so that your valuable labors would be saved to our mission without a greater sacrifice on the part of yourself and family, than that to which we are all subjected by a residence in this insalubrious climate; but the distressing nature of Mrs. Perkins's last illness has led us to take a different view of this painful subject. Deeply sensible, as we are, of the greatness of the loss which we must sustain in your removal from the field of our common labors, we can no longer withhold our unqualified consent to any measures which hold out a prospect of relief to our dear afflicted sister; and we are decidedly of the opinion, that it is expedient for you, by the first safe opportunity, to endeavor, by exercise and change of scene, to effect a change in Mrs. Perkins's general health.

We would leave it entirely to your own discretion to decide on the length of your journey, and the expediency of a voyage to America, believing that you will be guided by a sense of duty, and that

the duration of your absence must depend upon circumstances which cannot *now* be anticipated.

We feel that in your affliction, we are afflicted; we pray that this heavy trial may be blessed to both yourselves and us; that you may both be sustained in it by the gracious hand of our heavenly Father; and that, if the will of God be so, the life of our dear sister may be spared, and her health restored. We commit and commend you and yours, dear brother, to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and who, we are confident, will *never* leave you nor forsake you, *least of all* when you are passing through the deep waters of affliction.

Be assured that our sympathies and our prayers will follow you, and that we are, with much affection,

Your brethren and fellow laborers,

(Signed) A. L. Holladay,
Wm. R. Stocking,
Willard Jones,
A. H. Wright,
E. Breath."

The lateness of the season, when the above letter was written, forbade our attempting to journey at least until the ensuing spring. Nor is it prudent to travel with a family, over the snowy heights of Armenia, until the summer months. During the interval, Mrs. P. was twice visited with serious illness, but we had no other alternative than to wait patiently for a proper season of the year to journey for her benefit, being diligently engaged, meanwhile, in our pressing missionary labors. And when the time at length came, how did our hearts shrink from leaving, even temporarily, the charming field in which we had been permitted to strike the first blow and toil so long, especially at a period, when we were not only going forth, weeping and bearing precious seed, but coming again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us. There, too, are our *children's sepulchres*, and the ten thousand nameless ties that bind us to our Persian home.

We left Oróomiah, with the general expectation of finding it necessary to visit America, though with some hope that a journey into Turkey might suffice; and we waived the full decision of the question, until we reached Constantinople. There we had an opportunity of consulting several eminent English physicians, particularly Drs. Davy (a brother of Sir H. Davy) and Dorson, who were sent out by the British government, to regulate the hospital system of the Turks, and who were very kind, in attending to Mrs. P.'s case. They and our missionary friends were of opinion, that nothing promised so much for the benefit of her health as the contemplated voyage. And it is my grateful privilege to record, that our anticipations of benefit from this measure have been happily realized in the improvement of her health.

The inhabitants of Oróomiah have a quaint saying to express their strong attachment to their native soil, "Beat me, but do not drive me away from *Oróomiah;*" and to this sentiment our hearts could fully respond, when, on the morning of July 5, 1841—we found ourselves ready to commence our journey. Our house was filled with Nestorians during the forenoon, who came to express to us their sorrow at our departure, and tender to us their best wishes and prayers for our safety on the way and our speedy return. Thus occupied, we lingered until afternoon, then dined and united in prayer with our missionary companions, closed the doors of our dwelling and mounted our horses. The members of the mission accompanied us a few miles from the city. So large a crowd had assembled around our gate, when we started, to bid us farewell, that we found it extremely difficult to make our way through them. And a number of our Nestorian acquaintances followed us far on the road, the venerable Mar Elias, though on foot, being the last to turn back, who, in spite of our remonstrances, walked by the side of our horses, between two and three miles, in the hot sun, before he would give us his parting benediction.

As we rode across the great plain, I was forcibly impressed, as I had so often been before, with its surpassing beauty and fertility. On every side, it was now waving under an abundant wheat harvest, which the busy, joyful reapers were cutting down and gathering into stacks. "Not another so charming a scene," I remarked, "shall I witness until I reach America." "Nor then," replied Mr. Breath, who is from Illinois, "will you behold *such* a land, unless you see the *American bottom*, on the Mississippi."

We rode twelve miles, to the village of Chŭngaralée, where we found our tent, which had been carried forward by the muleteer, already pitched upon the green grass, on the bank of the beautiful Nazlóo river. We took some refreshments, had evening worship and retired early to rest, filled with tender recollections of *Oróomiah*, and with trembling solicitude for the result of the great undertaking before us.

July 6. We rose at day-break, rode briskly before our loads, twenty miles, and reached Gavalân about nine o'clock in the morning. Mar Yohannan had preceded us a week, to obtain permission from his friends and make preparation to accompany us. Our mission had tried to dissuade him; but he had been too long and too ardently bent on visiting the goodly land and the good people that had sent the missionaries, to be turned from his purpose, especially when such an opportunity as that of accompanying me presented. We told him that we could not help him to any means for travelling; but he was resolved on going at his own expense. Our mission requested me to take care of him, justly deeming it a matter of high importance that he should be benefitted and not injured, by this great and novel undertaking. The bishop had not obtained his father's permission, though he had been importuning him so long,

and had the whole time been fully resolved on the enterprise at all hazards. He soon engaged his episcopal brother, Mar Joseph, who had accompanied us to Gavalán, to intercede with his father on the subject. It was deeply interesting to observe the importance in his mind of securing that point, (though resolved on going perhaps even without it,) evincing a very commendable degree of dutifulness in the son, who is more than forty years old, and a *bishop*, whom custom requires even his parents to address by the title of *Abóona*, our father, as well as to salute him by kissing his hand. He was, however, doubtless, influenced by the strong impression which exists in all orientals, that no enterprise will prosper, if undertaken without a *father's* sanction and a *father's* blessing. In the evening, they all came to our tent, the father's permission having been finally obtained. The venerable old man committed his son in a very formal manner to my hands, and I engaged to take care of him.

July 7. Very early this morning, the bishop sent his bed (a single *Yorgân*, *comforter*, and pillow) and *Hoorjin*, carpet-bag, to our tent to be put up with our loads. Soon afterward, his mother and sisters, their hearts failing them, despatched a brother to take back the effects and thus prevent his going. But it was too late. The loads were on the horses and on the way. The villagers also assembled and added their remonstrances to those of the family. But the bishop had obtained his *father's* permission; and with this he felt at liberty to break over all remaining barriers. Pushing his way through the great concourse, he suddenly mounted his horse and rode away.

The declivity on the western side of the ridge, which separates Oróomiah from Salmás, is long and gradual. About half way down is a level section, which, as we crossed it, rung and reverberated as though the ground were hollow under our feet,—a circumstance that I have often noticed here and elsewhere, in the East, and may be somewhat peculiar to lime-stone countries. A great variety of minerals arrested our attention. This, like all the Koordish ranges, and indeed all the wild mountains on our route, would afford rich fields for geological investigation. I picked up specimens only of quartz and marble on this ridge. I was tempted to gather many more, but too long a land journey lay before us, to allow the additional weight to our loads.

The district of Salmás is much colder and less fertile than Oróomiah, but is still a delightful valley, containing about fifty villages, some of which are quite large, each numbering two or three thousand inhabitants. Dilmân, in the centre, is a fine walled town, and the residence of the governor, Yâhya Khân, a Koord, whose sister is the favorite wife of the king. The town of Salmás, in the upper end of the valley, is the old Armenian capital, now much in decay. Mr. Ainsworth, an English traveller, sent out under the joint patronage of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge and the Geographical Society, states that there is no such town as

Salmás; that this name is applied only to the district,—a mistake into which he fell, from the fact, that the natives, by way of eminence, call it, *Shahér, the city*. The same is true of Oróomiah. A native does not usually call the town by that name, but *Shahér*. And yet there is a city, as well as a province, whose name is properly Oróomiah. I visited our school at Oolâh, where we stopped, and found the scholars doing very well.

July 8. Our muleteer, who belongs in Dilmân, importuned me yesterday to allow him to go home and supply himself with bread for the journey, as there is a great scarcity of provisions, after leaving Persia, on the route to Erzróom. I gave him permission to be absent until noon to-day, at which time he solemnly promised to return. He came, by being sent for, near sun-set, with plausible excuses enough for his tardiness, and too many to be half of them true; but I was not disappointed; for the *muleteers* in Persia are commonly among the most treacherous of that treacherous people. We started soon after he came, intending to ride during the night, and reach Khoy before stopping. We had proceeded, however, only about six miles, when we were overtaken by a thunder-storm. Happening to be near the Mŭhammedan village of Ahrawân, we sought a shelter in the house of a peasant. Meanwhile our muleteer had lingered and taken another road, and we were consequently obliged to lie down upon the floor without our bedding and thus pass the night. The singularly rainy season of Oróomiah extended to Salmás also, as we now had abundant demonstration.

July 9. We rose early from our hard beds, poorly refreshed, and started on our way. We at length overtook the muleteer, who had passed the night in the same village with ourselves, while each party was ignorant that the other was there. Khoy is second only to Oróomiah, in point of beauty and fertility, of all the districts that I have seen in Persia, or in Asia. The valley is surrounded on all sides by mountains. Near our road is a low mountain of rock salt, from which considerable quantities are quarried. Four miles before reaching the city, we crossed *Kâtul-châi*, killing-river, by a strong bridge built of brick and stone. From thence to the city, the road is studded, all the way, with two rows of willows and a water-course between them, on either side, forming one of the most delightful avenues that exists in Persia. On the west, at a little distance, is a splendid summer palace of the prince-governor. The town and its walls are in much better repair than is the case with most cities in Persia; and it has, both within and without, a peculiarly neat, tasteful appearance, resembling an Italian, more than a Persian, town. But the climate of this beautiful district is so unhealthy, that its inhabitants all wear a sallow, cadaverous complexion.

July 10. Eight miles in a westerly direction from Khoy, brought us over the plain to the large village of Pera, surrounded by fruitful gardens. The harvesters were thick and active as swarms of bees on all parts of the plain, cutting down the crop and carrying it to

A PERSIAN MULETEER, WITH HIS WINTER CLOAK OF GOATSKIN.

the threshing-floors, or grassy patches, upon which the sheaves are arranged in a circle and threshed in the ancient manner, by cattle and horses, driven around upon them, and drawing the threshing-machine. This machine consists of a cylinder, thickly set with small chisels pointing outward, and fitted into a small frame so as to revolve, a boy sitting upon the frame and driving the cattle in a brisk trot. This process cuts the straw fine for fodder and for mixing with mud for plaster, as well as rapidly shells out the grain. The mass is afterward thrown up, on a windy day, with a wooden fork, and the chaff is thus separated from the wheat. Near the foot of the mountain, there had been a great destruction in the wheat-fields, two days before, from an extraordinary flood caused by the heavy rain which overtook us in Salmás. A torrent came down with such suddenness and power, as to sweep everything before it. It even carried off one young man, whom it was not possible to rescue until he was drowned. The bereaved family were still making their lamentation.

The ascent of the mountain west of Khoy is gradual, and perhaps ten miles long. In many places, the path was washed and gullied so as seriously to impede our passing. The rocky foundations were in some cases laid bare, there being no forests and roots of trees to obstruct the washing of the torrents on the declivities; and in one instance, the road was entirely filled up and intercepted by an avalanche of earth. The whole scene forcibly reminded us of the impressiveness of the figures used by our Lord, of the houses built respectively upon the rock and the sand, and their condition "when the rains descended and the floods came." From the abundant showers of this season, this mountain was still clothed with luxuriant verdure; and the gentle slopes and swells, waving under their rich growth of grass and flowers, stood in striking contrast with the barren sterility of most Persian mountains, and of this, in ordinary seasons. As we reached the summit, we were sprinkled by a shower. The snow had but recently melted. We were on a level with the clouds. Clear spots of sky appeared through them, and rain-bows were formed by the great drops that were falling. These almost fairy scenes were succeeded by one yet more beautiful and striking. On the western side of the table-land, at the top of this range, rises a bold ridge, in solitary grandeur, which was also now covered with rich green grass, except here and there a patch of snow, or naked primitive rocks. The clouds and fog were gently rolling on the summit and along the sides, and heavy showers of rain were pouring down upon it, alternately advancing and receding from end to end, almost with the precision and regularity of an army in its evolutions at a review. This table-land expands into a valley, in which are several small villages. Passing across it, we stopped at Zorabá, which is about thirty-five miles from Khoy. The inhabitants had all gone back among the mountains to dwell in tents and range with their flocks, except a single individual who

remained to keep post-horses in readiness, for Tartars and travellers. Our muleteer lingered behind, and our tent and bed did not reach us until 8 o'clock in the evening. The weather was cold, cloudy and damp; and Mrs. P. and our babe would have been much exposed, had not the steward of Sir John McNeill happened to be at the village, on his way to meet the ambassador, with two tents, one of which he kindly vacated for us and furnished us with comfortable provisions.

July 11. Sabbath. We remained at Zorabá. I read and remarked on the fifteenth chapter of Luke, taking occasion to speak to our travelling company, in connexion with the case of the prodigal son, of the dangers incident to persons who leave their homes and travel to other countries. Toward midnight, the three horses, belonging to Mrs. P., the bishop and myself, which were tied at the door of our tent, took fright, broke loose and in an instant galloped away. Our travelling companions were sound asleep and before they could be roused, the horses had fairly escaped. The darkness prevented successful pursuit, though the bishop and several other Nestorians, who were on their way to Constantinople, were out until morning. After day-break, July 12, the *tracks* of the horses were discovered by Mar Yohannan, who, accustomed to pursue cattle stolen from his village by the Koords, by means of their footsteps, so skilfully put in practice his experience, that, after travelling about thirty miles, through narrow ravines, up steep pitches, across the plain and then back again, until almost sunset, we found two of the horses. The best one had been taken up by a Persian soldier and rode off to a distant summer retreat on the mountains; but this also, on farther pursuit, we obtained.

July 13. We left Sōkhnânavâ, the pleasant district in which we had now spent three nights and two days. We regretted our hindrance the less, as we wished to go in company with a caravan, which had now only just come up with us,—the road from this point onward, for about two hundred miles, being regarded as very unsafe at that time. A village near Zorabá had been robbed by the Koords, a few days before, and seven men killed in the encounter. Our course was northward; and after passing over a few miles of rough road, crossing *Akh Chái*, (white river,) a moderate stream, we entered the small district of Tereeât. The caravan which we wished to join, consisting of two hundred horses, passed the last night in this district, near *Akh Boolákh*, (white spring,) and two of its horses were stolen. Crossing the valley of Tereeât, we ascended a high mountain, by a long and gradual pass. The glens and declivities were beautifully clothed with a heavy growth of grass, which was waving in the breeze in wild luxuriance. The inhabitants of the neighboring valleys fear to risk their flocks and herds so far from home, and the nomade Koords had not yet passed along there, the present season. At the top of this mountain, we had a fair view of Mt. Ararat, except that its upper part was partially covered with

clouds. The sacred mountain is visible from some points, even in the vicinity of Oróomiah, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. We next passed down, still in a northerly direction, by a steep rocky way and came upon another table-land, which, like those preceding, gradually widened into a fertile, inhabited valley. The name of this district is Childerân. Its largest village, *Kara-i-na*, (black fountain,) near which we stopped, is about thirty miles distant from Zorabá.

July 14. Six miles from our stopping-place, we entered a rugged ravine, and followed up the bank of the small river, *Chădderkía*, which, coming down from the mountains above, crosses the north-eastern corner of this district, and conveys away its waters, by a tortoise course, to the river Arrás. We then crossed successive hills, and wound our way upward, until we found ourselves at the top of another lofty ridge, that looks away to the north into a fine grassy valley, surrounded, like the preceding ones, by mountain ranges. On the northern side of this valley, is an arm of the great mountain chain that had all along bounded our western horizon, which sweeps around toward the east and forms the boundary, on this route, between Turkey and Persia. The name of this district is *Avâjík*. All this lofty region of about a hundred miles, which we passed after leaving the parched and dusty plains of Persia proper and before entering the Turkish territory, is excellent—nay, *sublime*, pasture ground, and contributes much to furnish the myriads of flocks and herds that are driven annually to the distant markets of Constantinople and Smyrna. While crossing the valley of Avâjík, we observed a party of Jellâlée Koords, passing along under the hills at some distance; and the bare sight of them, sent terror into the bosoms of our Persian companions, who, though they had all along been despising and cursing the Koords, quailed instantly at the appearance of not half their own number. We found excellent milk at the village where we stopped, but such was the scarcity of wheat in the region, that only one family had flour to make bread. A few others had rice. The herd of cattle which the villagers drove home at evening was very fine. The breed, we were told, had been brought from Eriván. The water of this district is about the purest I ever drank and the climate is very healthy. Mrs. P. felt quite sensibly the beneficial effects of the clear cool air. Thus does a kind Providence distribute its gifts. The fertile vale of Oróomiah, overflowing with abundance of every kind, has its sickly climate; while the cold rugged hills of this uninviting region, affording no bread even, at this time, to its hungry inhabitants, still deck their faces with the bloom and vigor of health.

July 15. As we were now near the frontier, where the greatest danger was to be apprehended, we lingered a day for the arrival of our caravan which had fallen in the rear. Mt. Ararat peered sublimely behind the high boundary range. Our Nestorian companions were so much awed by it, that they proposed to *fast* while in sight

of the "holy mountain." They no longer questioned its having been the resting place of the ark, though the ancient Syriac commentaries and common Nestorian belief award that honor to *Judah Dâgh*,* a mountain which, the Nestorians say, is situated somewhere to the south-west of Oróomiah, among the ranges of Koordistân.

A caravan of 770 horses passed our tent, to-day, on its way to Tabréez, laden principally with European goods. I stood at our tent door and gazed with ineffable satisfaction on this mammoth caravan, as it moved majestically along, moralizing on the bearing of commerce, in advancing the spread of the gospel, when suddenly there came round the hill above us and right upon us, a person in *European costume*, frequently crossing and re-crossing the path, as if skulking among the loads. "An Englishman!" exclaimed the delighted bishop; but a second look led us both simultaneously to sigh out, "no; it is a French priest, on his way to Persia!" And we instinctively stepped back into the tent. The French Catholics, though coming in like a flood, find it more difficult to carry all before them in Persia than they at first seemed to anticipate. The day that we left Oróomiah, we received intelligence of an affair at Isfahân, which is likely to check M. B's progress in that city. He had commenced making converts among the Armenians, *vi et armis*, marching even to the convent with an armed *posse* and encountering the Patriarch and monks in their head-quarters. The Armenians being the more numerous, drove him from their borders. M. B. appealed to the Russian ambassador; and His Excellency applied to the king. His majesty ordered the contending parties to appear before him; but the Armenians, in the meantime, informing him of the merits of the case, the king very properly decided that, as it was a *religious* quarrel, he would take no notice of it.

July 16. The expected caravan had not arrived; and ascertaining that it might linger some time for accessions from Tabréez, and being short of provisions with a famine before us, I determined to proceed, taking a small guard across the frontier. My muleteer urged me so strongly and pathetically still to linger, accompanying his entreaties with tears and frightful gesticulations—drawing his hand across his throat to express his apprehension of losing his head, that I was obliged to use a decided tone before he would go and drive up his horses. We took five armed horsemen from Avâjík, the village in which the Khân of the district resides. We passed up the boundary ridge and entered *Kâzi-goël*, (goose-pond,) the immense meadow, in crossing which the danger is always considered to be greater than at any other spot on the route. We had not advanced far before we discovered a large party encamped on the grass, whom we at first supposed of course to be foes; on proceeding nearer to them,

* I have often been amused, in the East, to find myself unexpectedly introduced to old acquaintances in familiar names. *Belur Tag* (*Billour Dâgh*, *crystal mountain*,) is such a name, the meaning of which—or that it had any meaning,—I never understood, till I learned the Turkish language.

A PERSIAN MERCHANT

we ascertained that they were the Pashâ of Bayazéed, and a regiment of troops, who had come out to the line, a day or two before, and driven the marauding Koords from the region.

In our company, were five Persian merchants, from Salmás, on their way to Erzróom and Constantinople. Each had a single horse, which he rode, carrying also upon the same animal his stock of merchandize, consisting mainly of Kermân shawls, closely packed in immense carpet saddle-bags; and in addition, a month's stock of provisions for the way, consisting of bread, baked in thin cakes, which, on becoming dry, crumble into fine scales, and yogóord, tied up in a small cloth-bag, and hung dangling at the horse's side. At night, these merchants slept upon the ground in the open air. Their strong, heavily laden horses were the *yâbée*, *drudge*, or common caravan beasts; not the small, beautiful Arab, nor the noble, majestic and, scarcely less fleet, Turcomân,—the only kinds which Persians of high rank will deign to mount, and to which they appropriate the dignified title of *ât*, *horse*, and *nâjîb*, *noble*. In relation to gait, the Persians prefer *pacers*, for the plain reason, that they like the easy motion, under the saddle,—their only method of travelling, except occasionally—rarely, unless in feeble health—in the takt-rawân, (*walking-seat*,) which resembles a close palanquin, or a sedan-chair, but is carried like a litter, by mules instead of men. White and grey horses are the favorites with the Persians, in point of color. *Black* ones, they say, are possessed of the Devil; and not without some reason; for it is a fact, recognized also by Europeans in Persia, that black horses there have in general, singularly vicious, or as they say, 'wicked,' dispositions.

The merchants were, as this class of Persians usually are, cheerful, friendly and pleasant companions, sometimes singing a peasant's love ditty, and anon reciting, in shrill measured tones, from their oracular poets, Hâfíz, Firdousi and Sâdí, with which many of them are familiar.

Crossing the ridge, we came down upon the great plain on which rests the base of Ararat. We had intended to stop at Kŭzzildizza, for the night, but found the village deserted, its inhabitants having gone to the mountains to pasture their flocks. A solitary old Koord was wandering about there, who appeared like the ghost of hunger, and was very clamorous in his application for bread. There stands Ararat, upon its vast pedestal, in solemn, silent majesty, the eternal monument of the flood. The valley in which we were, was a cradle of the second world, perhaps the home of the patriarch; but its present inhabitants are wild and ruthless savages; and the foot of the mountain is associated in the minds of the natives of these regions as the lurking-place of the Jellâlées. A very few degraded Armenians are scattered in dilapidated villages on different parts of the plain, who are trodden down by the wild Koords; and the town of Bayazéed, the ruins of the capital of the mighty *Bajazet*, containing perhaps from one to two thousand inhabitants, is oc-

cupied by a small garrison of subject Koords, under Beelûl Pashâ, whose office it is to protect the passing travellers and caravans.

We proceeded, intending to reach Dîadéen. After sunset, observing the horses of a caravan, grazing under the mountains, about two miles south of our road, we determined to join them and pass the night, instead of driving our already tired animals to Dîadéen. This caravan consisted of 250 horses, laden, as were the previous ones we had met, with European goods. "Are you not afraid you will drain Europe?" I inquired of the muleteers; "Oh no; there is a caravan of 500 horses one day back of us," was their reply. We had delightful views of Mt. Ararat, during our afternoon ride, and its snowy summit now glistened under the last brilliant rays of the retiring sun. Apprehending that I might never again see its features, so advantageously illumined, I hastily sketched an outline, with that kind of reverential feeling which one experiences when about to take leave of a venerated acquaintance; and as we sometimes find satisfaction in exhibiting the portraits of absent friends, I may venture here to introduce to the reader the western, or Turkish side of Ararat, with the common qualification, however, that the portrait cannot do justice to the original, and was intended merely for private gratification.

July 17. The muleteers from the west informed us, that the *plague* is raging in nearly all the villages on our way to Erzróom. We could do no more, nor less, than put ourselves on strict allowance, on the small stock of provisions which we had with us, deeming it not prudent to venture into these infected villages. The *Murâd-chai*, or eastern branch of the Euphrates, passes down from the southern mountains near the town of Dîadéen. How interesting is this region! I could almost live here contented, even amid its melancholy physical and moral desolations! Soon after we encamped on the bank of the Euphrates, opposite the Armenian convent of Utch-kiléesiá, an old Turk, who was travelling with his family, came up with us. They too feared the plague and shunned the villages, and they proposed to join our party. They drove with them a few goats, from which they engaged to supply us daily with milk, until we shall reach their home, which is within one day's journey of Erzróom. Thus unexpectedly did the Lord provide for us, while encompassed by famine, pestilence and savages in the wilderness. "Thou preparest a table for me, in the midst of mine enemies." It was affecting, all the way through this region, to hear the hungry natives tell how long it had been, that they had not seen a piece of *bread*. Grass and herbs, boiled and mixed with yogóord, was their only food. Their famine-stricken state, doubtless, did much to prepare the way for the prevalence of the plague.

July 18. We rode to *Kara-kileesiá*, a distance of thirty-five miles, following the Euphrates all the way, in the magnificent valley, which is almost a hundred miles long, and in the western part, at least twenty miles broad. This primitive country is too fair and

Mt ARARAT, AS SEEN FROM THE WEST,
or Turkish side.

fertile to lie neglected; but a decayed and half desolate village of poor Armenians and stationary Koords, at intervals of six or ten miles, are all the human habitations that appear. About midway between the convent and Kara-kileesiá, is an old stone bridge, finely built, now somewhat dilapidated, but obviously the work of other men and other days. The Euphrates has left it and cut for itself a new channel.

July 19. We rode to Moollâh Soleimân, about the same distance as yesterday. A little west of Kara-kileesiá, the Euphrates changes its course, and passes by a ravine through the southern ridge of mountains, in the direction of Moosh, and thence onward to Diarbekér. Considerable streams enter it on this stage from the north, and one from the western end of the valley. The principal village, in this district, (Alazgérd,) is Tôprak-külâah, (earth-castle,) situated at the foot of the Ararat ridge, on the northern side of the plain. It has a strong fort on a lofty overlooking hill. It was formerly a large Armenian town, but most of its inhabitants went away with the Russians.

Moollâh Soleimân, which I had on former journeys made my stopping-place, is situated at the north-west corner of the plain of Alazgérd. The inhabitants were digging graves in one place, and persons sick of the plague lay exposed here and there, with relatives weeping near them, all which gave us a melancholy impression and some apprehension. We passed by the village and pitched our tent in a ravine, near a small brook, on the side of the mountain. The vast plain lay stretched out beautifully before us, but in silent desolation, and we could not help contrasting its present condition with that of a century ago, when it was enlivened by two or three hundred villages. Russian encroachment, Turkish misrule and Koordish violence, have driven away the suffering Armenians, and their fair country now lies thus in mournful and naked solitude. In conversation with Mr. Brant, the British consul at Erzróom, he suggested to me the idea, that Alazgérd, in its present depopulated state, would be an excellent region for a European colony. I urged him to pursue the thought. How much might be contributed to the advancement of the civilization and christianization of Asia, by the existence of an enlightened, Protestant christian community, on a distant plain of Armenia! It need not, and should not, be a *missionary* colony in form nor in fact; but it could hardly help being such in its general *effects*. Mr. Brant stated that Mr. Hanson, a wealthy, enterprising English merchant of Constantinople, had purchased a tract of 12,000 acres on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, which he is intending to colonize from England. And a similar experiment, in the eastern part of Turkey, though more difficult, seems at least practicable, and in its moral bearings, far more necessary and desirable.

July 20. We first crossed a high ridge which was waving under a growth of grass, so heavy as to attract the mowers quite to the

summit. On this mountain, Abbas Meerza quartered his troops after having put to flight the Turkish army near Töprak-külaáh in the war about fifteen years ago. He pursued the Turks farther still toward Erzróom, until the Persian army was suddenly prostrated, by a general attack of cholera. Thousands died on the spot; and the surviving remnant fled in panic and wild disorder back to their native country. *Koosy Dagh*, beardless mountain, on the north of this grassy ridge, is a lofty, naked peak, on the top of the Ararat range, peering far above all other summits, except the sacred mountain itself. About eight miles brought us across the spur of the general range, descending which, we came upon the shorter of the two main roads to Erzróom. The sides of the mountains were richly clothed with grass and flowers, quite up to their summits. The sun was uncomfortably warm, when we began to ascend the mountain, but we were erelong shivering with cold; and a rushing wind sucked up a ravine on the other side, over the pass, which was a little lower than the general range, as we approached the summit, almost with the fury of a hurricane. From the top we descended a steep pitch, far enough to be shielded from the cold and the violence of the wind, and there encamped to dine. While our party were at rest, I made my way up a neighboring peak, that seemed, when thus near, almost as high as Koosy mountain. I found the ascent much more long, steep and difficult, than I had anticipated, and was quite exhausted, when I reached the top; but from that lofty position, I enjoyed a grand view of a vast and sublime assemblage of mountains, for nearly a hundred miles, along the Ararat range, and the parallel ranges, with the valley of the eastern Euphrates on one side, and the hardly less beautiful province of Pasin on the other. In descending by a shorter and steeper course than the one by which I went up, I once or twice came very near being dashed down precipices, in following the course of a rill, and bounding from side to side of the narrow ravine. I collected a few stones on the pinnacle, and gathered a large number of plants and flowers high up the sides, on a level with a bank of snow, which I crossed on my way down.

After dinner, we proceeded by a very gradual descent, down a pleasant valley. A lively stream, as was the case also on the other side, soon murmured into being and cheered us by its music. We had almost reached the foot, having travelled nearly forty miles, without seeing a village or a human habitation, when the sun disappeared; and both ourselves and our horses being very tired, we encamped for the night.

July 21. Early in the morning, the alarm was given, that Mrs. Perkins's horse, which had been tied near our tent door, was gone! And on farther search, we discovered that the bishop's large carpet bag, containing all his clothing except what he happened to have on at night, with his prayer-book—and indeed his little all, except his money which he had fortunately committed to me—besides

many single articles belonging to others of the company, had also disappeared. Inquiry soon revealed the fact, that two of our companions were not to be found, which of course satisfied us at once who were the thieves. They were transient Persian travellers, who had joined the company to pass through the Koordish region, professedly for mutual security, but in reality, doubtless, for this very purpose. We had all, that day, become very tired; and the rogues took advantage of that circumstance, as well as of our remote, solitary situation. Late in the evening, they proposed to relieve the Nestorian who was watching the tent, to which he unwittingly agreed; and when the whole party, with the exception of themselves, were in profound slumber, they committed the theft and absconded. Mrs. P.'s horse was the best traveller in the company, unless it were one of their own. No village was near and we had no prospect of successful pursuit, particularly as they were athletic fellows and well armed. I therefore concluded that we would not add trouble, expense, and perhaps exposure, to our loss, and we put up our effects and proceeded. It was a severe visitation to the bishop, who was left almost naked; but he met his misfortune, alike with the resignation of a Christian, and the good sense of a man, well assured that it avails little to bemoan lost articles, after they are irrecoverably gone.

A mile from our stopping-place brought us to *Dăr Boghós*, narrow throat, which is one of the most striking natural objects that I have seen in all my travels. On the sides of a narrow pass—perhaps sixty feet wide—through which the large brook we had followed and the road unitedly run, rise, perpendicularly, two rocky pillars, to the bold height of more than two hundred feet. This sublime gate-way of nature ushered us suddenly into the delightful valley of Pasin, and hid from our view, at the same moment, the grassy ridges and glens, the rugged peaks and precipices, and the craggy cliffs of the grand Ararat range. And as we crossed the hills and dales, enlivened by waving fields, and the industrious husbandmen, the feeling quickly rose, that we had now *left* Koordistân. We proceeded about twenty-five miles and stopped for the night near Ballou-kóy.

July 22. We kept near the southern side of the plain of Hăssân-kulâah, and encamped not far from the large, fine village of Alvarée. Near Hăssân-kulâah rivet, we passed a large village, built wholly of swards, cut in squares, a foot and a half in size, from the immense green meadows that stretch along the stream. The vast plain, over which we had been travelling, both yesterday and to-day, gleaming with almost countless fields of wheat, now nearly ripe, presented a cheering and ample pledge, that the *famine*, in this province, would soon be at an end.

During the last half of our ride, the heat of the sun was almost overpowering, and when we stopped, I found myself burning with a

high fever and much reduced by an attack of dysentery, induced by my exertion in ascending the high mountain two days before. I was very sick in the afternoon and evening, and feared that I should be unable to ride farther, as every step of my horse subjected me to severe pain and aggravated my disease. After resting until midnight, however, I was much relieved; I therefore had a matrass spread upon one of our loaded horses, on which I was able to secure a half reclining posture, and we proceeded, July 23, about 1 o'clock in the morning. We started at that early hour, that we might avoid the intense heat of the sun; and we were of course anxious not to lose a day, in our penury of provisions, within a single stage of Erzróom. It was now between seven and eight years since Mrs. P. and myself had first passed through Erzróom, on our untried way to Persia; and the painful incidents of that trying journey were brought tenderly to mind, as we approached and entered the city. We reached the dwelling of our missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, about 8 o'clock in the morning. The first item of intelligence, after our mutual salutation, was, "The plague is here and we are in quarantine." We were, however, received with all cordiality, notwithstanding the quarantine. The resting place was to us like a green spot in a wide desert, and our visit could hardly be less welcome to them, *alone* as they had long been, in that remote, benighted land.

July 24. I called on Mr. Brant, the English consul. Since I was last here, he had built a fine spacious mansion, in European style. My feeling, on entering it, was, that I was suddenly transported from the dreary desolations of Eastern Turkey, to the heart of Old England. There is no such residence east of Constantinople,—at least, until we reach the English palace at Tehrân.

The Armenians are now coming into Erzróom, from various parts of Turkey. They number at present about one thousand families, one hundred and fifty of whom are Catholics. The town is still rapidly increasing in trade, as might be inferred from the number of caravans, (and I have by no means mentioned all,) that passed us on their way to Persia; and it is destined to be a yet more important centre of moral influence. Our missionary, stationed there, has, as yet, found it impracticable to gain much access, even to the nominal Christians. The Papal intrigues practised on them, in efforts to draw away their people, contribute much to obstruct the Protestant missionary, here as elsewhere, in whom also they naturally suspect a secret foe. Their own superstitious system, too, recoils from the approach of light. Like other interior towns of Turkey, Erzróom is hard missionary soil, which must be dug up as with a pick-axe, not by violent blows, but silent, patient toil, accompanied by faith, love and prayer. General obstacles will gradually yield to the advancing tide of civilization. The missionary will, by degrees, acquire the confidence of the people, and reach

their ears and hearts with his message. The seeds of truth silently, but effectually, sown, will spring up and bear fruit. Native converts will at length run to and fro, and knowledge be increased, and light will be diffused from those heights, as from a radiant point, from which it will shine forth to the shores of the Euxine, to Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and the confines of Persia, mingling its rays with those sent forth from the other mission stations in all those regions, and Armenia again become a christian land.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETURN, CONTINUED.

There was a humble individual in our travelling company, whom I have not yet formally introduced, and to whom, as well as to the reader, I perhaps owe an apology for the omission. Little Judith, our only surviving child, was eleven months old when we left Oróomiah. She rode in a pannier, or deep basket, suspended by the side of a horse and balanced by one of a similar form and dimensions on the opposite side. In the latter, we carried a few light articles, which we needed during our ride and which were thus readily accessible. No additional horse was required for the infant, as our servant rode upon the same, to keep the baskets adjusted to the pack-saddle. The one in which the child rode, was partially lined with a wool-cushion, and had a seat of the same fixed in the bottom, with a stick across in front, to confine her in her place, while it allowed her to recline sufficiently to sleep. She sometimes remonstrated against being taken from her bed, early in the morning, and shut up in her moving prison; but she would soon become quiet and usually fall asleep, as we moved on, being lulled by the gentle motion of the horse and the music of the bells; or, if these did not suffice, by the shrill lullaby of the kind Nestorian servant. In a few instances, the horse fell, with his precious charge half under him; but providentially the child was unharmed and unfrightened, and with the rest of us, safely survived the journey, though performed amid the famine, pestilence and sword.

While we were at Erzróom, our missionary friends there were cheered by the arrival of Rev. Josiah Peabody and his wife, who were to be their associates. They had performed the rough journey from Trebizond with comparative ease, and would have suffer-

ed still less inconvenience, had they been provided with a tent. We felt a peculiar satisfaction in leaving Mr. and Mrs. Jackson no longer *alone*. Our Lord sent forth his disciples two and two among their own countrymen, and he would much more have done so, had they gone to foreign nations. It was July 30th, after a week's stay, that we left Erzróom. We rode three hours down a gentle plain, to the village of Eelijâh, and pitched our tent on the bank of a small stream, which is crossed by an ancient stone bridge.

July 31. About a mile west of Eelijâh, we crossed the *Karâ Soo*, —the western branch of the Euphrates. On its banks, some distance from us, was a vast flock of white birds, much larger than the goose or turkey. The bishop stated that these birds have a reservoir attached to the throat, large enough to hold some half-pints of water. He also said that they frequent the lake of Oróomiah. Near the first ridge of mountains from Erzróom, is the village of Mehmânsóor, where we had intended to spend the Sabbath; but a rumor that the plague had entered it, led us to cross the lofty mountain range,—a barrier which we hoped the pestilence had not yet surmounted. Our ride across it was delightful, being rendered particularly so, by the endless variety of brilliant flowers, now in full blossom. Mrs. Peabody had counted 135 different kinds, in crossing this mountain. Our descent on the opposite side, was steep and difficult. Crossing a large brook at its foot, we immediately commenced ascending a second ridge, and after riding about a mile, reached the village of Hoshapanâ, which is a little retired from the main road, and encamped there for the Sabbath. It is a large Mŭhammedan village, about thirty miles from Erzróom. The inhabitants keep innumerable bees, that feast on the sweet flowers of the lofty surrounding mountains.

Aug. 1. The Sabbath. For our Bible exercise, we read the third chapter of John. The question was asked, why Nicodemus went to Christ by *night*; which was answered by a Nestorian boy, 'because he feared that the Jews would cast him out, if his going should be known to them.' Why, I inquired, did they object to their people going to Christ to be taught? To which Mar Yohannan replied, 'for the same reason that the Armenian ecclesiastics, at Erzróom, object to their people going to Mr. Jackson to be taught.' A young Armenian, Mr. J's teacher, who was travelling in company with us, agreed with the bishop in this opinion. I dwelt on the importance of the *new birth*, as presented in that chapter, and looking to Christ crucified,—"lifted up," as the only Saviour; and at the close, sung the hymn commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," which is a favorite with the Nestorians who speak English, and I translated it into the native language for the benefit of all who were present.

Aug. 2. We rode seven hours and pitched our tent on the bank of the river Jŏrókh. We crossed the mountain which we had com-

menced ascending on Saturday. It is very high and like the preceding one, was now smiling and redolent with a rich growth of beautiful flowers. On a stream on the western side of this mountain, is a huge shelving rock, under which Mr. and Mrs. Peabody had encamped, in one instance, for the night. It is one of those grand shelters from the sun at mid-day, which are so welcome to the pilgrim, in those regions destitute of trees, and naturally reminded us of the force of the scripture allusion to the 'shadow of a great rock, in a weary land.' This being several miles from any village, often in summer, furnishes the traveller with a lodging place also for the night.

In the course of our ride, two travellers fell in with us, who announced themselves to be pilgrims, on their way to Mecca, and stated that they were from Kōnâ (Kochin ?) forty days' journey beyond Būkharâ and within twelve days of Chîn, (China). How much toil, and exposure do they incur, travelling on foot a distance of thousands of miles, over inhospitable regions, to secure for themselves a place in their fancied paradise. How mighty is the sway of superstition, over Asiatic minds! As an offset, however, I observed also, to-day, a striking instance of the progress of innovation among Asiatics. When we went to Persia, our *umbrellas* were among the greatest curiosities pertaining to us, that arrested the attention of the natives. But now, scores of Turks and Persians pass us on horseback, shadowing themselves with these European canopies, and apparently as much afraid of exposing their brown faces to the rays of the sun as a Parisian dandy.

Aug. 3. The last night was very cold, as indeed the nights of summer always are, in these lofty regions. We rode down the narrow valley of the Jōrókh, about thirty miles, to the town of Baibóot. We also passed three considerable tributaries, entering the Jōrókh from the south, and crossed by five arched stone-bridges. On the margin of one these tributaries is the post-road which strikes the Euphrates at Ash-kuláah; and a little west of it, back in a glen, is *Maddén*, or the copper-mines. I rode up to *Maddén*, and was surprised to find there a village of nearly one hundred houses of *Greeks*, who are engaged in working the mines for government. I am not aware that there are Greeks east of this mining village. We pitched our tent for the night on the beautiful lawn that spreads itself out above Baibóot, almost as soft and smooth as a Persian carpet.

Aug. 4. Six or eight miles from Baibóot, on the northern route, are three ancient Armenian churches, finely built of stone, situated within a short distance of each other. We took a more southern route and stopped to rest at Balhóor, about twelve miles west of Baibóot. This is the village where, almost six years ago, I met Mrs. Grant, with her husband and Mr. Merrick, on their way to Persia. How many tender recollections did the sight of it call up! One of the number had long since gone to her rest and reward! I tried to

find the stable, in which the pilgrim party were encamped for the night when I reached them; but in the changes of time, among those rude habitations, it had disappeared. While we were taking a repast, under a tree, two Greek priests, from the copper-mines, on their way to Gümüsh-khâná, came up and sat with us in the shade. One of them showed me his prayer-book. I read from it, and they were surprised that I could translate the Greek into Turkish, at least as readily as themselves. There were a few pictures in the prayer-book, and Mar Yohannan took occasion to rally them on the sin of their picture-worship. They attempted to palliate their case, but evidently wished that the pictures had not been in the book.

About ten miles west of Balhóor, among the mountains, on the middle route, we passed a soda-spring, which boils up more vehemently than any other that I have ever seen. There are, in fact, two fountains,—one on each side of a small fresh-water stream. That on the west side is three feet deep, and boils up so vigorously as to arrest the attention of the traveller, from the road which is far above. These springs, being on the margin of a brook, into which they discharge their waters, are prevented from depositing *tufa*, as in the case of others which I have mentioned. We encamped for the night, not far from the village of Agasár, which is fifteen miles from Balhóor.

Aug. 5. Our course was first west, and then north-west. We soon entered a narrow glen, with high mountains on either hand, and only room enough for a path on the bank of a stream which we followed, and often, hardly room for that. Two hours' ride brought us to the village of Vazerná, a nice hamlet, lodged among the cliffs; and we passed several smaller ones, similarly situated. All the arable soil is found in small terraced patches, on the brink of the streams, over which numerous beautiful stone bridges are thrown, to enable the caravans to thread their difficult way. Winding our course still up narrow glens, skirted with patches of grass and grain—the inheritance and hope of the peasants—we proceeded two or three hours, and came to a steep lofty mountain, which we ascended, and two or three others still above. Our way then lay along the top of a commanding ridge, while an ocean of lower ridges, with their peaks, cones and abysses, was stretched out to a vast distance on either hand. Descending a little on one side of the ridge we were following, we halted to bait our horses, on a grassy patch—a smiling oasis—near a small spring. And meanwhile, I made my way up to the top of a neighboring peak, from which I obtained a distant view of the Black Sea, far away and far below, enveloped in clouds. How grateful was the sight, after our long exile in the interior! Perhaps hardly less so, than to Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, when they caught their first glimpse of this sea, it may be, from this same summit! We proceeded to the north, along a table-land, on which were drifts of snow, and then crossed a still higher ridge from which our whole party ob-

tained a view of the sea. Descending in a western direction, about four miles, some of the way down very steep declivities, we came to *Maddén*, the silver mines, at which we had passed a night, on our way to Persia by the southern route.

Aug. 6. Five hours brought us to Karakapán. Snow was in sight in almost every direction, on the high ridges. Two taverns had been erected on the lofty table-land we crossed, since we went to Persia. The whole was then a dreary desolation. These taverns, however, which consist of small shops where plain provisions are sold, and spacious stalls kept ready for caravans, can be occupied only in summer. The last two miles before reaching Karakapán, led us down steep, rocky and difficult precipices, from the top of some of the highest summits in ancient Pontus.

While all the mountains, which we had crossed, were naked, those now below us were richly covered with forests; the trees, however, being rather sparse, with but little under-brush, and interspersed with cottages of the Greeks and Lăz, and small cultivated patches—no longer house joined to house, in huddled, dirty villages, but dotted over the mountain-sides and through the valleys, at various distances. The whole scene was delightful, and while it deeply impressed the bishop with the superior security of this country to that of all the regions beyond, in allowing people to dwell so far apart, it transported us, also, for the time, to the hills and dales of our own New England.

The views from Karakapán, so grand and beautiful—the waving forests, with cottages, barns and smiling fields scattered among them in long perspective, and the broad sea, dimly rising and blending with the sky, were soon suddenly shut from us by the pavilion of the great Creator. The deep dark clouds came rolling up from the ravines, in a manner far more sublime and awful, than at the same place on our former journey—curling and sweeping along the cliffs, till, almost in a twinkling, they rushed furiously by us, and enveloped us in a mist so thick, that we could scarcely see each other, while sitting side by side and conversing together. In a moment, a sudden gust of wind lifted up the curtain and revealed the panorama; and anon, as the wind subsided, it settled down again and clothed us in a darkness that we felt. We sat two hours, almost overwhelmed by these wonders and sublimities of nature, through which our thoughts were most naturally and irresistibly led up to nature's God.

Starting at 2 o'clock, P. M. we descended the long mountain to Javíslik—a second ride, to-day, of five hours. Our road, at first very steep, at length became less so; and we left the clouds above us and could now look down directly upon farm-houses and cultivated fields, which we had but indistinctly seen from the lofty heights above. About half way down the descent, we came upon a level tract, the forest continuing on either hand, and the road being very muddy, as the sun was entirely shut out by the trees. Here

several companies of men were at work, paving with stone a path about seven feet wide, under the direction of the Pashâ of Trebizond. Every two or three miles, too, all the way from Karakapán, a post-house and stables had arisen, during our absence, which strongly impressed us with the truth of what we had so often been reminded, that civilization is rapidly pushing itself over the lofty and rugged mountains of Asia Minor.

Our emotions were tender, as we came to *Javíslik*, and pitched our tent by the side of the roaring stream, on precisely the same spot where we pitched it, the first time we ever lodged under a tent, in the rain storm, the first evening from Trebizond. How many dangers, exposures and trials, through which the Lord had carried us in the interval, rose in our recollection, at the sight of that spot! How many mercies had we experienced! How wonderfully had a kind Providence led us by the hand, during all our wanderings, succeeded us in the long course of our missionary labors and graciously helped us so far on our return!

The mountains were now crossed, and we felt that our hardships, for the present, were over; and as we sat quietly under our tent, our hearts melted in gratitude in view of the divine goodness to us. Human life, however, is not long uninterrupted sunshine. Mrs. P., whose health had appeared to be rapidly improving all the way from Oróomiah, was, the same night, taken seriously ill. She had become very tired in descending the long mountain from Karakapán, being obliged to walk a part of the way, was in a state of perspiration when we reached our stopping-place, and by not taking sufficient precaution, caught a severe cold which induced her illness. And towards morning, a violent thunder-storm occurred. The rain poured down in such torrents, as soon to flood our tent. We dug a trench around it to convey the water away, and I spread quilts upon our bed and placed an umbrella over Mrs. P.'s head, and thus kept her and our babe from much exposure; but almost everything else in our tent was thoroughly drenched.

Aug. 7. Mrs. P. was so feeble as scarcely to be able to sit upon her horse; but she much preferred attempting it, being now within one stage of Trebizond, to remaining in our comfortless situation at Javíslik. I found some dry clothing in our thick, Russian leather-bags, and we drank a cup of coffee and started about 8 o'clock. As we advanced down the narrow valley of Trebizond river, the scene assumed almost a tropical aspect,—the olive and fig, as well as a great variety of berries, growing wild and in singular luxuriance. The glen gradually widened, and the cultivated patches and cottages became larger and more numerous, until the whole scene seemed familiar and almost American. As we approached Trebizond, we rose from the valley of the river, upon a broad country, covered with beautiful farms, with their extensive fields, pastures, meadows and forests, and looking down upon the quiet city, and the great sea with here and there a vessel upon its bosom.

About a mile from the city, we found the road intercepted by a quarantine guard. Mr. Johnston, in expectation of our arrival, had made arrangements for us to perform quarantine in his own house, which we were permitted to do, by the graciousness of the Pashâ, on condition of our employing a *Guardiano* to watch us. Mr. J. and his family were out a few miles in the country. As his house was, however, occupied by two members of the English embassy, who were to proceed in two days on their way to Persia, we concluded to stop under our tent, outside of the town, during the approaching Sabbath.

Aug. 9. We went into the city, strongly impressed with its *European* appearance, with its houses of *stone*-walls, tastefully whitened with lime, and its tiled roofs *inclined*. The European quarter had rapidly assumed a civilized aspect, both by the increase of foreign residents and the erection of superior houses, by some of the natives. The narrow streets, however, were still disagreeable. Soon after reaching the house of Mr. J., to which we were formally conducted through the city by our guardiano, I sought an interview with Sir John McNeill, with whom I had been acquainted in Persia, and who was then on the eve of commencing his land-journey, on his return as ambassador to that country. He received me with the utmost kindness, and of his own accord tendered his efficient aid and protection to our mission, expressing his confidence in us and a deep interest in our work.

Aug. 10. The steamer came from Constantinople! We had long watched for its appearance, (it being later by some hours than usual,) and what thrilling recollections did the sight of it awaken! When we passed here, a European sailing vessel was a rare curiosity. Now, two weekly steamers visit Trebizond. Our quarantine proved to be an amusing farce. The entire oversight of it was committed to our guardiano, who, instead of urging strictness in its observance, contrived various methods to help us through it as superficially as possible. The regulations required, that after bathing in the sea, we should put on clean clothes, belonging to persons not in quarantine. Our Nestorian companions, being strangers in a strange land, could not easily procure such changes. The guardiano told them to put on *their own*. The bishop, who had been robbed on the road, had two suits, one of which he had subsequently purchased of a Persian merchant at Erzróom. He had, the day before, put on his *clean* clothes, in prospect of entering the city. But to make the required *change*, the guardiano told him he must take off his *clean* clothes and have them fumigated and laid aside, and put on his *dirty* clothes, (which he had worn all the way from Erzróom,) and wear them during the period of quarantine. This is only a specimen of a Turkish quarantine. From beginning to end it was highly amusing,—particularly, as we had little apprehension of danger. We, however, made no attempt to evade or transgress its regulations.

I was of course interested to notice the religious and missionary

aspects of Trebizond. The Greeks have, from the first, stoutly opposed our mission there,—not so much the people, as the bigotted ecclesiastics. Many of the youth, on Mr. Johnston's first arrival, manifested an earnest desire to come to him for instruction; and some actually came, but were soon frightened away by the threats of the clergy; and the missionaries have never been able to do anything effectual for this class of the population. The Armenian ecclesiastics at first manifested little opposition. The bishop was very friendly to the missionaries,—so much so, that he was removed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, on account of his intimacy with them and his desire to enlighten his people. He was succeeded by a prelate whose bigotry is equalled only by his ignorance; but who has fortunately rendered himself so obnoxious to his flock, that it will be difficult for him long to retain his place. The Armenians of Trebizond are becoming tired of many of the corruptions of their sect,—particularly the use of pictures in churches; so much so, that churches recently built are very sparingly decorated. There are also "a few names" who come to the missionary's house on the Sabbath, for religious instruction, and who form a precious nucleus, around which multitudes will ultimately be gathered unto the Lord. I attended one of their meetings, and have seldom been more delightfully refreshed in any religious service. Two individuals, in particular, are evidently taught of the Holy Spirit. Our Nestorian bishop was introduced to them, and it was interesting to notice how soon they were all using one language, and that, "the language of Canaan." They mutually recognized each other as brethren in Christ, expressing their desire that all Christians might lay aside their national and denominational antipathies and become *one* in their common Lord. Repeatedly, too, while conversing together, did they avow the Bible as an ample and the only standard, in all matters of faith and practice.

The missionary there must be reproached and vilified; but he can, still, drop here a Tract, there a Bible, and speak a word in season to this and that individual; and can even preach to a little company on the Sabbath, assembled secretly for fear of the *bishop*, at his own hired house. He can also shed forth the savor of a holy example. And, notwithstanding his seclusion, he is a city set on a hill,—an epistle of the American churches, seen and read of all men. These united means, silently and unostentatiously exerted, are, under the divine blessing, re-kindling a light in ancient Pontus which will never be extinguished.

Aug. 19. We took passage on board the Austrian steamer, Metternich,—one of the fine large boats that ply regularly between Constantinople and Trebizond. On board was the agent, Mr. Chanaud, with his wife and sister, whom we found very agreeable companions. The native passengers were a motley mass of almost all Eastern tongues and nations, huddled thickly together all over the deck, except half of the quarter deck, which was separated from

the rest by a railing, and reserved for the use of the cabin passengers. It was just about twelve o'clock when we glided gently away from Trebizond. The green mountains and hills, and the city itself half embowered in fruit-trees, seemed smilingly to give us an accordant permission to go, and to pledge us a cordial welcome on our hoped-for return. The steamer touches at two places on the coast, viz. Samsóon and Sinópe. The former is about 130 miles west of Trebizond, at the head of a bay. It is a small town, containing perhaps five thousand inhabitants. The country around it resembles that in the vicinity of Trebizond, except that the mountains are lower and less precipitous. Samsóon is the great entry from the Black Sea to Anatolia and Mesopotamia. Many passengers from the interior were now waiting there to come on board. There is an English vice-consul there—Mr. Stephens—who communicates directly with the English resident at Bagdâd. A regular courier passes between the two places, making the journey in twelve or fifteen days; and this is the route usually travelled by Europeans, on their way to Mosûl and Bagdâd, and the best one for missionaries, travelling in that direction. About seventy miles west of Samsóon, is Sinópe, celebrated in Roman history. It is situated on a peninsula, the connecting isthmus being low and scarcely more than a quarter of a mile wide. The peninsula itself is a high rocky promontory.

Aug. 22. The captain called us, very early, to observe our entrance of the Bosphorus. The morning was clear and calm. We glided delightfully down the Straits, recognizing the familiar shores of this charming water, and seeming to ourselves almost as though waking from a long dream. We dropped anchor in the harbor, about six o'clock in the morning. All around us was again the great city of Constantinople. Everything appeared European. Great changes had actually taken place, during our absence. Steamers were darting in all directions, almost as briskly as in the harbor of New York; and every European aspect was magnified and heightened, in our view, by our long residence in the dark and distant regions beyond.

It was soon determined that we must all go to the Lazaretto, and perform another quarantine, on the ground of the lax regulations at Trebizond. The native passengers blustered, loudly demurred and prepared a remonstrance to send to the Sultân, being encouraged to do so by the captain and agent of the steamer. I was strongly importuned to second it; but thought it better to submit quietly to the powers that be, particularly as I did not wish to be troubled with the matter on the Sabbath. For one, I felt fully concious, moreover, that we had performed ,but a shadow of a quarantine at Trebizond, though the fault was not our own; and I was not sorry to observe symptoms of a more strict system at the capital. In the afternoon, the steamer weighed anchor and returned to the Lazaretto, which is five or six miles above the harbor on the Asiatic

shore of the Bosphorus. The establishment is spacious, convenient and imposing. Our Nestorian companions soon pronounced it the finest palace they were ever in,—superior even to that of the king of Persia. It was built for barracks, but has been used for a Lazaretto, most of the time since the quarantine system was introduced into Turkey. Among other indications of advancement in civilization, we here noticed *carriages*, rattling along on the fine level road on the water's edge,—the pleasure vehicles of Turkish ladies, instead of their grotesque ox-wagons of former times. Most of the Turks around us, too, were dressed in *Frank costume.*

Aug. 23. We were visited by several of our missionary friends from Constantinople. Our cup of joy would have been full on seeing them, had we not still been separated by a wide space, fenced off on either hand, and closely screened on one side, by lattices. An old lame Italian doctor was in an apartment near us, who had been employed by the Turkish government as quarantine physician at Samsoon. He gave me, to-day, a long story of his singular adventures in Persia, about thirty years ago, having, as he states, been entrusted with a secret letter from Napoleon to Feth Ali Shâh, at the time when the French emperor was meditating an expedition to India. The bishop told me, that the same doctor made his acquaintance, on board the steamer, and urged him to go directly to Rome for an education,—offering to give him a gratuitous passage and telling him that the rest of the world is as nothing compared with that *holy city.* The quarantine system is scattering almost innumerable such Papal agents through the ports and towns of the Turkish empire, in the capacity of quarantine doctors. The one now with us, told me that nearly three hundred European physicians—most of them Frenchmen and Italians—are thus employed in the Lazarettos of Turkey. What an array of Papal influence! As an offset, however, the quarantine system is doing much to shake down Mŭhammedism, by bringing all ranks and classes together, and placing them on a level. Turks, Armenians, Greeks and Jews, are thrown into the same apartment and compelled, in a great measure, to live in common. In our own enclosure, our Nestorian fellow-travellers occupied a room in one corner, and directly opposite was a brother of Hâfis Pashâ, one of the highest officers in the empire; and the Nestorians, who may not sit in the presence of a Persian of rank at home, I often saw conversing familiarly with this Turkish noble. Quarantine regulations, steamboats, and other levelling influences, are working changes in Turkey, far more mighty and rapid than could be effected by fleets and armies.

Aug. 31. We were liberated from our ten days' quarantine. Early in the morning, Mr. Hamlin very kindly came over from Beybék—a village nearly opposite the Lazaretto where he resides—and conducted us home, with whom and his wife, we had a delightful visit. Mr. H. has a boarding-school, of very promising Armenian

youth, who live and receive instruction in his family. The interest of the scene can better be conceived than described, when, at morning devotions, these youth came into the parlor with their New Testaments, and read a chapter—each reading a verse in turn—after which Mr. H. led in family prayer, in their native language. His school is almost under the eaves of a branch of a Papal college, and the learned Jesuit professors seem to be aware, that they have, in their Protestant neighbor, a match for them.

Just at evening, we rode in a câik, down to the city, and landed at Tŏp-khâna. Having no guide, we wandered about some time in Pera, inquiring for the *American clergyman*, meaning Mr. Goodell, and were at length conducted to the house of Dr. Robertson, a long distance out of our way. We were, however, truly happy to meet him and his family, from whom we had experienced so much kindness at Syra, on our way to Persia. There also we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Southgate. After tea, Dr. and Mrs. R. accompanied us to Mr. Goodell's. Sweet were the moments, and rich in blessing, as we, that evening, sat down with our missionary brethren and sisters, and recounted together the trials and mercies we had experienced, during our long separation. The family Bible was at length brought, and a chapter read, after which we sung a hymn, and prayer was offered by Mr. Goodell, whose fervent, impressive manner seemed to bear us away from earth, quite to the verge of heaven.

Sept. 3. We attended a meeting at Mr. Dwight's, where a number of Armenians statedly assemble. Mr. D. addressed them in the form of an expository sermon. They were very attentive, and appear to be humble, good men. Some of them are hopefully pious, and others are inquirers. The whole number, ever present, is about seventy.

Sept. 4. We visited a Turkish bath. The ordeal through which one passes, at the baths in Constantinople, is very thorough. It consists in the operator's first kneading the body with his hands; next, rubbing with hot water and a thick woollen cloth; and finally, washing with soap and water. The process was exceedingly refreshing and grateful. I had never before visited a public bath in the East. The Persians, with all their laxness in other respects, do not admit Christians to the privileges of their baths. I have sometimes been questioned concerning the cleanliness of the Persians. It is rather ceremonial than real. They may, perhaps, to use a familiar illustration, be compared to *ducks*—always washing, but never clean. A Persian once charged an Englishman with want of cleanliness, because he did not oftener bathe; on whom the Englishman, with infinitely better reason, retorted the charge, because the Persian seldom changed his linen, though he often bathed.

Sept. 6. We attended monthly concert at Mr. Dwight's, at 11 o'clock, A. M., the services being conducted in the Armenian and Turkish languages. The Nestorian bishop and myself gave some

account of our mission, which seemed greatly to delight the Armenians. Though of four different nations and communions, Armenian, Greek, American and Nestorian, all present were evidently of one heart and one mind. At evening, Mr. Dwight stated the particulars of a late excitement, among the Armenians, which is of a very interesting character, as indicating the progress of light. Not long since, a council of twenty-four Armenians was organized —a delegate being chosen, by all belonging to a particular trade or profession—to confer with the Patriarch, and consult for the interests of the nation. A few rich bankers and the higher ecclesiastics, who form the Armenian aristocracy, were naturally opposed to the existence of such a council; and bringing the Patriarch to their views, they made out a list of false charges against its members, which they presented to the government. The members of the council were suddenly arrested and thrown into prison. As soon as this was known, the merchants and other classes, rushed by thousands to the Porte, peremptorily demanding the release of those men, and at the same time brow-beating the bankers and bishops who had also assembled, in such fearless terms, that the vizier was forced to dismiss the prisoners, and promise to depose the Patriarch. This commotion indicates a wonderful advance of free inquiry, and freedom of speech and action, especially among the native Christians, at the Turkish capital.

Sept. 21. We took passage on board the steamer Crescent, for Smyrna. We had a delightful view of Constantinople, as we left the harbor, and passed down the Marmora. Nothing can surpass its external loveliness and magnificence. The Lord hasten the time, when St. Sophia, and all the hallowed temples of ancient christian worship, now in the hands of the enemy, may be rescued and filled with spiritual worshippers.

On board the steamer was a countryman—the Reverend Mr. Hyde, of Illinois! A *Mormon missionary*, on his way to Jerusalem! He had reached Constantinople two days before, and sent his message in writing to the Jewish Patriarch there, and hastened on, without seeing that dignitary, or waiting for an answer, in his zeal to reach the holy city. His particular object, he said, was the conversion of the Jews, who, he expects, are soon to return to Jerusalem. He had been twice in England, as he stated, since 1837, and as the fruits of his labors there, eight or ten thousand had embraced the Mormon system. He had also travelled in Germany, and was now preparing a book for publication in the German language, which was to contain the Mormon system. With very moderate cultivation, he evidently possessed no small share of tact and shrewdness. He was introduced to Mr. Goodell, as an *American clergyman*, and dined with him. From some source unknown to the Mormon, Mr. Goodell had received an intimation of his religious connexion; and with his Yankee birthright of asking questions, to the no small surprise of his guest, he at length bolted the

inquiry whether he were not a Mormon; which, with a momentary embarrassment, the stranger answered in the affirmative. Conversation then naturally ran upon the peculiarities of the sect. Mr. G. inquired whether they hold, that they enjoy the boon of *inspiration*. "Yes," said the Mormon, "and by the way," (patting his host upon the shoulder,) "I am thinking that *you* have just had a touch of it;" alluding to Mr. G.'s knowledge of his being a Mormon. The *names* by which the sect is called, were next mentioned. *Latter Day Saints*, said the Mormon, is the most common title among them. And how, inquired Mr. G. with a slightly curling tone, do *latter* day saints differ from *former* day saints? *We* think they *do not* differ much [i. e. primitive Christians and his sect], was the Mormon's ready reply. Christians in America have probably more to apprehend than to despise, in that growing fanaticism; and it may be, in relation to its progress abroad, as well as in our own country.

Oct. 22. While passing the site of ancient Troy at the lower end of the Straits of Dardanelles, I gazed upon the great plain, the monumental tumuli and mount Ida peering in the distance, with inexpressible emotions.

Sept. 23. The early light revealed to us Smyrna, which we reached about eleven o'clock last evening. It lies along a low mountain range at the south-east corner of the deep inland bay. I was disappointed in its external appearance. From the great amount of foreign trade which is carried on with that city, I had supposed it to be much larger, and to wear a much more European aspect. Mr. Temple, the eldest of the American missionaries resident there, came on board, early in the morning, and conducted us to his house. Eight years,—the period since I had seen this elder brother,—had rapidly deepened the furrows of care and toil and the impressions of a foreign climate on his features, and the same was true of his worthy lady. Mr. Riggs, another missionary of our Board, and Mr. Calhoun, agent of the American Bible Society, soon called to see us. In the former, I recognized a beloved college class-mate, and with the latter, I had long held a delightful correspondence. Mr. Adger and lady we met at Constantinople, where he was just recovering from the small-pox, which had laid him upon the brink of the grave. Mr. Temple had, in accordance with a request which I had forwarded to him from Constantinople, already engaged a passage for us, in the brig Magoun, of Philadelphia, Capt. Haven; and this vessel was to sail the next morning. We had expected to enjoy a longer visit with our missionary friends at Smyrna; but considering the lateness of the season, we could not regret our being required to leave them so soon.

About one third of the city,—as it was estimated in round numbers, 11,000 houses,—had, a few weeks before, been laid in ashes by a sweeping conflagration. The consequent distress was very great. The fire did not reach the Frank quarter. The Mŭhammedans and

the Jews were the principal sufferers. They were now rapidly rebuilding; but it must require a long period before the town will recover from such a disaster. The Sultân had made some provision for the temporary relief of the houseless and pennyless inhabitants; but their wants were far enough from being fully reached by the hand of government or of charity. Messrs. Temple and Riggs are engaged in labors for the benefit of the Greeks; and Mr. Adger, for the Armenians. They are all doing much in the preparation and publication of books and a Greek and an Armenian periodical. The light of truth is advancing, in Smyrna and the region; and the influence of the books and periodicals of the missionaries, is deeply felt, through the length and breadth of the Greek and Armenian countries.

Sept. 24. Our emotions were peculiar, as we found ourselves, after all our wanderings, once more on board an American merchantman, expecting, if God should prosper us, that our next stopping-place would be on our native soil. Our vessel was the first of the fruit-vessels of the season, that cleared the harbor of Smyrna, and our captain started with a feeling of proud assurance, that his cargo would be the first in America. And if untiring exertions, anxious solicitude, and the most scrupulous fidelity and devotion to the interests of his employers could have effected it, he would have been the first to reach home. But the merchantman must still depend on the fickleness of the wind, which bloweth where and when it *listeth*, just as much as it did before rail-roads and steam-boats were known. Sixty-five days was the time proposed by the captain, when we started, as the maximum period of our voyage; but so far from that, we were *one hundred and nine* days on our way to New York.

We were forty-three days in reaching the Straits of Gibraltar, during which we "were driven about," as was Paul, "in Adria," being tempest-tossed in one instance, between Sicily and Malta, a whole week, without advancing a foot, and amid seas which the captain estimated to be fifty-five feet, from their yawning depths to their foaming summits. We encountered another storm of similar duration and violence, between Sicily and Sardinia. We then enjoyed a prosperous sail to the Western Islands, and our hopes of soon reaching home were again high raised; but a little to the westward of those islands, we encountered an almost uninterrupted storm of three weeks, during which we were unable to advance a single mile, though we were repeatedly driven back hundreds of miles, and again made our way up to the same Rubicon, which was about 37° west longitude. The wonders of the mighty deep were still more awful and terrific in the midst of the Atlantic, during this period, than those which we had witnessed in the storms of the Mediterranean. Our vessel was an old one and we should have been anxious for our safety, had not our captain been a man of courage enough to *lie to*, in violent gales, when attempts to sail would, in any vessel, do little more than incur peril. In one instance, we were thrown into most imminent danger from another source. As we were lying *hove to*,

in a violent storm, a large ship dashed by us, in the darkness of midnight, running before the wind at the rapid rate of nine or ten knots an hour, and came within a few feet of us. Had she struck our vessel, we must have been sunk in a moment, and never known the cause. I remonstrated with the captain as far as it was proper, for not keeping up lights at night, as he had done in the Mediterranean. 'There is not one chance in a thousand,' he replied, 'of running foul of a vessel on the wide ocean.' But who would wish to be in that *thousandth* vessel! There was an apology in his case, however, as our unexpectedly long passage was likely to make us short of oil.

Our captain had early and very properly put us on allowance of provisions and water, in prospect of a long passage. Considering the length of the period we were out, we fared comfortably to the end, though we had reached our last barrel of water, and had for some time felt anxious on this point, before we reached New York, on the 11th of Jan. 1842. Mar Yohannan, to say nothing of the rest of our party, became tired enough of the ocean, and the transition, as he left the long prison of the cabin of the Magoun and sallied forth into Broadway, ranged over the great commercial metropolis of the New World and gazed upon its wonders, was altogether indescribable. And to us who had been so long in a distant exile, where we had seen the face of but a single American besides our missionary companions, our sudden change was little less striking. It appeared to us passing strange, to hear every one around us speaking the English language and see them all dressed in our own costume. And at night, we almost fancied ourselves in a fairy land, as we saw the streets all lighted, the houses opening directly to them, and gentlemen and ladies briskly promenading the pavements, unconscious of exposure,—so different was the whole from Persia.

While this change, from the tedium and perils of our long voyage to the freedom of the shore, the greeting of friends after our long absence, and the tender delights of reaching America, were grateful to us beyond description, I must except one of our number. Judith, who was thirteen months old when we left Smyrna, earned an eulogium on the ocean as well as on the land, having thrived wonderfully during our whole rough passage, and seeming to enjoy life at sea far more than anywhere else. She began to walk the day we embarked, and soon became able to run about the deck, with a nimbleness that put to blush her fellow-passengers, and almost vied with the practised sailors; and she became so fond of the deck, that we found it extremely difficult to quiet her in the cabin, during her waking hours, and were obliged to allow her a free range above, even while the vessel was lying to in gales, if it did not actually storm. Without any milk on the passage, and living only on ordinary passenger's fare, she grew rapidly and was contented and happy, to the last, to an extent that astonished all on board.

One circumstance, attending our voyage, though peculiar to a

fruit-vessel, I should not omit to mention. Our cargo, besides raisins and some other articles, contained 15,000 drums of figs. Every fig, soon after being put up, discharges a *worm*, resembling in size and appearance the common worm of the apple. And during the first three weeks of our voyage, the vessel was full of those worms. The deck, and the walls and ceiling of the cabin, at all times, presented literally an *animated scene*,—nay, the little creatures were everywhere. They would weave their web in our ears while we were asleep at night, and work themselves into every trunk and garment and seam; and they had such power of attenuating themselves that they entered my writing-desk, which appeared to shut perfectly tight, and even worked themselves up into the interior of every goose-quill, where there was hardly a perceptible orifice. They, however, neither *bite* nor *sting*, and during the fourth week of the voyage, they wholly disappeared. Should the curious be inclined more accurately to know the *number*, besides the data I have given, he might perhaps estimate it, by ascertaining the number of figs in a drum. I may also add, that the Nestorian bishop, in view of the number, would often shudder and in his broken English, say of them, "Oh, plenty"—"very plenty." The reader can do as he chooses, with the facts before him, about sailing in a fruit-vessel.

Our friends at home, after the arrival of several ships from Smyrna, which left that port later than our own, looked anxiously for us and were at length constrained to give us up as lost. A reason finally appeared, wherefore *we* were detained. One of the first items of intelligence that reached me after going on shore was, that a special meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. was to take place in New York the next week. How did the news thrill our bosoms, indicating, as the measure did, not more an exigency, in the financial affairs of that Board, than a deepened, quickened and extended interest in the great cause, in which it is engaged. Mar Yohannan's arrival just at that juncture, and his novel and striking appearance at the meetings, naturally and necessarily gave a thrilling interest to the occasion,—an interest, perhaps important enough, in the estimation of the great Head of missions, for Him to have charged the winds and the waves concerning us, to keep us back unharmed, until the eve of that important occasion. And how did our hearts melt and overflow within us, as we came from the deep darkness of benighted Persia, to be thus ushered directly into the great congregation of the wise and the good, convened from different and distant places, to consult and to pray for the prosperity of Zion in heathen lands.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

In the form of a concluding chapter, I may briefly and *informally* recall the attention of the reader, to some of the general impressions which he may have received in the perusal of the foregoing pages, to aid in fixing them the more distinctly in his mind, as well as throw together a few miscellaneous topics, not elsewhere introduced.

One such impression naturally remarked is, the reality and constancy of the presence and agency of God, in all that pertains to his missionary servants. *He* sustains them under their toils and trials, and protects them in their exposures. Not a tear starts in their eyes without his sympathy. Not a hair falls from their heads without his notice. And not a stroke of violence is inflicted on their persons without his permission. Nor less real and constant is his agency in whatever of success attends their labors. However signally the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified through their instrumentality, their part of the work is only *instrumentality*. All the efficiency is of God.

From the commencement of our mission to the present time, we have had fresh occasion, at every step, to rear an "Ebenezer" and thankfully inscribe upon it, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." This cannot fail to appear, if we call to mind our unobstructed access to the people from the first—our oft repeated restoration from distressing sickness—the long preservation of our lives, amid the deadly influences of a pestilential climate, and of our work, amid the threatening prospects of hostile commotion—our manifold deliverances from perplexities and difficulties, from the subtle designs of artful and formidable Papal adversaries, from personal danger and from death—the favor and protection which we have enjoyed from Mŭhammedan rulers—the uninterrupted general prosperity that has attended our various and extensive missionary labors, and above all, the influences of the Holy Spirit, vouchsafed to crown with a measure of saving success our unworthy instrumentality. It is one of the richest sources of encouragement and support to the missionary, and should not be less so to his patrons, to be able thus to recognize the *hand of God*, as working with them and through them; thus and thus alone is the ultimate success of the cause made to rest upon the foundation of a blessed certainty; for, "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that would build it;" and if *He* build it, it *will* be reared, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The enterprise of missions, is, from beginning to end, a work of

sacrifices; but this should not impair its interest nor load it with objections. It commenced with the great atoning Sacrifice, for a fallen world; and sacrifices must characterize it, till the world is brought back to its allegiance to God. As the Lord Jesus, though being in the form of God, divested himself of the radiant splendors of the divine glory, made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, so his followers are enjoined by an apostle, to let this mind be in them, which was also in Christ Jesus. The disciple is not above his Master nor the servant above his Lord. Because, then, the work of diffusing the knowledge of that great salvation, which He, by his infinite condescension—his life of sufferings and death of agony, has provided, requires sacrifices on the part of his children, shall they demur, and regretfully ask, as did the grudging disciples when the precious ointment was poured upon his head, "to what purpose is this waste?" Is the object of such sacrifices and the reward for them not an ample compensation? Ask an apostle. 'For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. I count all things but loss, that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the *fellowship* of his *sufferings.* For to you it is *given*—[an exalted privilege]—in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.' O how inadequately do those believers prize their spiritual birth-right, and estimate the salvation of a perishing world, who make their sad lamentation over the *sacrifices*, involved in the work of missions!

Female consecration to the work is, by many, regarded, not only as a sacrifice, but a gratuitous one—not called for—thrown away. Little do such know the value of female influence in the foreign field. If the wife, by her sustaining power, can render the missionary, who, as a single man, might sink into the grave, under the burden of his work and the solitude of his situation, within five years after reaching his post, an efficient laborer, twice, thrice or four times five years, the probability of which it would not be difficult to show, to say nothing of the many other inestimable benefits of her example and labors, is the life of that female thrown away? It is matter of unfeigned gratitude to God, that there are not wanting devoted females, to earn and to receive, in the missionary service, that plaudit, so much more enviable than the marble of the Cæsars, of which, not alone a mercenary Judas, but many a faithful disciple, unwittingly, would rob them, "She hath done what she could." The churches may spare their regret for the sacrifice of such females, or at least, exchange it for prayer and thanksgiving, on their account. Says another, "Sometimes, brethren, when I have thought of them, [missionaries,] as far off, surrounded only by the darkness and degradation of heathenism, suffering every privation, toiling from year to year under every outward discouragement, with no friendly voice to animate them, and no sympathizing bosom on which to repose

their aching heads in the hour of despondency and gloom;—when I have thought of the delicate, the refined, the enlightened female missionary, the dew of her youth expended in ceaseless anxieties and unremitted toil—when I have followed her, in my imagination, to some secluded spot to which she is wont to retire, perhaps in the stillness of the evening hour, to think of her home, and to recall the looks and the affections of those from whom she is separated until they meet beyond the vale of death, where parting is unknown; and when I have there witnessed the deep, convulsive throes of her heart, while the tears chase each other over her pale and care-worn cheeks—I have said in my haste—It is too much—can, does God require it? But when I have read of their love for the work, and how their consolations abounded in the midst of their trials;—when I have read of their holy enjoyment in God, of their sweet peace of mind, of their ardent aspirations after heaven, as faith unfolded to their enraptured vision the brightness of its glory;—when I have read of their composed, of their peaceful and triumphant death, and thought of the unfading brilliancy of that crown, which shall encircle their brows—I have said—It is not a vain thing to serve the Lord;—whatever sacrifices it involves, its rewards are infinitely preferable to earth's highest honors and purest pleasures."*

We would not lay down the principle, that missionaries should, in all cases, be married men. There are fields, spheres of labor and circumstances, as there doubtless will be, till the world is converted, in which it is as clearly expedient for modern missionaries to go forth and labor single, as it was for Paul, in the "distress" of the times in which he lived; and modern Pauls, when duty requires it, will rejoice to make this sacrifice also, and follow in this particular the example of the great apostle.

Most Christians at home have hardly yet known the meaning of the term, *sacrifice*, in connexion with the work of missions. How few, comparatively, have ever given to this cause, a contribution beyond their entire convenience, or even half what they might have given, without feeling it. God, in his providence, seems about to afford them an opportunity to learn the lesson and taste the luxury of making sacrifices. May they prize and embrace the privilege, and reap the recompense of reward.

Our missionary field has necessarily been one of somewhat peculiar self-denial,—difficult of access—facilities for communication irregular and imperfect—encompassed by vast territories of Mŭhammedan dominion, and with a sickly climate. Any field, however, is far more trying to pioneers than to their successors. Ours may now be commonly reached by the missionary, in company with caravans, without much danger; and the fatigue of the long land-journey, with proper precautions, need not amount to very serious exposure to a lady. Our health-retreat holds out the grateful promise

* Rev. Dr. W. R. Dewitt's sermon before the A. B. C. F. M. 1842, p. 18.

of relief from the sickliness of the climate. And our contiguous situation, in the city of Oróomiah, contributes much to the security and comfort of our residence. Our mission premises embrace about an acre, pleasantly shaded by numerous tall sycamores, enclosed on all sides, by a high mud-wall and entered by a single gate. Within this enclosure are the dwellings of the missionaries, (four families,) our seminary of about fifty pupils,—our girl's boarding-school, of between twenty and thirty—and our printing establishment,—in all, about one hundred individuals, besides our school for young Mŭhammedans and our medical dispensary. Our permanent community are regulated in their labors, studies, recitations and religious exercises, by the hours of the day, somewhat in the manner of a college in America, while the members of the mission are also abroad among the villages, more or less, visiting the schools and preaching the gospel. Our proximity to each other renders it easy for the missionaries to be together daily, or oftener, for business, or social and religious purposes, and is an unspeakable relief in case of sickness. Thus, far away in a benighted land, and in the heart of a Mŭhammedan city,

> We are a garden, walled around,
> Chosen and made peculiar ground,
> A little spot, enclosed by grace,
> Out of the world's wide wilderness.
>
> Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
> Planted by God, the Father's hand;
> And all his springs in Zion flow,
> To make the young plantation grow.

We do not, however, expect entire exemption from sufferings, nor would we ask it, while cheered by the animating assurance, that if we suffer with Him [Christ,] we shall also reign with Him.

While speaking of sacrifices, I should not omit to suggest, that in view of the self-denials and trials incident to his work, *hope* is an important element in the missionary's character. It is indeed a cardinal christian grace, in believers in general,—placed between faith and charity by an apostle. But it is preëminently indispensable, in the foreign laborer, who would be happy and successful, in his arduous undertaking. No doubting Thomas ought ever to be sent into the field, to hang as a mill-stone upon the necks of his sufficiently burdened brethren, magnifying difficulties, and creating the discouragements which he fancies to exist. The missionary must be disposed habitually to *rejoice in hope*, as well as be patient in tribulation and instant in prayer. Not that he need be, or should be, unduly sanguine in his expectations. *In medio tutissimus ibis;* safety lies between the two. He must expect great things, for Christ's kingdom—at least *hope* for them—or he will never attempt great things.

The state and prospects of our mission to the Nestorians are in-

creasingly encouraging. We have multiplied village-schools, from time to time, as teachers have become qualified in our seminary, to the utmost extent of our pecuniary means. These schools are now about twenty in number, besides the seminary and female boarding-school, all of which have, from their commencement, been in a flourishing condition. They contain about five hundred scholars; and it is delightful to mark the progress of these scholars, where, a few years ago, no schools existed,—to see them gradually rise, in the brief course of even the imperfect education which we are able to furnish them, from the rude, ignorant, squalid children, first collected, up to the comparatively intelligent young men, like plants grown up in their youth, and daughters, as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; and yet more delightful, to mark their rapid progress in religious knowledge, their increased attention to eternal things, and the hopeful conversion of here and there one from the power and bondage of sin, to the love and service of the living God. Our educational efforts hold out the cheering prospect, in connexion with our other labors, of furnishing the Nestorians with an intelligent and pious ministry; and with their aid, of gradually raising the whole mass to an intelligent and virtuous people.

It is but a little more than two years since the arrival of our press, and the commencement of printing among the Nestorians. The power of this mighty agency can never be told, especially in its operations in a benighted land. The press has sometimes been called *the modern gift of tongues*. It is so; but is also much more. It is the gift of tongues stereotyped. Instead of the ephemeral unction of a Pentecostal occasion, by which every man was made to hear of the wonderful works of God in his own language, it gives to them all the permanent record of those wonderful works, to be read and re-read, and transmitted to successive generations. And instead of being limited to Jerusalem, or carried to their respective countries, by the living voice of all those Parthians and Medes and dwellers in Mesopotamia, as was the gospel originally conveyed, the press has the power of *ubiquity*. The same organ proclaims the truth, not in one country, nor two, nor ten, but on both continents, and in all lands; and in our day, almost simultaneously. I hardly need say, that our printing establishment, under the able and efficient management of Mr. Breath, promises unspeakable blessings to the Nestorians; and while it is like a tree of life to that people in particular, some of its leaves will not fail to prove a healing to the other nations also of those benighted regions, that are importuning us to make books for *them*, as well as for the native Christians. In connexion with my other labors, I have commonly spent a part of each day in the work of translation, and have thus been enabled to complete a version of the New Testament, and some smaller works for our schools. Parts of the New Testament are already printed, and we hope erelong to have the whole in free circulation, in our schools and among the people. Several Tracts, pre-

pared by different members of our mission, are also dropping from the press as the rain, and their speech distilling as the dew. During my visit in the United States, I have superintended the preparation of models for a new font of Syriac type, which Mr. Hallock is now successfully engaged in casting, and which cannot fail greatly to facilitate our printing operations.

But the most interesting department of our labors, is our preaching the gospel in the Nestorian churches, as already noticed. The scene is deeply interesting, as we take our places in those plain, venerable churches, that point us back so directly to early times, perhaps to apostolic labors—a Nestorian bishop standing on one hand, and a priest on the other, and a congregation, seated upon their coarse mats, or on the simple earth-floor, crowded shoulder to shoulder, and listening to the words of life, as they fall from the speaker's lips, with an eagerness of countenance, that would almost loose the tongues of those of our mission, who had not yet learned their language, and inspire them with the power of utterance. It is always an unspeakable privilege to preach the gospel of salvation; but peculiarly so, in such circumstances. Never have I addressed audiences elsewhere, respecting which, it might apparently with so much truth be said, that they received the word with gladness.

Some of the native clergy, who have been a considerable time under the influence of our mission, are becoming themselves very able and faithful preachers of the gospel. Often have I heard them address their people, with a solemnity and power, which we associate with the preaching of apostles. The earnest, moving voice of priests Abraham, Dunka and Yohannan, who are in middle life, and the less pungent, but affectingly serious and tremulous tones of the venerable Mar Elias, urging their people to repentance and salvation, are so vivid in my recollection, as to seem often to be still sounding in my ears! They, and a few others of the clergy, go out not only in company with the missionaries, but alone also, and address other congregations on the Sabbath.

The attendance on our preaching, during the winter and spring previous to my leaving the field, was full, and a deep solemnity pervaded the assemblies. Indeed, an unwonted interest, on the subject of religion, appeared to be awakened and extending itself throughout the whole province of Oróomiah. The indications that the Holy Spirit was verily in the midst of us, and around us, were clear and often very impressive,—not in the thunder, nor the whirlwind, nor the earthquake; but in the still, small voice, that convinced many of their sins and their need of a Saviour, and led some to Christ, to the saving of their souls.

Such was the state of our mission, when I reluctantly left the field, more than a year ago, on account of the impaired health of Mrs. Perkins. Many of the *nominal* Christians, who, when I went among them, about nine years since, found such ready apologies for their sins and immoralities, in their *depressed political* condition,

now as readily turn the scale against themselves, recognizing in the rigor of their bondage, the hand of a kind heavenly Father, scourging them for their backslidings, and seeking to reclaim and save them. The church that was *dead*, while it had a name to live, is beginning to awake, and arise into life. The great valley which was full of bones, very many and dry, is beginning to feel the quickening power of the breath of Jehovah. Bone is coming to its bone, and the ghastly, lifeless skeleton begins to be invested with flesh—with spiritual comeliness and vitality. In a word, the Lord is moving, through the agency of our mission, and by the influence of his Spirit, upon the entire body of the Nestorians of Oróomiah, a population of between thirty and forty thousand, waking them to thought and reflection, and a work, which may, in a certain and interesting sense, be called, a revival of religion, still and gradual, but deep and general, is in progress among them, which promises to make them again a people whose God is the Lord. A verdant oäsis has thus suddenly sprung up around us, in the midst of that great moral wilderness, as yet indeed small, but bidding fair rapidly to extend, until it shall cause the whole mighty desert to bud and blossom as the rose!

I anticipate such a result, as I have before suggested, and at no very distant period,—not by any human might or power, nor by miracles, strictly so called; but by, "my Spirit, saith the Lord;" by the promised, and to some extent, the already vouchsafed, blessing of Jehovah, on the humble efforts which American Christians are putting forth for the revival of religion among the Nestorians. Pure religion once revived among the remnant of that ancient missionary church—situated as it is in the centre of Mŭhammedan dominion and far toward the centre of benighted Asia, and still possessing, as it does, rare native capabilities, as well as such felicity of location, for the effective renewal of its missionary efforts, and it must be most emphatically a city set on a hill whose light can never be hid. It must shed forth such a flood of celestial radiance as shall scatter the thick clouds and sweep away the mighty barriers of Mŭhammedan and Papal abominations, that have so long hedged them in and lowered over them, and send forth hosts of heralds of the gospel, of a stamp so primitive as shall soon ring the joyful sound over the mountains and plains and deserts, and through the valleys, of their own benighted continent, and aid efficiently in speeding its flight through all the world.

The success of the branch of our mission to the Nestorians of Koordistân, is at present naturally regarded as somewhat problematical, alike from the peculiarities of the country, the character of the people, and the existing disturbances arising from the efforts of the Turkish government to subject those wild mountain tribes. First excited hopes, in relation to such fields, are usually subject to a measure of chastening, as has been the case with the Zulus of South Africa, the Druses of Mt. Lebanon, and many of our western In-

dians. The mountain Nestorians necessarily present a much more precarious and less feasible missionary field, than those of Persia, who dwell in a smooth, fertile country, are fixed in their habits, comparatively civilized in their character, and live under a regular system of government.

There is, however, a charm in the word, *independence*, especially to a *republican* ear,—and a peculiar charm, when the term is applied to nominal Christians in a Mŭhammedan land. And it is, indeed, wonderfully interesting, that a portion of the mountain Nestorians have so long maintained a species of independence among savage Mŭhammedans; nor less so, that they have equally resisted the encroachments of wily Papal foes, and retained their reverence for the Bible and the simplicity of their religious forms and opinions, as well as their political freedom. A comparison of these Nestorians with the Waldenses is perfectly natural, nor is it, in some respects, improper, though the former never probably possessed the spirituality of the latter. And we are not the only ones who love to fancy the wild cliffs of Koordistân, as reverberating with the sweet and thrilling notes that purport to have echoed through the valleys of Piedmont.

"THANKS BE TO GOD FOR THE MOUNTAINS."*

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God:
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod:
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's feet ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon,
Whose light must never die:
We are guardians of an altar,
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage;
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by thy strength is stirred;
For the storm on whose free pinions,
Thy Spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

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* Hymn of the Vaudois mountaineers, in times of persecution.—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

The royal eagle darteth,
On his quarry from the heights;
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman,
Cannot reach our lofty caves.
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshhold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock out-spread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents;
For the free hearts' burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God."

But we must look at these mountain Nestorians soberly and practically, as well as poetically, would we wisely project, and successfully execute, missionary efforts among them. The term, *independent*, applied to them in an unqualified manner, may be as deceptive as it is grateful. What then is the real import of their independence? Why, that by the aid of the rocky ramparts that surround them, their muskets and spears which they always keep near them, and their corresponding habits of fierce, desperate daring, two clans have for ages resisted the exaction of tribute, demanded by the neighboring Koordish chiefs, or taxes, by the Turkish government within whose remote territorial limits they dwell. This desperate resistence has had its day and accomplished its noble object. It has preserved those christian clans, during long ages of darkness, from being trodden down by the vindictive Mussulmân, and decoyed by the artful Jesuit. But it is to be admired in the past, rather than for the future. That dispensation is ready to vanish away, and a new era begins to dawn. And has the pacific cause of Protestant missions anything to suffer in the loss of such an independence? Are the inhabitants of New Zealand that remain *independent*, better off than their neighbors who come under the control, and feel the civilizing, humanizing influence of English authority and English institutions? If the cases be not fully *parallel*, the latter well illustrates the former. The savage Koords and the wild *independent* Nestorians are in little danger of injury, by being made to yield to the influence of a regular *Mŭhammedan* government; especially, a Mŭhammedan government, which is now rapidly passing through

a series of mutations, that, in their progress, will shake to pieces the whole existing fabric, and distribute the fragments among *civilized, christian nations.*

The unsettled state of things in Koordistân, in connexion with the wild character of the country and the people, may, for some time, render it difficult for missionaries to reside there; and temporary visits to the field cannot of course accomplish great results. That the ultimate effect of political commotions there, will, however, be, to lay open a more ready and safe way of access to all parts and classes of that fearful country, there can be little doubt; for the arm that subjugates the wild, independent Nestorians, will at the same time conquer, and in some measure, tame, the ferocious Koords in the midst of whom they dwell. Nor will those nominal Christians be merely thus rendered more accessible. They will also be in a better condition to be benefitted by missionaries. We have, at Oróomiah, felt the advantage, arising to our work, from the fact that the docile Nestorians there, are under dominion to the Mŭhammedan powers that be. Our mission among them is doubtless far more prosperous, while they are in that dependent state, than it would be, if it were subject to the unchecked caprices of a people, the mass of whom are so imperfectly influenced by the spirit of the gospel. As Christianity shall be more revived among them and become a controlling principle, and the way be thus prepared, Providence, we trust, will remove the galling Mŭhammedan yoke, as no longer needed, and make the Nestorians of Persia *independent*, in some measure, in a political and civil sense, as well as *Christ's freemen.*

But far more important is it for the defenceless missionary, that those *wild mountaineers* should be put and kept under the restraint of a regular government, alike that he may reach the Nestorians with less exposure from their savage Koordish neighbors, and that he may be less subject than he must be in their present state, to those rough, *unreasonable* men of the *christian name*, until they shall, in like manner, be imbued and softened under the influence of Christianity. We may regard the present disturbances in Koordistân, then, as not fraught with much evil to the prospects of the mission to that region. "I am sorry," said a devoted friend of the cause, "that I ever had my interest so excited for that people, only to be again disappointed." This interest, if intelligent and founded in genuine zeal, should not, and need not, wane. Those frowning clouds may soon display a brighter bow of promise, than has yet beckoned us to that field; they may be merely gathering showers of mercy, to distil in richness upon its perishing inhabitants, till "the mountains shall flow down at the presence of the Lord, to make his name known to his adversaries;" till "the mountains"—so proverbial as the seats of war and wild ferocity and terror, in the East—"shall bring *peace* to the people." Commotions, there, as elsewhere, should at least be regarded, as only that overturning,

which is needed there and elsewhere, to prepare the way for Him whose right it is to reign. I have learned to hope, far more than to fear, from political storms in Asia.

Having spent a few months in Constantinople, on my way to Persia, at the time when the religious interest first began to appear among the Armenians there, I naturally visited that field, with peculiar interest, on my return. I had expected to find great and pleasing changes, that had occurred in the interval; but my anticipations were far more than realized. During my long absence, a wonderful advance, notwithstanding all the storms which the mission has encountered and perhaps partly in consequence of them, had been made in the progress of the gospel.

I have mentioned the conflagrations in that great city, which, in population, almost rivals the British metropolis. It often happens, during these conflagrations, that while the flames are spreading themselves rapidly and irresistibly in unbroken sheets, in all directions, a burning cinder, or shaving, borne upward and onward, by the rising gust that is created by the flames, is wafted silently away, drops unperceived at some distant point, and kindles a new fire there, similar to the desolating centre from which it came. And there is something quite analogous to this, in the religious phenomena, that are now presented in Constantinople and the surrounding region. By the blessing of God, on the labors of his faithful missionaries, a moral illumination is kindled in that great and wicked metropolis, that is blazing up to heaven and spreading rapidly to the remotest parts of the empire. Sometimes, a Tract or Bible, like the lighted shaving, flies away from that city, as on the wings of the wind or of the birds of the air, and falls unobserved in some distant place, and soon kindles another moral conflagration, which becomes itself the source of others still and so on.

An illustration of these remarks is furnished, in the history of a copy of the Tract, entitled the Dairyman's Daughter, dropped, some years ago, by the Rev. Wm. Goodell, in the town of Nicomedia, as he was travelling through the place, where he knew nobody and was known to no one. The little Tract was read; and under the divine blessing on the humble instrumentality, it was made the means of effecting a change so wonderful, in that benighted place, that when Nicomedia was visited, several years afterward, by another member of the mission at the Turkish capital, a considerable number of enlightened, spiritual Christians were found there, who had never before met with a missionary. And now Nicomedia itself has become a radiant point, from which the light of truth is rapidly emanating in different directions, to aid in illumining that Mŭhammedan empire. The mission stations at Broosa, Trebizond and Erzróom are also re-kindling the lamps of Christianity which had gone out, and the truth is beginning to radiate from them also, as centres, to disperse the deep darkness of surrounding regions. Many of the Armenian Christians are *merchants*—eminently a *locomotive*

people, found in all parts of the world, those of different and distant regions always having, at the same time, much intercourse with each other. This characteristic is highly favorable to the rapid and extensive diffusion of religious influence in connexion with the labors of the missionaries.

There are encouraging aspects in the Providence of God, affecting, at the present time, the general cause of truth in the East, which give to the revival of religion, now in progress among the oriental churches, a peculiar interest and importance,—aspects, which indicate another branch of the divine working, but running parallel with the missionary enterprise, and tending to the same grand consummation, the conversion of the world.

To the extension of the power of steam, since our mission was commenced, by which the distance is almost annihilated, between Europe—and indeed between America—and the remote ports of the Black Sea, I have already alluded. The influence of this extension of steam-power is amazing, in preparing the way for the spread of the gospel, by bringing different and distant nations into near and familiar proximity, and thus breaking down their national and sectional prejudices, and in the intercommunication and rapid diffusion of light and general intelligence.

Beyond the shores of that distant sea, the *steamer* even cannot push its way. It cannot scale those lofty mountains, whose snow-capped summits pierce and peer above the clouds. But ever sleepless, restless, advancing commerce can, and does, cross those mountains. And though it cannot *level* them, it can smooth the way over them. When I went to Persia, about nine years ago, 13,000 caravan horses and mules were accustomed to pass annually on the route which we travelled between Trebizond and Erzróom; i. e. that number of loads was then the annual aggregate of caravan travel. But on our return, the number had doubled,—26,000 instead of 13,000, as the English consul at Trebizond informed me, now annually travelling that same route. And the adamantine ledges of the rocky passes had evidently been worn down and smoothed, and the road essentially improved, in the interval, by the incessant attrition of the hoofs of beasts of burden, in so vast an amount of travel,—so much so, that rude wheel-carriages are beginning to take the place of the backs of animals, as the vehicles of merchandize, over a part of the way, and the prospect is, that they will at length be able to run the whole of that formidable route.

But how much more important an effect of this rapid increase of commerce, in that direction, is the tide of light and civilization, which it is rolling into the dark empires beyond those mountains! By these mighty strides of commerce, the *Earth*, in the language of Scripture, is verily *helping the woman*;—in other words, the hand of the Lord, in controlling and directing the current of secular adventure and enterprise, is opening the way, for the introduction and triumph of the gospel, in all the world, but particularly, in western

and central Asia, in a manner too wonderful to be comprehended or hardly believed, except by the astonished beholders who personally observe the surprising phenomena!

Not that this flood of commerce, which is thus rolling eastward, is entirely unalloyed. The *vicious influence* of civilized nations, like the frogs of Egypt, is every where. In the heart of Turkey, the missionary sees the children of peasants, playing briskly with European cards, where not one child in perhaps ten thousand knows a letter of any language. And *New England Rum*, is still almost the only commercial representative with which our christian, Protestant country, has ever yet honored the markets of distant, benighted, Mŭhammedan Persia! But the overruling hand of the Lord can, and does, cause the good greatly to preponderate over the evil. The swelling tide of trade and adventure, on which this liquid poison and demoralizing practices *steal* their passage, pours into the East far more light than darkness; far more blessings than curses; and with all its attendant evils, commerce is rapidly hastening the day, when holiness to the Lord shall be written on all the bells of its caravan horses. And is it by a mere figure, that the extending rail-roads of Europe and America—a mode of communication which is destined to pervade the world—point us to the predicted period, when "every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God,"—a moral consummation which, as matter of fact, who can doubt that these rail-roads are rapidly hastening!

The increasing disposition in Asiatics to adopt European customs and obtain European knowledge, is another highly encouraging aspect of things in the East. Borne onward by this general current of light and improvement, the Persian monarch, not long ago, exchanged the flowing robes of his oriental costume, for the less graceful, but more manly, tight coat and pantaloons, which he once as heartily scorned as he did the despised European who wore them; and the beard, which, on the face of his predecessor, being of extraordinary length, was reverently styled, "the glory of the empire," and upon which he would once have placed a value scarcely second to that of his crown, is now clipped to his chin; and, as we have remarked, he requires most of his subjects who enter the military profession, or enjoy the emoluments of office, to follow his example in these innovations. I attach no importance to such changes of custom and costume, being, as I conceive, things quite indifferent in themselves, except as they strongly indicate the decline of Mŭhammedan and Eastern prejudice, and the rapid opening of facilities for the spread of the gospel.

I have mentioned our Mŭhammedan school, and the reasons for it. I may in this connexion insert a short letter, which I have received since I left Oróomiah, from one of the pupils. He is the son of one of the wealthiest and highest nobles of that city, a nephew

of the governor; and though a small boy, is himself a *Khân;* and I may add, that he is as bright a scholar and fine a boy, as I ever instructed in any land. As he had studied our language but about a year and a half, and this note is one of his early attempts at writing it, its imperfect style will of course be excused.

"*Oróomiah, Aug.* 5, 1841.

My Dear Sir,

How is your health, in this month? I wish to write a letter in every month, but the căsîd (foot-messenger) has not come from Tabréez yet. I hope the Koords did you no harm on the way, and that you have arrived at Constantinople, and that you will go safely across the ocean, and God will keep you. We read and learn in school with doctor Wright, and sometimes talk with Mr. Breath. It is necessary for me to speak the English language; for perhaps, after two or three years, I may go to England or to America.

Our Moollâh* wished me to find if it was forbidden in the gospel, to drink wine. We looked in the gospel, translated into the Persian language, and we found it written in 1 Corinthians 6: 10, that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

I send you my Dooâ Selâm (prayerful salutation).

Your friend very truly,

(Signed) HASSAN ALI KHAN."

The promise of good, which missionary instruction, to Mŭhammedan youth, of this boy's standing and prospects, holds out for Persia, can be fully understood, only by those who have seen the mighty barriers of prejudice existing against the christian religion there, which must be removed before the gospel can triumph in that country, and which such preparatory means alone can be expected successfully to undermine. And when bigotted Moollâhs apply thus to our scholars, for proof-texts from the gospel, against prevalent vices, is there not reason to hope that their prejudices are already beginning to yield? Yes; Mŭhammedism, proud, exclusive, corrupt, revengeful and bloody, as it is, is tottering in its dotage, and ready to fall. Its walls, high as heaven, that have so long bid defiance to every assault, the silent power of a holy example, reflected from the reformed lives and elevated characters of the nominal Christians, the prayer of faith and the labors of love, will gradually shake to the ground. Nor need we apprehend rending convulsions from its fall. Like a mighty polar iceberg, breaking away from its dreary moorings and floating gently downward into a kindlier zone, so Mŭhammedism, amid the growing light and warmth of civilization and Christianity, that are kindled up around it, is silently and harmlessly melting away! Do we doubt this? Look at the Mŭhammedan monarchs of the bloody empires of Turkey and Persia, jointly laying aside their

* The Moollâh, it will be recollected, is the Mŭhammedan priest.

swords, and referring their political disputes to christian governments for arbitration!

The extension of British political influence and power in Asia, is another sign of the times, auguring most auspiciously for the spread of the gospel over that continent. I say this, not of course as a party politician, but as a christian philanthropist and a missionary, who has had abundant opportunity to observe and to *feel* the effect of British influence in the East. Wherever English power prevails in Asia, it is, in general, no more certain, that there, the rod of oppression is broken, the captive liberated, and the condition and prospects of the inhabitants vastly meliorated, than that there the Protestant missionary—and especially, the *American* missionary—has an unfailing pledge of protection, encouragement and aid, in his object and labors; and there only has he any such sure and permanent security. To the eye of the *christian* observer, it is clearly not fortuitous chance, nor sagacity in the game of politics, nor military skill or prowess, merely nor mainly, that is placing so much of Asia under British control. It is the hand of *Providence*—the right arm of the God of missions.

It is a most interesting circumstance, that, among the English who are scattered through the East, there is a large number of devotedly pious men; and among them, many military and civil officers of high standing, who are not ashamed to be known as the humble servants of God, as well as the faithful servants of their country. A late British envoy to the court of Herât, in East Persia, was Col. Todd, who was previously some time in Persia. He is a devout Christian, and has repeatedly cheered us with his counsels and letters. Col. Stoddart, another pious officer, was envoy to the yet more distant court of Bōkhârâ, which is one of the strongest holds of the religion of the False Prophet, and one of the most inaccessible points and least known to Europeans, in all central Asia. Mūhammedan bigotry, on his first arrival there, cast him into prison, and, as it is reported, submitted to him the fearful alternative, of conversion to that bloody faith, or a violent death. He, however, who shut the lions' mouths, that they should not harm Daniel in their den, preserved this his servant, also, unharmed amid the perils of his distant and gloomy confinement; and under the pressure of his own trials, Col. Stoddart forgot not us and our labors in Persia; but still cheered us with fraternal epistles.

Need I say that such English officers—and scores of them—yes, many scores, there are—scattered over the wild regions and posted on the high places of benighted Asia, are missionary pioneers, rapidly preparing the way for the spread of the gospel! Indeed, Providence seems to be extending and strengthening British influence in all parts of the world, but especially in Asia, at the present time, exceptionable as is much of its policy and the character of many of its agents, yet as overruled by Providence, on the whole, as a radiant orb of light, the protector of Protestant missions and the cham-

pion of pure Christianity. It is opening the proud gates of the celestial empire itself to the rich blessings of civilization and the inestimable boon of Christianity. May the withering gangrene of party spirit never warp and contract the noble views and Catholic policy, on the subject of religion and of missions, hitherto pursued by Englishmen abroad! And may favored America, never be found slow to emulate the father-land, in promoting the spread of the gospel,—this highest and best of the momentous purposes, for which Providence has given to the two countries so exalted a place among the nations.

The Providential interpositions, that often arrest the progress of Papal efforts in the East, are also cheering signs of the times, betokening favor for Zion. To some of these, I have alluded as happening in connexion with our mission. And while writing the above paragraphs, a letter reached me from a missionary fellow-laborer, announcing the fact, that the Shâh of Persia had ordered all the Papal emissaries, in his dominions, to leave the empire. The following is an extract from that letter; "The Papal missionaries, it seems, have been all ordered out of Persia by the Shâh. It is said, that this has been done, in consequence of the complaints of the Armenians against them, through the Russian ambassador, or rather through the Catholocos at Echmiadzen, and the Russian government. It remains to be seen what the French government will do in the matter. Query—will she think it best to send an army to take vengeance on the Persian king, and compel him to pay a handsome fine, for daring to rule in his own dominions, as she did at the Sandwich Islands?"

It is wonderful that those agents of the "man of sin," should thus be arrested in their career of scattering tares, by the influence of a Mŭhammedan government. If it be an instance of Satan divided against Satan, it at least points us to the grateful certainty, that his kingdom will not always stand; and it is just as really and clearly the *hand of the Lord*, as though their path had been hedged up by the armed angel, who stayed the beast of Balaam. If this royal order be never executed, (and if it savor of intolerance, we would not desire it to be carried into effect,) it will at least rebuke the arrogance which provoked it, and tend to check the oppressive course of Papal emissaries in those regions, in their fiery zeal to make converts. It is worthy of remark, moreover, that their influx into Persia, has hitherto turned out for the furtherance of the gospel; and the same is true, in relation to some other fields. *We* should, for instance, never have dared, in our lack of pecuniary means, to open half of the schools which are now flourishing among the Nestorians, had we not been impelled to do it, by the presence of an enemy, who, on the other hand, have succeeded in making very little impression at Oróomiah. Protestants and their missionaries, need the scourge of Papacy to keep them humble, and especially, to rouse them from their slumbers and prompt them to higher and holier de-

votedness, in their Master's service. This important agency for Zion, during the death-struggles of the system, Papacy may be destined by Providence to perform.

In view of the *general aspects* in the signs of the times, which I have mentioned, and many others of a similar character, as well as of the success that attends the laborers in the missionary fields, what occasion have believers to thank God and take courage! It is not enough, however, that they admire and acknowledge what God hath wrought. How imperatively are they called upon, at the same time, to inquire what he would have *them to do*—what efforts make and influence exert, in the advancement of his kingdom! What infinite condescension is it on his part, and how exalted the honor and the privilege conferred on them, that he permits them to be co-workers with himself, in the accomplishment of the matchless scheme of the world's salvation! And while he grants to them the privilege, he of course expects and requires a prompt and willing coöperation. The Lord is far in advance of his people, in the great work, by the movements of his Providence and the bestowment of his grace. The wonderful political revolutions and civil changes of our day, in all parts of the world, the general success of missions, and the copious effusions of the Holy Spirit, vouchsafed in some cases, are sufficient to assure us, that God waits only to be properly inquired of by his people, in fervent prayer and corresponding exertion, to give to His Son the heathen for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession,—to fill the whole world with the knowledge and glory of his name, as the waters fill the mighty deep. O that they all had hearts to pray and labor, for the advancement of his kingdom, as they have opportunity and the object demands; and how soon would the light of the moon be as the light of the sun—the light of the sun be seven fold—and all the ends of the earth behold the salvation of our God.

GLOSSARY OF FOREIGN WORDS.

Abha, father, (Syriac), 183.
Abhahátha, Fathers, i. e. their writings, 16.
Abóna, our Father, 18.
Agá, Master, (Turkish), 132.
Agértha, epistle, (Syriac), 15.
Ájéc-chai, bitter river, (Turkish), a stream near Tabréez, 142.
Ájém, *clown*, an epithet applied to the Persians by the Soonées, 144.
Ájemistân, *clown land*, applied to Persia, by the Soonées, 144.
Ák Dengis, white sea, (Turkish), i. e. the Mediterranean Sea, 85.
Akuldâree, wise sayings, a Nestorian book, 16.
Albétdeh, of course, (Persian), 423.
Alef, first letter in the Syriac alphabet, 183.
Alhémdooleelâh, Thanks unto God, (Arabic), 184.
Allâha, God, (Syriac), 183.
Aramaéan, the ancient language of Syria and Mesopotamia, 178.
Arég, (ark), a citadel, (Persian), 148.
Armeno-Turkish, the Turkish language written in the Armenian character, 89.
Armóot, *Pear*, (Turkish), name of a Greek village in ancient Pontus, 100.
Arpá-chai, Barley River, (Turkish), a tributary of the Arrás, which separates Turkey from a part of Georgia, 123.
Arra, Earth, (Syriac), meaning also, land, 183.

Baeth, second letter in the Syriac alphabet, 183.
Bâhra, light, (Syriac), 183.
Barúkta, marriage service, (Syriac), 15, 237.
Bâsh-üsta, Upon my head, (Turkish), an affirmative assent, or pledge, 169.
Bazár-gün, market day, (Turkish), name of the Sabbath,—that being the public market day, 89.
Beg, Bey, (Turkish and Persian), an order of nobility, much higher in rank in Turkey than in Persia, 151.
Béyley, to be sure, (Persian), used also as an interrogatory, and for assent, and strong asseveration,—having many shades of meaning, 423.
Bherémin, (Syriac), the two books of Chronicles, 15.
Bitmétwee, (Syriac), several books of the Old Testament, 15.
Booyór, command, (Turkish); i.e. command me—I am at your service; a word used in Turkish parlance oftener than almost any other, 167.
Bréeta, world, or creation, (modern Syriac), 183.
Bróona, Son, (modern Syriac), 12, 183.
B'shímee d'Alláha, in the name of God, (modern Syriac), a common oath, 248.

Caik, a small, light boat, used at Constantinople, 73.
Cajavâh, (Persian), a vehicle, slung upon the sides of a horse, 94.
Caleedon, a Persian pipe, in using which, the smoke is made to pass through a vessel of water, 154.
Caravan-Serái, *caravan-palace*, (Persian), a public inn, 93, 307.
Câsid, foot-messenger, (Persian), 341.
Cázi (cadi), a justice of the peace, 437.
Chahâr-bórj, four towers, (Persian), a celebrated palace in Oróomiah, 270.

Chailer, rivers, (Turkish), name of a village in ancient Pontus, 94.
Châkh, fat, (Turkish), used in salutation, in asking about the health, 184.
Chemân, meadow, or grassy land, 261.
Chémie, the term used by the Persians to denote alchemy, 296.
Cheshméh, a fountain; from *Cheshm*, the eyes; hence, the expression, *B'cheshm, upon my eyes*, a strong pledge, very often repeated in Persia, 167.
Cŏrbân-bierâm, sacrificial festival, 451.
Cŏrbân-olâm, (Turkish), I will be your sacrifice, 167.

Dâmâghún, your palate or appetite, (Turkish,—root Arabic), 184.
Desti-Khod, autograph, *hand of one's self*, (Persian), 397.
Devlétavūz, your wealth, or prosperity, used in compliments, 184.
Doulâh, fortune or wealth, used also as a proper name, 310.

Een, this, (Persian), the demonstrative pronoun; prefixed to other words, it forms adverbs; as, *eenjâ*, here, (this place), 274.
Elchée, ambassador, a term often applied by Orientals to other foreigners, also, as an honorary title, 213.
Emeer-i-nizâm, chief of the army, 216, 389, 452.
Emeer-zâdéh, a royal descendant, one generation, or more, removed from the king, 151.
Estrangélo, an ancient written character of the Syriac, still used by the Nestorians for capital letters, 11.

Fălléh, a pole to which culprits are bound, to be bastinadoed, 437.
Ferâj-bâshee, chief officer, 231.
Fez, the small red cap, worn by all classes of the Turks, except the priesthood, 116.
Firmân, (Persian), a royal order, 91.
Firmoosh-khâná, house of forgetfulness, a term applied by the Persians to freemasonry, from mere resemblance of sound, 297.
Fŭrsákh, measure of distance, the ancient parasang; usually reckoned four miles, but it is probably nearer five, 166.

Gaudor, infidel, a term of reproach applied by the Mŭhammedans to the nominal Christians, 292.
Geldūz, you have come, or your coming; with *Khōsh*, welcome, (Turkish), 184.
Gézza, a Nestorian book, containing prayers for Lent, 15.
Gholâm, slave, or servant, (Persian), applied particularly to couriers, 138.
Gileeána, revelation, (Syriac), 15.
Gŭl-áub, rose-water, (Persian), 268.

Hajée, pilgrim, i. e. to Mecca, (Arabic), 89, 143.
Hakim-bâshee, chief physician.
Hilee, much, very, used adverbially, (Persian), 271.
Hódra, a prayer-book of the Nestorians, for Lord's day and festivals, 15.
Hūpo-deeácon, sub-deacon, an order of the Nestorian clergy, 18.
Imâm, a Turkish priest; in Persia, a departed saint, 101.
Irânée, a Persian, i. e. an inhabitant of Irân, 144.
Ishwat, the name of a Nestorian month, (February), 207.

Jacobites, Monophysite Syrians, 45, 258.
Jalóos, coronation, 201.
Jikká, crown, (Persian), 201.

Kaefūz, your health, (Turkish), 183.
Kaim Makâm, pillar of state, 165.
Kara-papák, black caps, a name given to the Persians of Sûldóoz, 191.
Kásha, *Kashéesha*, (Syriac), priest, literally, elder, 15.

Kebâb, meat cut into small pieces and roasted on spits, 230.
Ketkhōdéh, lord of a village, (Persian), 166.
Kăhlaphá, caliph, used in Turkey, as chief carpenter; in Persia, a Moollâh who acts as a public crier; in Arabia, head of the faith, 18.
Khalat-pooshân, putting on a robe, (Persian), 209.
Khâlîsá, property of the crown, 280.
Khân, Lord, (Persian), highest rank of nobility, 114.
Khânum, Lady, (Persian), feminine of Khân, 295.
Kharáj, capitation tax, 280.
Khōb, good, (Persian), 271.
Khōsh, delightsome, welcome, cheerful, 184.
Khōshéeba, number one of the week, i. e. the Sabbath, (Syriac).
Kîleesiá, church, (Turkish, from the Greek), 308.
Koĕk, fat, lusty, (Turkish), used in salutation, 184.
Kroor, a sum of 500,000 tomâns, 423.
Kúblá-âlém, centre of the world, a title of the Shâh, 421.

Lootée, *Lotites*, a class of ruffians, 259.
Madrésseh, a school or college, (Persian), 437.
Măngâl, fire-pan, 267.
Meeâná, an elevated portion of the stable, 449.
Meer-kăzâb, executioner, (chief of butchery), 454
Mehmândâr, a convoy, (Persian), a guest-man, 478.
Melpána, an old teacher, writer, or saint, (Syriac) 318.
Mōharrém, a Mŭhammedan month, 208.
Mōhasil, a sheriff, (Persian), 267.
Moollâh, a Persian priest, 151.
Múkăddási, (Syriac), a pilgrim, (holy one), 232.

Noohâree, commentary, *lighter*, (Syriac), 16.
Noo-rōse, new year,—literally, new day, (Persian), 207.

Peshkésh, a present from an inferior to a superior; one from a superior to an inferior, is *Ánâm*, (Persian), 169.
Pîlâv, cooked rice, 269.

Rayáh, a subject, serf; literally, *flock*, 86.

Sádír, special imposts, or taxes, 281.
Sâhíb, literally, owner, a term of honor, applied by the Persians to foreigners, as Sir, 213.
Selâm, peace, a common salutation, 523.
Shahér, city, (Turkish), 431.

Takt-rawân, a *walking seat*, Persian vehicle, 139.

Yer-elmasi, the earth's apples—potatoes, 382.

END.

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